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*John Trotter Brockett.*



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ART. I.—PESTALOZZI'S SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.

1. *Esprit de la Méthode d'Education de Pestalozzi, suivie et pratiquée dans l'Institut d'Education d'Yverdon en Suisse.* Par M. Marc Antoine Jullien, Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur, Membre de la Société Philotechnique de Paris, de l'Académie Celtique, de la Société Académique des Sciences et des Arts de Paris, Associé Correspondant de l'Académie Virgilienne de Mantoue, etc. En Deux Tomes. 8vo. A Milan, 1812.
2. *Rapport sur l'Institut d'Education des Pauvres à Hofwyl, rédigé par M. A. Rengger, ci-devant Ministre de l'Intérieur de la République Helvétique, au Nom de la Commission établie pour l'Inspection de l'Etablissement.* A Paris, 1815.

WHATEVER belongs to the subject of general education excites at this moment an extraordinary interest, and more particularly the schemes on foot for extending its benefits to the poorer classes of the community. Unmixed good is not to be expected from any human contrivances or exertions with the best and purest objects in view, nor would it be difficult to deduce consequences to be regretted by the virtuous and wise, from the most plausible efforts of human discipline for the promotion of knowledge and virtue. Two things only are sure with respect to every moral undertaking of man—that it cannot prosper without God's blessing, nor obtain his blessing unless it aims at his glory. Of all solecisms none would be so fatally absurd as to attempt by any public measures to spread general illumination,



without calling in the sanctions and guidances of that invisible agent, which, as it once moved upon the face of the elementary world, and brought light and order out of darkness and confusion, so now it offers itself as the only instrument by which the disorders of uneducated man, and the ruinous scene of his moral nature, can be raised into harmony and system. Education is not mechanism; nor is man a mere organized essence, the subject of calculable results and physical laws, but a creature of mixed and varied properties, influenced by a countless diversity of secret springs, and deriving his interior constitution and character from accidents, impressions, and habits, impelling in a thousand directions the affections and sentiments of the soul. A being so composed can scarcely be imagined equal to controul the tendencies of his own complicated nature by any machinery of management or instruction. Unless a zeal rather for the character than the attainments of the poor, an anxiety for them in their capacity of accountable beings, and an honest desire to increase their moral value, are really at the bottom of our institutions for their instruction, they are truly worse than nothing; and the degree in which these motives influence our exertions will be properly estimated by the use made of the power and efficacy of vital religion in transforming the heart and correcting natural depravity. It may be the work of a high-minded nation to set on foot large and beneficent establishments, for the gratuitous instruction of the great mass of the people; but it is folly, or worse, to expect that the mere instruction of the poor in reading, writing, and arithmetic, will advance a single step the real interest of man. If the affections, the sentiments, and the principles, are left uncultivated, or are attended to as an incidental or secondary concern, we may exult as much as we please in our magnificent apparatus of national education, but we shall soon, to our cost, discover that industry, contentment, and practical happiness, have been lost in the vain efforts of unconsecrated beneficence and presumptuous speculation. Man is but the architect of his own ruin in every endeavour to build up the edifice of his happiness on his own foundation. It does really, therefore, surprise us, after so many warnings of history, and especially after the miserable scenes which an unhallowed philosophy has spread before our eyes within the last thirty years, that an opinion should still prevail in our own country that to lay open indiscriminately the opportunities of secular education to all classes is necessarily to increase the stock of general happiness, independently of all specific endeavours to secure the principles, to engage the affections, and to controul the conscience. But this is really the only sense that can be given to the language

of many of the advocates of universal teaching, both in parliament and in society. From the general conversation and apparent feeling on the subject, even among men of spiritual vocations, it does not appear as if the heart were the soil in which the seeds of this new improvement were to be sown, or that Christian virtue formed a leading feature in this catholic discipline.

For multiplying vain disputations, and those intermeddling dispositions which disturb the peace of public and private life, for propagating conceit and discontent, and filling the labouring classes with the beggarly refuse of atheistical philosophy and revolutionary politics, no scheme could be better devised than that of qualifying all to read what all may write; and so to become the recipients of what any may communicate, without a proportionate exertion, on a scale commensurate with the demand, to make this moral engine the means of wholesome edification and substantial improvement. This can only be the consequence of a vital conviction among those whose examples are the most conspicuous, and whose situations afford them the best opportunities of enforcing truth and advocating virtue, that by all this agitation and enlargement of the common mind a duty is thrown upon them which, if they do not perform, they had much better have let the world go on in its old course.

Can any one have observed to what purposes the press has been abused during these last few years, and how skilful in converting the boon of general education to the purpose of general corruption the enemies of peace and order and piety have proved themselves, without feeling the awfulness of this great truth—that unless a vast deal more than mere technical teaching, or the common forms of school instruction are employed in the process, all this great machinery for elevating the vulgar and enlightening the ignorant may end only in augmenting the presumptuousness of folly and the powers of malevolence. Who then, in the present state of society throughout Europe, and more especially in our own country, when law, and government, and social order, so manifestly depend for their continuance, conservation, and improvement, on the right direction of public opinion, does not see the advantages of a system like that of M. Pestalozzi, the great purpose of which is to discipline the heart, and turn it into a principal agent in the general business of education? But who that has observed the course of events in these latter times with the circumspection of a Christian patriot, can fail to perceive that this new continental scheme of education has a defect which must be fatal to its success? We shall discuss this radical defect in the sequel of this article: for the present we shall consider the general spirit and character of the scheme: and, first and rarest in the order

of its excellencies, we mark with our homage its sincerity. There is an honesty and reality in its purpose. The whole heart of the master is in his undertaking. The plan and arrangement both in the original and the copies is characterised by integrity and zeal; and this is that part which, to borrow the language of Lord Bacon, we "note as deficient" both in the public and private education of our English youth.

It is not the genius of our scholastic institutions at home to cultivate the affections or consult the heart. In mass and quantity, no nation upon earth can boast such provisions for the moral and literary education both of the rich and of the poor. Our established religion is the religion of the Gospel, and our seminaries of learning are in strict theoretical union with its principles; but the country contains no instance of a school, as far as we can learn, in which, as at Stanz, at Hofwyl, and at Yverdon, the precepts and injunctions of religion, such as it is *professed* among us, are explicitly, and consistently, and systematically acted upon in its practical regulations and interior economy. Can it be predicated of any of our public schools that any system exists in them for placing virtue, reason, and religion above force, and tyranny, and passion? so, indeed, it may be said of them at anniversary dinners, or where there may be an interest or pride in complimenting the scenes of our boyish attainments and early impressions; but the fact is notoriously evident that, except some stated exterior observances of religion, vestiges of their primitive designation, no plan or arrangement is in practical operation in any of our national seminaries for adjusting the behaviour of the children to their vocation as Christians, or for teaching them to live together conformably to the standard which the best heathen morality has promulgated. The whole plan and character of these establishments are opposed to any such views. Their machinery may be good for the promotion of learning, (which is not our present inquiry,) but to the formation of habits, the inculcation of principles, and the general government of the heart, will it be maintained for a moment that there is in our British seminaries any adequate, or, indeed, any considerable dedication of time or assiduity? So far from it, that it is among the excellencies usually attributed to public schools, that the boys are left, in their commerce with each other, to the guidance of their own wills and feelings; out of the conflicts and agitations of which is expected to arise a commonwealth of little worthies, full of equity in their principles, honour in their sentiments, and humanity in their intercourse. But what, in unfigurative language, is the simple truth? what is the real state of boys thus committed to their own moral legislation? The consequence is, that a constitution, stamped with the baseness of our nature, the legi-

time offspring of prejudice and passion, is speedily generated—the weak become slaves, the strong become tyrants, gentleness is despised, innocence is derided, authority is assailed. It is the boast of M. Pestalozzi's system that, though the children are never left to themselves, they are never conscious of any other constraint than that which is cheerfully self-imposed. Bone and muscle have in his little polity no prerogative. The whole proceeds upon a plan of strict commutative justice and reciprocity of kindness. They are taught to obey a "law of liberty," and to acquiesce in a "service of perfect freedom." At Hofwyl, when an oath was uttered by a boy newly entered, instantly and involuntarily the play in which they were engaged stopped, a sad silence ensued, and the genius of the place seemed to sigh. Taking our ideas of this institution from the very absurd account of it given by Madame de Staël, we have, on a former occasion, animadverted upon it with too much severity. We still, indeed, are of opinion that there are many faults and defects in the system, leading to much practical error; but it is at least honestly and zealously conducted, fraught with a noble enthusiasm, and full of the high purpose of strengthening every good principle of our nature, by the habitual exercise of justice and benevolence.

In our own country the purse is open to all establishments for education, but the heart is often untouched with any true feeling in the cause. Except in our Sunday schools, beyond all comparison the best arrangement in our land for the instruction of poor children, there is little or nothing to be found of specific, affectionate, and godly education: the apparatus, indeed, is vast, covering the whole floor of the nation; on all sides a goodly machinery presents itself; but the affections are not sufficiently engaged in the actual work; a certain enthusiasm is wanted to stir the bosom and animate the process; it is not an honest effort, but an operose display of arrangement and expense. Inquire into the social state and moral condition of any of our chartered and public schools; see which is uppermost, the claims of kindness or the demands of violence—the Christian or the heathen character—that which God inspires or passion dictates; then go to their anniversaries, and see wherein their masters place their pride and importance; dull declamations miserably recited, the cant of heathen moralists sung out without ideas or feeling to ears for the most part incapable of understanding them; or exhibitions of Latin plays, in which boys are prepared for the great stage of life, by personating miserly old men, profligate sons, successful courtesans, and lying valets: from these scenes retire to the peaceful vale where Pestalozzi walks with his youthful retinue; see them in their affectionate relation to their

master and to each other; living in the practice of kindness, and under the yoke of equal fellowship, submitting to restraints self-imposed for the sake of their common happiness, and cultivating their talents of mind and body, from a sense of duty to themselves and others, without envy or disparagement, detraction or conceit. Turn to our schools for the poor, observe the squalid appearance of the teachers, and in general their total incompetency; hear their jargon and clamour while the process of repetition is going on, and the uproar which announces that the irksome task is over; and compare the practical benefit of all this teaching, as it develops itself in the streets of our towns and villages, with the amount of our various funds, and the vast aggregate of our institutions and establishments; then contemplate the seminary for the poor at Hofwyl, and the connexion there formed between virtuous conduct and happiness; see there the reason cultivated, the affections conciliated, and the spirits softened, by an unremitting superintendence, constant employment, gentle treatment, and firm distributive justice. These comparisons may lead us to understand and feel the value of a real substantial process, where every thing in the plan and economy of the institution, and, if we may so say, in the moral atmosphere which surrounds it, fosters and enforces the sentiment of duty, and the glowing charities of the heart;—to understand and feel how far such a system rises above a grand officious scene of nominal education.

It is an observation of Lord Bacon, that “the ancient wisdom of the best times did always make complaint, that states were too busy with their laws, and too negligent in the point of education.” It must be admitted of the present time, that the state is busy enough with both;—the deficiency may be noted in the want of steadiness in the execution. In police and in education we are still defective, after all our legislative exertions. Little is effectually done towards suppressing the beginnings of crime; and still less, perhaps, for the seminal stability of virtue. We are totally defective in that which, in the delineation of M. Pestalozzi's method, is called the “social organization.” His system has a spirit in it and a soul; ours has scarcely any living principle. He relies less on instruction and preceptive teaching than on the secret influence of the surrounding circumstances. His boys are placed in a system, to which he himself gives the entire character and tone;—which insensibly superinduces a second nature, and which holds the appetites in willing subjection. Thus, in the account given of his plan, as it is successfully adopted at Yverdun, the greatest stress is laid on what is called “*la vie domestique*,” by which the children are affiliated to their preceptor by the ties of an affectionate intercourse, upon a scale sufficiently large as to numbers to combine the advantages of public education.

"La vie domestique," says the author of the work the title of which stands at the head of our article, "doit être organisée de manière qu'elle inspire, sans aucune instruction, directe et positive, des sentimens genereux, des maximes nobles, de bons principes, germes de la morale et de la vertu. La paix, l'union, l'harmonie, l'amour, doivent se répandre autour d'elle, comme une sorte d'atmosphère propre à nourrir et à vivifier l'ame. Elle doit offrir des exemples et des modes de tout ce qui constitue la dignité de l'homme. De même qu'il est nécessaire à l'enfant, pour conserver la santé, de respirer un air pur qui pénètre par tous ses pores et qui agit sur la constitution et affecte puissamment tous ses organes; ainsi, la sphère de son existence morale et intellectuelle doit être pure sous tous les rapports."

It will scarcely be maintained, that in our English schools for the rich, or for the poor, any thing answering to this social organization, or this domestic life, is to be found. The business goes on drily. It is officially and conventionally performed; we treat too much as a trade or function that which is properly an affair of the soul, and a labour of love. We have opened schools for all the poor of the land, and none need be without some sort of instruction; but we forget that all education is not instruction; that to institute a school and appoint a teacher is not by necessary consequence to make scholars and proficients; that the machine will not act without a power, nor any power be effectual but what emanates from the spring of life and motion. In M. Pestalozzi's scheme the maxims by which it is regulated are in a manner embodied; they have "a local habitation" as well as "a name." Virtue is seen "in her own shape, how lovely!" What is taught is matter of experiment and practice, and the whole turns upon the example of those who give the law and execute justice. If within the hearing and view of the scholars a foolish world were to act its vagaries, and display its turpitude, especially that part of it by which the institution was chiefly upheld, M. Pestalozzi's scheme must expire; it could not breathe an atmosphere so mephitic: and this reflection at once destroys all hope of being able to introduce in its full effect and genuine character this amiable scheme of instruction into this country. It is much too complexional, and too dependent upon the qualities of the instructor, and the moral, and even the physical scene which surrounds it, to be brought about in the silly and vicious vortex of fashionable manners, which have left no nook or corner of Great Britain in a sweet and wholesome state.

Something, however, not wholly dissimilar to these Swiss establishments, some adumbrations of their character, might find a place under the auspices of the great and good amongst us, if the experiment were made: the very enterprise, involving, as it would do, the necessity for the personal and constant exertions of the



undertakers, would probably by degrees re-act upon society, and provoke a more general imitation—a more vital conviction of the value of example. This is at the bottom of all. There can exist no greater folly than an attempt to stretch over this land the benefits of general education, unless those who embark in this enterprise will feel that they are thereby implicated in a promise to educate, that is to reform, themselves. Almost in every village there is a national school, and in every national school it is of course that the children are taught the catechism and the principles of the Church of England; and they are taught regularly to go to church, and to keep the Sabbath holy. What then is the fair inference from all this? Surely that the promoters of these institutions, all the great and powerful of the land, are awfully convinced of the verity and necessity of these things; that in morals and religion, at least, they educate their own children in the same way; that at our universities, and great public schools, the same stress is laid upon these duties, and these principles—for these are the nurseries of future senators, and judges, and bishops. If nothing of all this is the fact, why then we can only say, that we shall never by any power of teaching persuade the people to think *that* to be good which we do not demonstrate that we ourselves think to be so. An education that we fling away as of no value to ourselves will never be considered a present of any value by those on whom we bestow it. Without consistency there is no sincerity, and the test of honesty is practice. If a judge on his circuit, as a prelude to the sentence on a criminal, recommends him to bestow the short interval that remains to him in prayer to the God of mercy, may not the culprit reject the recommendation of one who has passed the preceding Sabbath on the road with all the retinue of counsellors, and attorneys, and clerks, and javelin-men, at his heels? If a bishop inculcates upon his auditory the importance of a religious education for the poor, is there no danger of its being asked how often he himself has attended the service of his cathedral in the course of the preceding twelvemonths? Will it signify much to support institutions for sending the children of the poor to morning and evening church, if we ourselves are transported in our carriages from the church-door to the park, from the park to dinner, and from dinner to the evening concert? Before this vast scheme of improving, by a religious education, the common people of the country can prosper, society in its higher and holier departments must be braced for so robust an undertaking by ligatures that bind the duty upon the conscience, and connect by a common sympathy the great with the little, the teacher with the scholar.

After what we have said of M. Pestalozzi's system, our reve-

rence for that part of it which exhibits the form of society and the impress of domestic life, rendering the youth, in some degree, their own correctors, by making their position, with respect to each other and their master, such as to prove and illustrate the convenience and the beauty of virtue, has been sufficiently justified. Our readers will probably also be of opinion, that enough has been said on the importance which the author of the system attaches to the force of example, and a certain consonance and affinity in all that surrounds and invests the scene of his labours. We will introduce a short passage from the treatise of M. Jullien, in which the incidental and gradually formative impressions produced by exterior circumstances and objects are well described.

“On néglige trop, en général, dans l'éducation ordinaire, l'influence des personnes et des objets qui entourent les enfans. Une des tendances de la méthode est de rechercher, d'observer, de recueillir, d'appliquer toutes les influences les plus éloignées, les plus indirectes, les plus insensibles que la nature et les hommes peuvent exercer sur des êtres essentiellement mobiles et susceptibles de mille impressions variées. Tous les rapports de la vie ont leur actions qui leur est propres. Il s'agit de saisir l'élément actif, dans chacun des rapports, dans chacune des circonstances, et les lois d'après lesquelles il produit son effet.”

In the whole art and philosophy of education, as far as respects moral improvement, nothing can be more important than the observations in the above extract, while nothing is in this country less attended to. It is in truth the secret of M. Pestalozzi's system, as to the moral part of it, to bring all the element, or medium in which his institution proceeds, within his controul; and to lay under contribution to his purpose every thing from which the thoughts or habits can receive colour, or impression, or tendency, in the scene surrounding him. It is in the same spirit that the teaching by things and sensible objects is always preferred, where the opportunity occurs, to abstract rules and precepts; and thus the grand assemblage of impressive phenomena which present themselves every where in the country where his operations are carried on are auxiliaries of great importance. The general picture of the discipline said by the writer of the book before us to be actually established, and in full operation under M. Pestalozzi, is thus interestingly set forth.

“La discipline, résultat combiné, tant du développement des facultés que de l'instruction ou de l'acquisition des connaissances, sort du fond des choses, de la nature des enfans, de l'organisation même de l'Institut. La Méthode s'attache à mettre dans une parfaite harmonie les instituteurs et les élèves, par le rapport intime et continuuel d'une influence morale réciproque. Il faut que l'élève, dans ce rapport, sente, pour ainsi dire, à chaque instant, sa dépendance et sa liberté.

Il doit sentir sa *dépendance*, en voyant la raison et la bonté personnifiées dans son instituteur qui lui représente dans les objets, dans la manière et l'ordre avec lesquels il les traite; les lois invariables de la nature auxquelles il est absolument obligé de se soumettre. Il doit sentir également sa *liberté*, parce que, toute décision arbitraire étant bannie des règles qu'on lui impose, il suit les seules lois de la nature, indépendamment des caprices, des préjugés, des bornes de l'esprit et du cœur de ceux qui le dirigent.

"La Méthode place l'enfant et le maître dans un tel rapport, que l'un et l'autre se trouvent soumis aux mêmes lois de la nécessité, que le maître obéit, comme ses élèves, à la force des choses, et leur donne l'exemple de cette obéissance, qu'il n'exige jamais d'eux que ce qui est évidemment juste et nécessaire, ce qui découle immédiatement de l'objet qu'ils traitent ensemble, ou de la position dans laquelle ils sont." (Tome i. p. 252, 253.)

And the description given in a note of the character and deportment of the scholars is equally pleasing.

"Combien de fois j'ai rencontré les élèves de l'Institut, ou je suis allé les voir à la promenade, en pleine campagne, aux heures de récréation, dans la cour ou dans les jardins de la maison, à leurs études et dans les classes! J'observais, dans toutes ces circonstances, la nature de leur relations avec leurs instituteurs. Je n'ai jamais vu ni crainte, ni supercheries, ni respect feint, ni défiance, ni envie de se cacher; mais toujours l'abandon de l'amitié, la plus douce union, la plus entière confiance, une démarche noble, franche et naturelle, des cœurs ouverts, des visages gais et satisfaits, des physionomies vives et animées, dans lesquelles se peint l'expression du bonheur. Tel est le résultat de la *discipline de l'Institut*, qui fournit en même tems la preuve la plus convaincante de sa bonté." (Tome i. p. 266, 267.)

To spread and perpetuate his system, and at the same time to secure its distinct characteristics from change or decay, it is one of the most prominent parts of M. Pestalozzi's plan to make the more advanced among his scholars the instructors of the rest; which procedure, and the effect produced by it, may be clearly understood from the following extract.

"L'idée principale de M. Pestalozzi de faire d'un enfant l'instituteur d'un autre, ou d'organiser l'*instruction mutuelle* entre ses élèves, paraît à la fois utile au développement du cœur et à celui de l'esprit, et forme l'un des caractères distinctifs et l'un des moyens d'exécution de sa Méthode.

"Nous avons vu que, lors de la fondation de l'établissement de Stanz, M. Pestalozzi, désirant organiser la vie domestique et en faire la base du développement et de l'instruction, adopta surtout, comme moyen d'exécution, l'usage d'employer les enfans à s'entr'aider et à s'instruire mutuellement. Cette idée l'occupait d'autant plus qu'il n'avait lui-même personne pour le seconder et qu'il éprouvait l'impérieux besoin de se former des collaborateurs. Il était naturel qu'il appliquât la même vue, non seulement aux détails de la vie

commune et journalière, mais encore aux leçons que recevaient les enfans et aux différentes parties de l'enseignement. Il plaçait les enfans à table, et dans les classes, de manière qu'un d'entr'eux, plus raisonnable et plus avancé, se trouvât au milieu de deux autres plus faibles et plus ignorans pour les surveiller et pour leur montrer ce qu'il avait appris lui-même. Le succès favorable de ce premier essai disposa M. Pestalozzi à donner plus d'étendue à sa conception, et lui fit sentir l'avantage qu'il trouverait à la généraliser dans l'éducation. Aussi, pendant quelque tems, l'un de ses points de vue principaux et l'un des fondemens de sa Méthode fut d'habituer les enfans plus instruits à faire part de ce qu'ils savaient à ceux qui étaient moins avancés. Aussi, dans l'Institut, les élémens de la Méthode sont enseignés par des élèves de la maison aux étrangers, même aux personnes âgées qui se destinent à la fonction d'instituteur. C'est surtout par l'application pratique de ce principe qu'ont été formés les sous-maîtres qui ont commencé par être élèves dans l'Institut, où la vie intérieure de l'établissement et l'influence de l'atmosphère dont ils étaient environnés, ont excité et développé leurs dispositions naturelles pour la profession qu'ils exercent maintenant. L'expérience à démontré la bonté de ce moyen. Mais il est en même tems essentiel que l'élève ne soit pas employé trop tôt ni trop fréquemment pour instruire ses camarades. Si, d'un côté, la faculté de montrer aux autres ce qu'il a lui même appris, et de l'autre le plaisir de pouvoir se rendre utile donnent un élan salutaire à son esprit et à son cœur; il faut convenir que cette impression ne peut rester pure, qu'autant qu'elle est attaché à une reunion de circonstances que la vie domestique seule présente dans leur entier. Au contraire, dans des leçons publiques auxquelles participent un grand nombre d'élèves, cette impression peut empêcher l'enfant de jouir du calme intérieur nécessaire pour son entier développement, et de donner à ce développement toute l'étendue dont il est susceptible; elle peut aussi détruire en lui le sentiment innocent de ses forces, le rendre vain, présomptueux, lui inspirer une humeur impérieuse, et sous ce rapport gâter son caractère." (Tome ii. p. 24—27.)

Thus pleasing and attractive is the general spirit and outline of the system introduced and carried on by M. Pestalozzi, and others who have adopted his method in the calm retreats of Switzerland; nor is it possible to read with a heart unmoved details so affecting of what may be done by the force of an unvacillating model, a natural management, and an affectionate and paternal culture, towards laying the foundations of a happier society among men. But it is only on the general conception and plan of these amiable establishments that we can bestow an unqualified approbation; some of its essential maxims are frivolous, false, and dangerous; and in its execution and application it is often ostentatiously minute, and sometimes tedious and useless; as we shall, we trust, in the sequel make apparent; though, at the same time, it may be observed that most of what is ob-

jectionable in the system, as it is at present carried on, belongs rather to the particular opinions of its present professors than to the system itself. The two volumes of the work which we have named at the head of this article, are most elaborately lengthy by means of divisions, and subdivisions, and ramifications without end; we are fairly lost in the confusion of arrangements and the labyrinth of details. The great technical fault, indeed, of M. Pestalozzi's plan is, that it is over-wrought; it has a laboured littleness in its minutiae which has fretted away half its substance. No part of our being is out of the range of his discipline. A child must begin to learn almost as soon as it begins to cry. Education is nearly coeval with life. He admits that nature is the first great physical instructor, and he seems to be aware that she well knows how to develop the first faculties of the child, and yet he does not seem enough to feel that art too early interposed may disturb and traverse the order of her process. He has found out that to count is the first thing to be taught, because the infant has usually two parents, one nurse, divers brothers and sisters, and is, therefore, in the very outset of its mortal career initiated in the predicament of number.

Pursuing the idea that every thing is to be taught as far as possible by sensible objects, and that the science of numbers is the first thing to be taught, M. Pestalozzi begins his initiatory process with the first dawn of intellect by an appeal to the sight and touch. Nature is also at work in the same way at this early period, but this M. Pestalozzi appears to us to forget; and though he seems to himself to rest much of the merit of his plan on his being a strict follower of nature, he in fact makes her office a sinecure by taking all her business upon himself. He seems to be perfectly sensible that nature of herself puts the faculties of an infant in a progressive train of development, and yet his earliest procedure with a child is to take it out of nature's hands, and instead of allowing its faculties to expand with its wants, and its notions to be multiplied by its experiences, to put it at once under the constraint of a discipline which wraps the intellect in swaddling bands. If, as M. Pestalozzi seems to think, every thing which meets the vision of a child suggests the idea of number, it would have been quite enough for us to have been reminded in few words of the use which may be made of sensible objects in exercising the capacity in the conception of numerical quantities. But this simple and concise mode of proceeding does not appear to suit M. Pestalozzi's method of practice. The first notions of numbers are to be conveyed by counters, or visible substances; and no one can doubt that this is a more easy way of rendering the subject intelligible: it is the process of instruction pursued by nature herself; but it appears to us that, having recom-

mended the plan generally, it would have been better to have left to the parent or teacher in every particular case to apply it according to circumstances, than to load so petty a topic with such ponderous details. In a conspectus which we have seen of M. Pestalozzi's plan we find, in the account of the first exercise of the child, a serious discussion on the comparative merits of peas and beans and other substances, which ends in our being informed that there is no intrinsic superiority in the one over the other as the indicators of numerical quantities. We are also told to diversify the matters used for this purpose, by way of connecting with them useful instruction respecting their various natures, and properties, and uses; thus generating the first principles of human knowledge out of peas, beans, and horse-chestnuts. The exercise proceeds by question and answer:—*Q.* What do you see upon my hand? *A.* I see a pea upon your hand. *Q.* How many? *A.* One pea. *Q.* How many peas are now upon my hand? *A.* Two peas are now upon your hand. *Q.* How many peas have I placed upon the table? *A.* You have placed three peas upon the table. *Q.* How many peas do I now show you? *A.* You now show me four peas. *Q.* How many peas do I now hold before you? *A.* You now hold before me five peas. After a great deal of the same sort of minute detail, and multiplication of steps, the process mounts to the ideal existence of number, and the same intricacy of prolix exposition occurs in every stage of this instruction. Nor do we perceive in the early parts, at least, of M. Pestalozzi's method, a sufficient play given to infantine curiosity and imagination, the qualities most observable in tender minds, and by the exercise of which the materials of thought and comparison are collected, and the span of the capacity dilated. We suspect, with Horace, that something more elevating than all this should mix with our early studies, or the mind will be in danger of undergoing a contraction, from which it will not easily in after life disengage and enlarge itself.

Graius ingenium, Graius dedit ore rotundo  
Musa loqui, præter laudem nullius avaris,  
Romani pueri longis rationibus assem  
Discunt in partes centum diducere. Dicas,  
Filius Albini, si de quincunce remota est  
Uncia, quid superet. Poterat dixisse, Triens? Eu!  
Rem poteris servare tuam. Redit uncia: quid fit?  
Semis. An, hæc animos ærugo, et cura peculi  
Cum semel imbuerit, speramus carmina fingi  
Posse linenda cedro, et levi servanda cupresso?

“As soon as it shall be judged expedient that the child shall hear the word number, and be taught to know its meaning, the requisite

explanation should be given by some such process as is here described. His mother should put into his hand a chestnut, and should place one on a table before him, and then two together, then three together, and lastly four together; and she should then lead him to declare concerning each substance, what it is; she should next point out to him the units in each quantity thus exhibited; and then, she should endeavour to make him comprehend, that every quantity, considered independently of the substances themselves, is called a number. The following questions and answers will serve to explain further the manner in which this question might be given.

"Q. What have you in your hand? A. A chestnut.

"Q. What is this? A. A chestnut.

"Q. What is this and this? A. A chestnut, &c.

"Q. You see, here one, and here one, and another one, and here one and another one and another one, and another one, and here one and another one and another one and another one: now as you have called what is in your hand a chestnut, and this a chestnut, and this a chestnut, and this, so I call this one as you see it a number; and this and this together as you see them a number; and this and this and this together as you see them a number; so that you have here a number, and here a number, and here a number, and here a number, and here a number: now tell me how many ones there are in this number? A. There are two ones in that number.

"Q. This or any of these ones may be called an unit; how many units are there in this number? A. There are three units in that number.

"Q. How many units are there in this number? A. There are four units in that number.

"Q. What is there in this number? A. There is one unit in that number.

"Q. How many units are there in this number? A. There are two units in that number.

"Q. What is the word by which you have told me how many units there are in this number? A. Two.

"Q. The name of a number is that word by which is told how many units are in it: what then is the name of this number? A. Three, &c.

"The exercise should be continued throughout the remaining part of the series, and afterwards questions similar to the above may be proposed respecting the ten first numbers exhibited in acorns, pebbles, beans, nuts, &c. It is supposed that at this stage of the child's existence, the mother will also be occupied in teaching him to observe and to name the different parts of his own frame; in these she will find good materials for various numerical exercises, and she may advantageously use them for this purpose, in leading the child first to discover the numbers formed by correspondent organs, as the eyes and the ears, and then to reckon both like and unlike parts together, so as to form, by various combinations, the whole of the numbers with which he is acquainted. The following questions and answers will further explain what is here intended.

"Q. What part of you do I now press with both my hands. A. My head.

"Q. What is its number? have you two heads? A. No, I have only one head.

"Q. What then is its number? A. One.

"Q. What is the name of that part which I have covered with my right hand? A. Eye.

"Q. Have you another eye? A. Yes.

"Q. How many eyes then have you? A. Two eyes.

"Q. With what do you hear what I say to you? A. With my ears.

"Q. Touch them and tell me their number. A. Two.

"Q. With what did you touch your ears? A. With my hands.

"Q. How many hands have you? A. Two.

"Q. What is the name of this joint? A. Shoulder.

"Q. Have you any other like it? A. Yes.

"Q. Touch it and tell me how many shoulders you have. A. Two.

"Q. How many principal joints are there belonging to each arm? A. Three.

"Q. Name them? A. Shoulder, elbow, wrist.

"Q. What do you call this? A. A finger.

"Q. How many fingers have you on this hand, without the thumb? A. Four.

"Q. How many fingers have you on this hand with the thumb? A. Five.

"Q. How many fingers have you on the other hand? A. Five.

"Q. What is the name of the joint which I now touch? A. Hip.

"Q. How many hips have you? A. Two.

"Q. Tell me how many principal joints you have below each hip, and name them. A. Two, knee and ankle.

"Q. Tell me the number that is made by the hips, knees, and ankles, taken together. A. Six.

"Q. Tell me the number that is made by the head, arms, leg, and feet, taken together? A. Seven.

"Q. What is the name of that part which I now touch? A. Eyebrow.

"Q. How many eyebrows have you? A. Two.

"Q. What is the name of those parts with which you cover your eyes? A. Eyelid.

"Q. How many eyelids have you belonging to each eye? A. Two.

"Q. Tell me the name of that row of hair which is at the edge of each eyelid. A. Eyelash.

"Q. Tell me the number which your eyelids and eyelashes taken together make. A. Eight.

"Q. What is the name of that part which is above your eyebrows? A. Forehead.

"Q. What is the name of each of the parts under the eyes? A. Cheek.

"Q. What is the name of that part which is between the eyes? A. Nose.

"Q. What is the name of that part with which you eat? A. Mouth.



"Q. What is the name of that part which is under the mouth?  
A. Chin.

"Q. What is the name of that part on which the chin moves?  
A. Neck.

"Q. What is the name of that part on which I now place my hand?  
A. Breast.

"Q. What is the name of that natural covering of the head which I now touch? A. Hair.

"Q. Tell me the number formed by the hair, forehead, cheeks, nose, mouth, chin, neck, and breast, taken together. A. Nine.

"Q. Tell me how many fingers you have."

As the child proceeds in knowledge, numerous little contrivances are suggested to assist his comprehension by sensible objects. For our own parts, we are not quite sure that these modes of facilitating the acquisition of knowledge are always ultimately beneficial. Some mental struggle, some conquest over difficulty is for the most part necessary to give the intellect a firm hold of any new attainment: of that which slides easily into the thoughts the tenure is usually flux and lubricous. "*Pater ipse colendi—haud facilem esse viam voluit.*" The maxim is as old as Hesiod, that if we would arrive at excellence we must undergo the toil of mounting; we must experience the *τῆς ἀσπέρης ἰδρωτα*. Even Madame De Staël, the great admirer of Pestalozzi, doubted the efficacy of teaching science by toys and playthings.

"Among the several systems," says that brilliant writer, "there are some which recommend us to begin instruction with the natural sciences; in childhood they are only a simple diversion; they are learned rattles which accustom us to methodical amusement, and superficial study. People have imagined that children should be spared trouble as much as possible; that all their studies should be turned into recreations, and that in due time collections of natural history should be given to them for playthings, and physical experiments for a show. It seems to me that this also is an erroneous system. Even if it were possible that a child should learn any thing well in amusing itself, I should still have to regret that its faculty of attention had not been developed, a faculty which is much more essential than one additional acquirement. Education conducted by way of amusement dissipates the reasoning powers. Trouble, in its different kinds, is one of the great secrets of nature. The understanding of the child should accustom itself to the efforts of study, as our soul accustoms itself to suffering. It is labour which leads to the perfection of our earlier as grief to that of our later age. You may teach your child a number of things with pictures and cards, but you will not teach him to learn; and the habit of amusing himself, which you direct to the acquirement of knowledge, will soon follow another course when the child is no longer under your guidance."

We are of opinion that Madame De Staël has in the above

passage stated a very important truth with great force and precision. She does not mean, nor do we mean, that the difficulties of study are to be purposely increased, or that any difficulties which do not belong to the subject are to be heroically and gratuitously challenged; but we do mean, and we believe the lady we have quoted to mean, that the necessary difficulty which lies in the direct road to excellence must be fairly encountered. "This it has been the glory," to borrow the beautiful sentiments of Mr. Burke, "of the great masters in all the arts to confront, and to overcome, and having overcome the first difficulty to turn it into an instrument for new conquests over new difficulties." We think with that great man, that no real expedition is gained by "tricking short cuts and little fallacious facilities." And notwithstanding the grave opinion of Cornelius Scriblerus, we presume to doubt whether any other, besides his own remarkable child, ever made the first discovery of his genius for the mathematics by drawing parallel lines on his bread and butter, and intersecting them at equal angles; or owed his easy attainment of the Greek language to his love of gingerbread, which was caused to be stamped for him with the letters of the alphabet; or learned the laws of motion and percussion from the game of marbles, or from nutcrackers the powers of the lever, or from tops the centrifugal motion.

For the knowledge of merely physical or mechanical subjects, however, the method of teaching by sensible objects cannot be denied to be well adapted, but we cannot think that such a method is any new discovery, or that it forms any just ground for panegyric; yet we find it descanted upon with great enthusiasm by M. Pestalozzi's admirers on the Continent. To make drawing a part of his plan of education may also be very judicious, but there is nothing either peculiar or new in this feature of instruction, and yet we find it a subject of great eulogy among the devoted advocates of M. Pestalozzi.

"Parmi les grandes obligations que l'on a à Pestalozzi, relativement à l'éducation du peuple, il faut compter pour beaucoup la méthode de l'enseignement du dessin tel qu'il l'admet dans l'éducation élémentaire. La masse du peuple se compose des fabricateurs des instrumens de travail, et de ceux qui les emploient: les uns comme les autres ont besoin de connaître et de juger la construction et l'arrangement des diverses parties de ces instrumens; et on sait combien il est difficile d'y réussir sans le secours du crayon. Le même moyen est d'un grand avantage pour estimer les contenances et les volumes des vaisseaux et des corps solides. Il forme et exerce le coup-d'œil, et conduit ainsi à cette exactitude de jugement, qui est indispensable au succès dans la plupart des opérations journalières." (Rapport, p. 12, 13.)

In the book from which the last passage is quoted, where we  
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have the details of the institution at Hofwyl, formed on the plan of M. Pestalozzi, one cannot help remarking a striking variation in the mode of teaching arithmetic, almost amounting to a schism.

“ L’arithmétique se commence par le calcul de tête, lequel est suivi de celui des chiffres à la plume, mais sans négliger jamais le premier moyen. Le résultat obtenu jusqu’ici est que plus de la moitié des élèves connoissent les quatre règles et la règle de trois, et sont en état de les employer avec des fractions. Les Commissaires leur ont donné à résoudre de tête des opérations de fractions de divers dénominateurs, dont ils se sont tirés avec beaucoup de facilité. Il leur fut proposé de diviser en deux, en quatre et en huit parties égales, une terre de 49,000 pieds de long, et de 27,000 de large ; et non-seulement ils ont répondu à ces questions avec promptitude, mais ils ont rendu compte de la manière dont ils opéroient, et des bases de leur calcul.” (P. 13, 14.)

The progress of a child in geography, as it regards the parts and divisions of the terrestrial globe, physical as well as statistical, may, doubtless, be much assisted by the illustration afforded by sensible objects. Thus the first elements of this science are taught by M. Pestalozzi, and his imitators, in the open country, and in walks with the scholars. The children learn by ocular inspection to distinguish plains, valleys, hills, mountains, lakes, and rivers, and thus they get their first ideas of “ la géographie physique.” They then are taught to observe the horizon and the cardinal points, and thus they are conducted to the beginnings of “ la géographie mathématique.” The observation, in the next place, of their own habitation, and family boundary, then the union of many houses and families into the hamlets and villages which they visit in their walks ; and, lastly, of the town in which they live, and the canton of which it forms a part, prepares them for the comprehension and study of what, in this method, is designated by “ la géographie politique et civile.” All this is embraced within the general term of “ géographie élémentaire,” from which they are now led to the higher department of the study, which is denominated “ la géographie générale.”

The first instructions in the knowledge of history are communicated in the same way, by familiar conversation and illustration. The instructor commences by recounting some interesting narratives drawn from the lives of the patriarchs, and anecdotes of primeval times, making choice only of those to which some useful moral is attached, and which may serve to connect in the memory the early relations of history and geography, by showing the primitive divisions, discoveries, migrations, and settlements of mankind. By degrees the attention is thus carried through the different stages of civilization ; and man is presented in his various capacities of hunter, shepherd, agricul-

turist, merchant, and warrior. Historical and chronological tables are then exhibited to the scholars, in which they learn to discriminate the different nations and epochs, and to recognise the names of those of whom they have before been informed in their primary lessons. They are then carried through the several histories of particular nations, pursuing that course which may best correspond with the relation and succession by which they are held together.

The study of languages is in this exposition of M. Pestalozzi's system the subject of much elaborate and refined classification. We will give a specimen.

" 1. *L'étude des langues est un véritable cours de logique pratique.* C'est en apprenant sa langue que l'enfant apprend à penser, que sa raison se développe, qu'il acquiert des idées et la connaissance d'une foule de rapports. Le langage est l'instrument de la pensée : et de son perfectionnement dépend aussi celui de nos facultés intellectuelles.

" 2. L'utilité de l'étude des langues tient surtout à ce qu'elle exerce et développe l'esprit, en lui fournissant non seulement de nouveaux signes, mais aussi de nouvelles idées. Elle fait également connaître la route qu'a suivie l'esprit humain, au moins par rapport au peuple dont on apprend l'idiome.

" 3. L'étude des langues n'est donc pas une simple étude de mots : elle comprend à la fois la *pensée* et l'*expression*. La première, qui sert de base à l'autre, constitue le *langage intérieur* ou *mental*, qui est la condition indispensable de l'existence du *langage extérieur*. Le langage présente donc deux parties distinctes, mais corrélatives : les *idées* et les *signes*. Savoir une langue, c'est posséder la double faculté de concevoir des idées à l'occasion des signes, et de retrouver ces mêmes signes, en concevant les idées correspondantes.

" Le *langage extérieur* est l'expression du *langage intérieur* ou *mental*. Ce dernier peut exister sans le premier ; mais non le premier sans l'autre. Les idées et leurs expressions sont alternativement causes et effets, et exercent entr'elles une action réciproque.

" 4. On distingue, par ces motifs, deux parties principales dans l'enseignement des langues, donné d'après la Méthode de Pestalozzi :

" 1°. L'*intérieur* ou le *fonds*, et, pour ainsi dire, *l'ame du langage*, le *sens des mots* ;

" 2°. L'*extérieur* ou le *matériel du langage*, comprenant les *sons* et les *signes* conventionnels, susceptibles d'être recueillis par l'oreille ou par l'œil, qui sont destinés à peindre les objets et les idées.

" Il faut connaître la signification ou le vrai sens des mots, le *fonds du langage*, avant de connaître sa *forme*, et d'étudier les sons ou les signes qui représentent les choses et les pensées. Dans l'observation d'un objet, l'esprit s'en saisit d'abord ; la voix le peint ensuite par un mot ou signe convenu. Elle représente l'objet ; elle exprime la sensation ou l'idée qu'il a produite.

" 5. On doit étudier une langue comme un *art pratique*, non comme une *science*. De même que l'art pratique est antérieur aux

théories, que la matière existe avant l'ouvrage, et l'objet avant la copie ou la représentation de l'objet : de même aussi, l'art de parler existe et doit être appris avant la science de la langue. Au lieu de chercher à composer une langue à l'aide des règles, il faut l'apprendre en détail, et s'élever successivement du particulier au général. Par la Méthode pratique, on obtient facilement les résultats que la règle a en vue, mais qu'elle ne peut donner.

" Pratiquer une langue, c'est exercer la faculté de *comprendre* et de *s'exprimer* ; c'est attacher aux impressions que l'on reçoit des signes, les idées qu'ils représentent, et reproduire ces idées à l'aide des mêmes signes.

" 6. Deux exercices principaux, les *explications* et les *compositions*, soit verbales, soit écrites, paraissent les plus propres à faciliter l'étude des langues. Ils consistent : 1°. à établir le langage mental ; 2°. à donner la faculté de le reproduire. Ils se réduisent à deux opérations corrélatives, qui en renferment toute la théorie et la pratique : les *impressions* et les *expressions*. On entend ici, par le premier de ces mots, l'action de *recevoir*, et par le second, celle de *reproduire*. Une communication intime doit s'établir entre le maître et le disciple, pour que la leçon puisse devenir fructueuse et laisser des traces profondes.

" 7. L'*explication* ou l'*analyse*, très-différente d'une simple traduction ou version écrite, paraît infiniment préférable. Le maître doit parler à son élève, et non raisonner avec lui sur l'art de parler. Il faut qu'il commence par lui présenter des phrases très-simples. Le maître reproduit plusieurs fois la même phrase, après l'avoir augmentée d'un nouvel élément. C'est un moyen sûr de bien imprimer dans l'esprit du disciple les formes d'une langue étrangère.

" Cette méthode analytique, d'après laquelle on commence par les détails, par le particulier, est celle de la nature. En effet, les idées générales par lesquelles on embrasse un art ou une science, ne sont pas celles qui doivent les premières entrer dans la tête du disciple ; chez ce dernier, l'édifice doit s'élever parties par parties, tandis que celui qui possède la science embrasse déjà la totalité de l'édifice, et en saisit les rapports les plus généraux. Il suit de là qu'on possède la science dans un ordre différent de celui dans lequel on doit l'enseigner ou l'apprendre. Les notions abstraites sont vides de sens pour celui qui ne connaît pas les idées et les choses particulières qu'elles renferment.

" Le disciple, conduit du particulier au général, et du plus facile à ce qui l'est moins, doit trouver, autant qu'il est possible, les choses par lui-même, et ne doit jamais rien adopter d'autorité. Il ne faut rien négliger de ce qui peut simplifier l'étude ; il faut écarter avec soin tout ce qui embarrasse l'élève, et proportionner exactement sa tâche aux forces qu'il acquiert successivement." (Esprit de la Méthode d'Education, tome ii. p. 46—51.)

What the real practice may be in teaching the languages in the system of M. Pestalozzi, we cannot pretend to say, but we do venture to suspect that if the endless variety of the divisions and

subdivisions of his theory are to be rigidly attended to in the actual study of languages, life must be far spent in the very ceremonies of preparation and in learning to begin ; and vain has been the lesson given us by the author of the Art of Poetry.

Quicquid præcipies, esto brevis : ut cito dicta  
Percipiant animi dociles, teneantque fideles.

It is impossible by any description to convey to our readers an adequate idea of the ramifications into which Mr. Pestalozzi has distributed this tortured subject. From the first imitation of sound to the fabrication of studied discourse every grade is classified under some division or subdivision, or division of a subdivision. His arbitrary line and compass has settled the whole geometry of the intellect. The territory of metaphysics has been completely intersected by new cuts and canals ; and no space is left for a single wild flower to grow, or for nature, simple nature, to rear her genuine and sportive products. It would be insufferably tedious were we to lay before our readers one principal head of this subject, as it is presented in this "*Esprit de la Méthode d'Éducation de Pestalozzi*," but as a specimen of his manner of laying out his subject we will merely enumerate the several divisions into which it is distributed. Thus it proceeds—*Premier partie. De l'intérieur ou du fondement du langage* : then follow *six degrees*. A. *Premier degré* ; in this degree we get from the first imitative enunciation to *maman, papa, bonbon, &c.* And this is "*le premier degré du développement de la langue.*" In the *second degré*, B, we arrive at "*quelques petites phrases,*" as "*j'aime maman, je veux boire, donne moi du pain,*" &c. In the *troisième degré*, C, the qualities of things are designated. Then come the subdivisions of C, as C 1, under which the little pupil first makes use of "*adjectifs or qualificatifs,*" to which succeeds C 1, a, denoting *le premier exercice sur les qualités*, by which the infant is made to express "*la designation pure et simple des qualités,*" and primarily, those which are visible, as *black, white, &c.* C 1, b, brings us to the "*second exercice sur les qualités,*" wherein several objects having the same quality are approximated by a common descriptive term, as "*le miroir et le bouton sont luisans et polis ; l'eau et le verre sont transparens,*" and so on. C 1, c. "*Cet exercice consiste à rechercher et à observer plusieurs qualités réunies dans un même objet, ou plusieurs objets qui ont une qualité commune.*" And here we are informed that the exact determination of qualities for distinguishing objects constitutes true science. One demands of a child what are the qualities in union which he is able to specify in such or such an object, as a table, a horse, and so forth ; the child cites from his memory certain qualities which he has remarked in the par-

ticular object, or all the objects in which he has observed the quality in question; and thus his faculty of reproducing absent objects puts the memory into action, excites the attention, and exercises the judgment; and this is also to give him clear, precise, and complete ideas, and a great richness of imagination. This part of M. Pestalozzi's plan is stated with great triumph by the author of the book before us "to refute the charge to which it has been subjected, without any reason, of having a tendency to starve the imagination." C 1, d. "Quatrieme exercice sur les qualités." Here the pupil is to be rendered attentive to the particular sense by means of which he has observed those qualities, as, that he judges of linear length by the eye, of thickness by the eye and hand, and so on. Now comes the second subdivision of the troisième degré—of the actions and functions of things; and accordingly a series of exercises under this second subdivision is prosecuted in a similar subordination. C 2, a. The child learns to distinguish actions and functions by their names, as to walk, to leap, to dance. C 2, b. To designate several objects or existences having the same function or action. C 2, c. To indicate many actions of functions belonging to the same thing. Here we are to demand of the pupil by what organ or instrument he executes this or that motion; for example, he cuts with his teeth, with a knife, with scissors, with a hatchet, &c. And we are reminded that this exercise gives occasion to numerous questions and observations, quis, quid, ubi, cur, quomodo, quando. C 3 is a troisième subdivision du troisième degré. The simple relations of objects; and anon, a similar train of exercises, succeeds under a similar series of letters and figures till we arrive at the letter F, with its usual retinue of attendants; by which time the pupil has learned to say, le loup est cruel, la plume est légère; and supposing him to proceed in his other studies with equal celerity, he has probably discovered that two and two make four, that birds fly and fishes swim. All this and a great deal more is only introductory to the introduction, or the preparation for beginning, for we are in the next place presented with the *seconde partie*, in which M. Pestalozzi enters upon the *elements* of language; but we have no doubt that our readers are quite content with what we have laid before them, and may probably be of opinion that if there is any difficulty in the matters so treated of it is to be imputed not to the subject, but to the expositor. We could get on well enough if it were not for the assistance offered us, ipsa sibi officit copia, arma inermem reddunt. By much of this we are forcibly reminded of the scheme of Dr. Cornelius Scriblerus to teach Martin by sensible images, the predicaments of logic. "Calling up his coachman, he asked him what he had seen in the bear-garden? the man answered he saw two men

fight for a prize. One was a fair man, a sergeant in the guards; the other black, a butcher: the sergeant had red breeches; the butcher, blue: they fought upon a stage about four o'clock, and the sergeant wounded the butcher in the leg."—"Mark," quoth Cornelius, "how the fellow runs through the predicaments: Man, *substantia*; two, *quantitas*; fair and black, *qualitas*; sergeant and butcher, *relatio*; wounded the other, *actio et passio*; fighting, *situs*; stage, *ubi*; two o'clock, *quando*; blue and red breeches, *habitus*." So that we see M. Pestalozzi is not quite original in this part of his method.

If children are to be thus taught, we doubt much whether any case is given to them by the proscription of books from M. Pestalozzi's scheme of early education. The second volume of the work now on our table, begins with a chapter headed in the formal way in which every thing is arranged in M. Pestalozzi's System, with the title of "Premier Moyen Spécial," and this "Premier Moyen Spécial" is further explained by the sentence which succeeds. "Point ou très-peu de livres; l'enfant est son livre à lui-même: il agit au lieu de lire." Whether this maxim may not be a little too sweeping we will not dispute; but we must take leave to say that we should have considered it as not comprehensive enough if it had not extended, as it expressly does, to the books in which, as in the work under consideration, the method of M. Pestalozzi is circumstantially detailed. This denunciation of books is too much in the manner of the author of *Emile*, to sound well to our ears; and we regret to perceive that the views of M. Pestalozzi so often coincide with the maxims of that delusive work. It is thus that Rousseau expresses himself on this head.

"En ôtant," says the author of *Emile*, "tous les devoirs des enfans, j'ôte les instrumens de leur plus grande misère, savoir, les livres. La lecture est le fléau de l'enfance, et presque la seule occupation qu'on sait lui donner. A peine à douze ans, mon élève saura-t-il ce que c'est qu'un livre. . . sans étudier dans les livres, l'espèce de mémoire que peut avoir un enfant ne reste pas pour cela oisive: tout ce qu'il voit, tout ce qu'il entend le frappe, et il s'en souvient. C'est dans le choix de ces objets, c'est dans le soin de lui présenter sans cesse ceux qu'il peut connaître, et de lui cacher ceux qu'il doit ignorer, que consiste le véritable art de cultiver en lui cette première faculté; et c'est par là qu'il faut tâcher de lui former un magasin de connaissances qui servent à son éducation, durant la jeunesse, et à sa conduite dans tous les tems. . . Je hais les livres," says again Rousseau; "ils n'apprennent qu'à parler de ce qu'on ne sait pas. . . si l'on peut inventer une situation où tous les besoins naturels de l'homme se montrent d'une manière sensible à l'esprit d'un enfant, et où les moyens de pourvoir à ces mêmes besoins se développent successivement avec la même facilité, c'est par la peinture vive et naïve de cet état qu'il faut donner le premier exercice



à son imagination. . . . Pour le rendre judicieux, il faut bien former ses jugemens, au lieu de lui dicter les nôtres. . . . Il ne doit rien apprendre dans les livres de ce que l'expérience peut lui enseigner. . . . Sans contredit, on acquiert des notions bien plus claires et bien plus sûres des choses qu'on apprend ainsi de soi-même, que de celles qu'on tient des enseignemens d'autrui (ou de la lecture); et, outre qu'on n'accoutume point sa raison à se soumettre servilement à l'autorité, l'on se rend plus ingénieux à trouver des rapports, à lier des idées, à inventer des instrumens, que quand, adoptant tout cela tel qu'on nous le donne, nous laissons affaiblir notre esprit dans la nonchalance. . . . L'avantage le plus sensible de ces lentes et laborieuses recherches est de maintenir, au milieu des études spéculatives, le corps dans son activité, les membres dans leur souplesse, et de former sans cesse les mains au travail et aux usages utiles à l'homme. . . . Au lieu de coller un enfant sur des livres, si je l'occupe dans un atelier, ses mains travaillent au profit de son esprit. . . . Nos premiers maîtres de philosophie sont nos pieds, nos mains, nos yeux (notre raison qui nous apprend à les diriger). Substituer des livres à tout cela, ce n'est pas nous apprendre à nous servir de la raison d'autrui; c'est nous apprendre à beaucoup croire et à ne jamais rien savoir."

It is impossible not to see, indeed, throughout M. Pestalozzi's scheme, how much has been borrowed by him from the *Emile* of Rousseau; but it is at the same time due to him to acknowledge that his own better heart, and purer principles, have subdued the tendency of the model. Madame De Staël has scarcely said too much for her favourite, in thus distinguishing him from the most mischievous of the propagators of sentimental libertinism and vicious refinement. "Rousseau wished to subject the child to the laws of destiny; Pestalozzi himself creates that destiny during the course of the child's education, and directs its decrees towards his happiness and improvement." Our sentiments are not much at variance with those promulgated by M. Pestalozzi, on the share that books ought to have in the instruction given to children. We do cordially agree in thinking that children should as far as possible be made their own instructors; and that the tutor has little else to do, but to take nature for his guide in exercising and unfolding the faculties of a child. When the proper season arrives for introducing books, M. Pestalozzi limits their use, with great justness of observation, to the subjects with which the mind is, at the particular juncture, engaged; making them follow rather than lead, and adopting them as instruments and aids, rather than as the primary sources of knowledge.

In the studies of which nature herself supplies the objects of research, we think M. Pestalozzi not unreasonable in suggesting that figures and images should be sparingly used, and instead of such secondary means and representations, great nature herself should be presented to the eyes and understanding of the pupil.

The child is, in his system, made first familiar with the mineral, or plant, or insect itself, and is afterwards enabled, by instructions in drawing, to trace with his pencil his own veritable impressions and living transcripts, derived from the observation of the actual existences. It is unquestionably the great secret of successful study to be as much as possible the agent and efficient, rather than the patient and recipient.

In geometry we have nothing to report of M. Pestalozzi's method which distinguishes it from the common procedure. He dwells much, indeed, upon the intuitive process—"l'intuition ou la vue des formes elles-mêmes." But we know of no treatise on this subject that does not teach by presenting to the eye lines and its different directions, as angles, circles, and plain figures, and so proceeding to the more complex relations of magnitudes. To assist in these elementary expositions, M. Pestalozzi makes use of little models in wood of different forms and figures. From these developments of sense and vision, by which the pupil is qualified to attach fixed and determinate ideas to geometric expressions, he is carried to the solutions properly and purely intellectual, and to what may be called the field of rigorous demonstration. The methods by which the pupil is to be exercised in these departments successively, have nothing in them very new or surprising, though they certainly lay claim to great admiration, by the pomp with which they are announced; nor can we find that any thing is suggested or proposed that can shorten the fatigues of the journey, or conduct us by a royal road, or spare us that amicable conflict with difficulty, which the author of nature has interposed between us and our substantial accomplishments—between the ordinary and the excellent in human character.

Geometry does of course not pass through M. Pestalozzi's institutes, without its complement of divisions and subdivisions; but we do not recognise the merit of his four-fold classification:—1st, of lines straight and curved—2d, of surfaces plane or curved—3d, of volumes and solids—4th, of trigonometry, any more than we enter into the merits of the stupid eulogium of Fontenelle, that prince of philosophical coxcombs, with which the writer of the book before us supports his own vapid remarks on conic sections, or what he calls curves of the second degree. The logical climax of the passage is so good a specimen of the foppish and frivolous manner of Fontenelle, that we cannot forbear extracting the passage.

"La connaissance de ces courbes a servi à déterminer et à mesurer les révolutions périodiques des astres; la connaissance du cours des astres sert à assurer la marche de la navigation; la sûreté de la navigation favorise le commerce; le commerce facilite les trocs et les

échanges; la facilité d'échanger les produits du travail encourage l'activité de l'industrie; l'activité et l'industrie encouragées rendent les productions de la terre plus abondantes; l'abondance des productions augmente beaucoup les moyens de subsistance (et par suite la population) et éloignent les privations; les hommes aiment la vie, et ils abhorrent les privations: donc l'étude des sections coniques est utile." (Tome ii. p. 186.)

We do not perceive that M. Pestalozzi's method, as far as it is expounded by our present commentator, has either enriched or simplified the study of algebra. We cannot for our lives see how it can tend to advance or facilitate knowledge, to tell us that *addition* is a mechanical composition of numbers, because it acts, in a manner, upon them externally, and without penetrating their substance; that *subtraction* is a mechanical décomposition of numbers; that *multiplication* is a composition organic, because the augmentation it produces is, so to speak, interior, and contained in the very nature of numbers, which reciprocally reproduce themselves, and develop a sort of creative virtue or fecundity; that *division* is an organic decomposition of numbers. M. Pestalozzi's favourite instrument of instruction, intuition, is by no means lost sight of by him, even in the sciences of arithmetic and algebra; but we really cannot prevail upon ourselves further to prosecute details, which, instead of occupying two ponderous volumes, might well have been comprised within fifty pages, had the matter been English bullion instead of French wire. We will produce a short extract as a specimen of the dexterity of this French writer in giving importance to things common, trite, and diminutive, and dressing up his bagatelles in the costume of philosophy.

"Le grand levier de l'algèbre est l'équation, qui exerce et perfectionne la sagacité comparative, naturelle à l'homme, ou la faculté de l'esprit humain de comparer les objets et leurs rapports.

"La marche suivie pour les élémens du calcul se reproduit exactement dans l'enseignement des *mathématiques* proprement dites et de l'*algèbre*. On traite d'abord à fond le *calcul de tête algébrique*, qui procure un développement plus complet de la force judiciaire. Puis, on arrive à l'emploi des signes algébriques, d'après notre principe de faire toujours bien connaître la chose, avant de s'occuper du signe qui la représente. L'INTUITION, ou l'idée produite par l'impression que l'objet lui-même fait sur l'esprit, est encore ici la base de l'instruction élémentaire. En fait de calcul et d'algèbre, elle s'obtient par l'action de la vue qui compare la valeur respective des objets. La connaissance intuitive des nombres a été donnée par des tables de traits rangés par dixaines qui représentent les unités.

11111, 11111.

"Un trait marquant l'unité, divisé en deux parties égales par une ligne transversale +, offre à l'œil de l'enfant deux parties ou moitiés

d'un tout. Donc, il a l'intuition de ce rapport. De même, si on lui présente deux pièces d'un franc et une pièce de deux francs, et si on lui dit : les deux petites pièces sont égales en valeur à la grande ; son esprit saisit ce rapport, il en a l'intuition. Cette *équation*, loin d'être pour lui une chose abstraite, devient comme un objet matériel, dont il reconnaît l'existence et la réalité par le sens extérieur de la vue, et qu'il apprécie et vérifie par le sens intérieur ou intime. Il acquiert la conscience de la justesse et de la vérité de chaque notion qu'il reçoit. (Tome ii. p. 201—203.)

We do really also think that, in their common games and sports, children are best left to their own choice, and that it will not be found of the slightest benefit to them to divide under formal heads the different sorts of gymnastics—but every thing must be cut into parts and sections on the trencher of M. Pestalozzi.

“La *gymnastique*, fondée sur ce principe général, doit être considérée sous trois rapports essentiels : comme *naturelle et instinctive* ; comme *raisonnée et pratique* ; comme *industrielle et spéciale*. On pourrait distinguer aussi la *gymnastique athlétique*, consacrée, chez les anciens, par leurs institutions, par des fêtes solennelles et par des triomphes publics ; la *gymnastique médicale*, qui est une branche de l'hygiène, et qui emploie les exercices du corps, seulement dans leurs rapports avec la conservation de la santé ; enfin, la *gymnastique militaire*, qui comprend les *exercices militaires*, dont nous ferons l'objet d'un article particulier.” (Tome ii. p. 271, 272.)

When we came to the promised chapter upon the military exercise of boys, we were perfectly sickened at the recurrence of degrees, divisions, and subdivisions. We must leave our readers, if they have a taste for the subject as a part of a treatise on general education, to enter upon the “six principaux degrés,” into which it is primarily divided at the Institute of Yverdon, “qui embrassent beaucoup de subdivisions, dont chacune se compose d'un certain nombre d'exercices pratiques, toujours progressifs et enchainés l'un à l'autre.”

It is one of the great boasts of M. Pestalozzi's system that all the parts of it play into one another : thus, the gymnastic exercises of the children are found to be very promotive of logic, and the military instruction highly conducive to morality. The writer of the volumes under consideration thus reasons upon these subtle affinities. “The observation and the sentiment of decency, grace, and beauty, in the carriage and different positions of the body, form the alliance between the gymnastic and the moral education, and render it subervient to the culture, “du sens idéal et du beau,” already excited and developed by the three branches of instruction of geometry, drawing, and music. The children are accustomed to reflect upon the various uses which they may make of their limbs and their persons, upon the becoming and suitable in motion, and upon the final purpose of

their motions; and thus the gymnastic course is, in this respect, a real course of practical logic. Thus Philosophy again delivers her precepts in the porticos of the palæstra. With respect to the warlike part of these gymnastics, we are told that the good effects produced by it are not confined to the profession of arms: it helps also to qualify them for the social duties—"Ils les rendent plus propres à vivre au sein de la société."

From this part of education, therefore, thus beneficially applied and favourably understood, the transition to the subject of moral and religious education is in proper course, and accordingly it is the next topic which, in this exposition of M. Pestalozzi's method, as practised at Yverdon, is brought under discussion. We observe that morality and religion in the system of M. Pestalozzi are pretty much *in pari materia*. They are usually coupled in the same phrase, morality having the precedence, as being first in the order of generation; and both together, as the book before us expresses it, diffuse their influence over all the parts of education. Before we came to this portion of the volume, we were made well aware of what species of morality we were to be treated with, by finding it related to so many arts and sciences, both civil and military; and the sort of religion we were to have we were pretty well prepared for, by perceiving that sensible objects, rational induction, and moral discipline, properly mixed, were amply sufficient for its concoction. The three foundations on which this instruction is to be reared (which instruction appears to be specially a part of M. Pestalozzi's more immediate superintendence,) are thus described:

1°. *La vie extérieure en elle-même*; 2°. *l'impression intérieure produite sur l'âme par la vie journalière et par la considération des différens rapports qu'elle embrasse*; 3°. *le développement progressif des principes moraux et religieux, innés dans l'homme et cultivés par l'éducation, qui le rend susceptible de recevoir des notions positives sur la religion et sur la morale.*" (Tome ii. p. 305, 306.)

What is meant by the progressive development of religious principles innate in man, and cultivated by education, must be something very different from what we understand by the Christian religion; which is so far from being *innate*, or the product of education, that its derivation is from a source extraneous to man, and its proper operation upon the heart is so to change it that, in Scripture language, man, that is begotten and born in sin, is thereby spiritually renewed, and begotten and born again. So much for innate Christianity. It is a "broken cistern" that will hold no water.

—Sonat vitium percussa, malignæ  
Respondit, viridis non cocta fidelia limi.

PERSIUS, Sat. iii. 1.

Between the sort of religion which these philosophers propound to us and practical morality we see no necessary connexion, and therefore acquit M. Pestalozzi and his followers of any inconsistency in treating of these subjects as existences independent of each other; and yet there is some ingenuity in the contrivance, by which any thing having the semblance of an active morality can be reared upon the principles which they promulge. The art consists in the dextrous use of the circular syllogism, and in a certain facility in multiplying words without knowledge. There is a moral sense within us, somewhere in the soul, by which we become moral, and there is diffused over nature a moral character of fitness and utility which inspires the soul with a corresponding sentiment. It is thus that the author of the "*Esprit de la Méthode*" puts the case as it stands in this most mysterious psychology.

"L'enfant reçoit peu-à-peu la connaissance intuitive d'un monde moral et intellectuel, qui se manifeste dans l'intérieur de l'homme, où chacun sent sa pensée, sa volonté, sa liberté; il trouve en lui-même une existence, pour ainsi dire, spirituelle, étrangère aux sens extérieurs et totalement distincte de l'existence physique. Notre ame fait une partie essentielle de ce monde moral, dont elle fournit à la fois la preuve, la conviction et l'image."

By this sort of instruction, which is to enable the child to perceive in its own nature, and in the nature of the things by which it is surrounded, his true condition, he is habituated to contemplate every object under its moral relation—he begins to feel himself a moral being—he learns to estimate at once what he *is*, what he *can do*, what he *ought to do*, what is permitted him to do, his personal means, his duties, and his rights. If the reader does not very clearly comprehend how the beginning is to be made, and what is to set the child a going, he may perhaps arrive at a clearer conception of all this by studying with all his might the meaning of the portentous phrase, "*Impression intérieure et morale, produite par la vie extérieure.*" "*Nous avons reconnu,*" says the writer whose pages we are reviewing, "*que l'homme est doué de sens intérieurs pour voir les rapports intellectuels et moraux, comme il est pourvu des yeux et des sens extérieurs pour voir et juger les objets et les rapports physiques: on doit exercer également ces deux sortes de sens, leur donner une direction commune, et recueillir avec soin leurs impressions réciproques pour les former, et les perfectionner les uns par les autres.*"

With such ideas of this "*vie intérieure,*" this "*sens intérieur,*" it is no wonder that in M. Pestalozzi's school the "*dignity of human nature*" should so frequently be placed before us. This seems to be the fulcrum of all his philosophy, as far as the soul, its offices, and duties, are concerned. Speaking of the motives

to good actions, the author before us, in his "*Precis sur l'Institut d'Yverdun*," gives us this account of his boys: "On fait le bien par instinct, par besoin, pour être satisfait de soi-même et heureux, pour témoigner sa reconnaissance et son affection au chef de l'établissement et aux instituteurs." And in another place he observes that "cette éducation est plus facile qu'on ne croit: l'homme est bon par sa nature; cette vérité consolante m'a été confirmée et démontrée par l'observation des élèves de M. Pestalozzi, livrés en quelque sorte à eux-mêmes, préservés seulement avec soin de toute contagion du dehors." In this we find the solution of "la quatrième principe—Liberté entière, ou développement des dispositions primitives," by which we are reminded powerfully of the sentimental juggler, J. J. Rousseau, who observes in the first book of his *Emile*, "On a essayé tous les instrumens, hors un; le seul précisément qui peut réussir: la liberté bien réglée." Now we must confess that all this fine description appears to us to be profanely false. Where is the "vie intime" or "sens intérieur," the seat of this German morality? From all that we have experienced of the human heart we have found that it is, as Solomon has described it, "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked," and that "we can do no good thing without him," "from whom all good things do come." Where this seminal principle of goodness is lodged, therefore, is to us a secret; we suspect that it is a secret to which fraud and vanity conspire to give an aerial existence, and that the divinity thus fondly worshipped is no more worthy of the worship it receives than the deity of Delphos while issuing his lying oracles from the recesses of his temple. We will not suspect M. Pestalozzi or his followers to have any design to deceive others; and, therefore, we are compelled to consider them as self-deceived, and that in the point in which right conceptions are of the greatest importance. Instead of contemplating "that hideous sight the naked human heart," they have thrown over it the veil of German mysticism, and adored the imposture under this idolatrous disguise. Whatever excellence may belong to the general spirit of M. Pestalozzi's plan (and we think very highly of the spirit and feeling with which it is conducted), this erroneous view of the natural internal strength of man's mere moral nature, is a defect at the bottom of it, which must for ever exclude vital Christianity from mixing with its discipline, and securing its efficacy upon the heart. Although habit, and action, and example, may do much for a scheme of education carried on in a region of rural peace and a state of sequestration from the perturbations and corruptions of artificial luxury, we are much afraid (to use an expression borrowed from the painter's art) that the colours will not stand; that the roseate freshness which marks its incipient loveliness

will fade under exposure to life's contaminating air. Nothing can fix the colours, and preserve the primitive lustre of this institution of innocence, but the great conservative truths of vital religion, substituting for that which, in this German theory, it called *instinctive goodness, interior life, and the dignity of human nature*, the utter rejection of every hope and every confidence but that which centres in the righteousness, and the love, and the sacrifice of the sinless Saviour of the world.

It is really surprising that an institution like this of Pestalozzi, inculcating respect to teachers, founding itself on a principle of mutual love and kindness, even to the very extinction of the ordinary motives by which human activity is excited and sustained, —emulation and the thirst of distinction—should not have seized by a sort of impulse or affinity the religion of the Lamb of God, with its peculiar attribute of humbleness of heart, and holy dependence upon the succours of grace.

“ Because the heart of man is false,” says the excellent Jeremy Taylor, “ it suffers the fires of the altar to go out. We put on strange fire, and suppress the sweet cloud of incense. The heart of man hath not strength enough to think one good thought of itself; it cannot command its own attentions to a prayer of ten lines long, but, before its end, it wanders after something that is to no purpose: and no wonder then that it grows weary of a holy religion, which consists of so many parts as make the business of a whole life. And there is no greater argument in the world of our spiritual weakness, and the falseness of our hearts in matters of religion, than the backwardness which most men have always, and all men have sometimes, to say their prayers; so weary of their length, so glad when they are done, so witty to excuse and frustrate an opportunity: and yet there is no manner of trouble in the duty; no weariness of the bones; no violent labours; nothing but begging a blessing and receiving it; nothing but doing ourselves the greatest honour of speaking to the greatest person and greatest King of the world; and, that we should be so unwilling to do this, so unable to continue in it, so backward to return to it; so without gust and relish in the doing it, can have no visible reason in the nature of the thing, but something within us, a strange sickness in the heart, a spiritual nauseating or loathing of manna, something that hath no name.”

Instead, therefore, of exalting the properties of the human heart with M. Pestalozzi, we feel greatly more disposed to adopt the counsel of our own vigorous divine in his five most solemn cautions. 1. Let us watch our hearts at every turn. 2. Deny it all its desires that do not directly, or by consequence, end in godliness; at no hand be indulgent to its fondnesses and peevish appetites. 3. Let us suspect it as an enemy. 4. Trust not to it in any thing. 5. But beg the grace of God, with perpetual and importunate prayer, that he would be pleased to bring good out



of those evils, and that he would throw the salutary wood of the cross into these salt waters, and make them healthful and pleasant.

We do not well know how to characterize the manner in which the topic of religious instruction is treated in this description of M. Pestalozzi's institution better than by saying, that it seems to us to be a very round-about method of being finally unintelligible. By calculation, and the power which it produces of separating, by abstraction, number from the object which makes it arise in the mind, the child attains the idea of absolute *unity*. Hence he rises to the comprehension of Providence; and so in due order proceeds what in this system is called religious developement, through the stages of which the soul is elevated by very sentimental degrees, to the knowledge of its Creator. This road is very circuitous, and if peradventure it should not at last bring us to an adequate conception of the Ruler of the universe, his absolute justice, and his dispensation of mercy towards a fallen creature, miserably, indeed, will our time be lost (it may be our eternity) in pursuing it. Nor can we doubt of the extreme danger of adopting the religious course here pointed out, when we find it assumed, that "the base of religious conviction is the contemplation of the universal order in the exterior of the creation." That by this contemplation we arrive at the true idea of the power, wisdom, and goodness of God—we adore him as the supreme Creator of all things. The young man, in developing himself, acquires at the same time a knowledge of his force and feebleness—of his dignity and want of power; for he perceives the vast disproportion between his bounded faculties and his boundless desires: he is no longer satisfied with nature; he begins to be sensible of his being submitted to a destiny superior to his strength and his will. The consideration of death, and of the vanity of human things, carries his mind home to his God. He begins then to see that his happiness and misery are the effects of his virtues and his vices respectively; he arrives at the knowledge of what sin is, and the disobedience of the Divine law. He calculates the consequences to prevent and avoid them. These lessons and experiences create those relations of conscience and necessity which unite man to God. Then comes *interior religion*, and the expectation of a better life, which conducts him easily (mark the word) to what is good by the sentiment of his personal interest, of the *dignity of his nature*, and his immortality. A great deal then follows about the immortality of the soul, and the elevating force of the sentiment. The disciple of this religion is then supposed under affliction from bereavements and losses which nearly overwhelm him, when exterior nature fails him; what is he then to do?—he is to seek and find support in his own soul and the divinity within him. (*Méthode d'Education*, tome ii. p. 228—333.)

We come at last to the Saviour, and thus he is introduced :

“ On étudie successivement l'histoire de l'Ancien et celle du Nouveau Testament. La première se rapporte à la connaissance des qualités de Dieu; les impressions produites par cette lecture disposent l'homme à honorer la Divinité. La seconde représente dans Jésus Christ, dans ses apôtres et dans l'église universelle un principe éternel de perfection qui se développe parmi les hommes, et qui fait ressortir la dignité de notre nature.” (Tome ii. p. 337.)

After this precious display of the Christian dispensation, as developing and illustrating the *dignity of human nature*, we think enough has been shown to characterize the religious part of M. Pestalozzi's method, as far as we may trust the account of it in the volumes now under our review. In fact, it only regards man as a religious animal, living under no peculiar revelation or mysterious appointments, but extracting for himself, as the bee gathers honey, a vague poetical sort of faith from nature's florid exterior, and then by a certain secret process, carried on nobody knows where, but somewhere in the recesses of the bosom (where there is an internal life, and a laboratory of a very particular kind known only to M. Pestalozzi and the German metaphysicians), wrought into a strong religious compound of sovereign efficacy in saving the soul. But M. Pestalozzi shall not persuade us to trust ourselves with our own salvation; we will not theorize morals into evanescent principles; we know that enthusiasm, though pure in its beginnings, terminates by a natural proclivity in sentimental profligacy. We will not be content with a religion which, however rich in lofty speculations, is utterly defective in common assurance; we must have chapter and verse for what we are to believe; to satisfy us, religion must be salvatory rather than sublime; full of that which nourishes rather than that which pampers; and therefore we cannot enter into the eulogy of M. Jullien, or of Madame de Staël, upon the religion taught at the institutions of Mantoue, or Stanz, or Yverdun. Amidst the perfumes which rise from this religion of sentiment, a mortal savour is sent up; which the sober disciple of Hooker, and Hall, and Bull, and Beveridge, soon discerns and rejects. Of the exhalations from this German quarry, fortunate is that religious student whose nostrils are “sagacious from afar,” so as to deter him from a path that leads to such an atmosphere of contagion. Sound religion and saving faith can neither be born, nor bred, nor matri-culated in the heart;—prayer obtains it, the Spirit gives it, the heart receives it, the conduct attests it. All else about religion is profane babble. The Scriptures have rescued the subject from man's speculations, and commended it only to his faith and practice. Disquisitions, indeed, on matters touching the soul may be per-

missible, and even profitable, if conducted in humble subordination to revealed truth: they may recall the mind from the gross addictions of sense to the contemplation of our higher faculties and destinies; but if they burst the cables that confine us to the written word of God, they launch us into a shoreless sea of vain disputation, the sport of conflicting elements and ceaseless commotion.

Still, however erroneous and even dangerous as we must consider some of the matters of greatest moment taught in the several institutions on the Continent upon M. Pestalozzi's plan, we hold in the highest respect the general spirit of his method, and especially his management of the affections, his controul of the habits, and the generosity of his own paternal example. We honour him exceedingly for his manly maintenance of equal justice, and his cultivation of whatever is amiable in temper and conduct. Above all, he is commendable for the art with which he makes his excellent regulations appear to originate with the children themselves, so that they live in a manner under their own legislation; and are virtuous and forbearing voluntarily and by convention. Their duty is their choice, and their charter is to live righteously and nobly. Long as this paper has become, we cannot do justice to M. Fellenberg, who conducts in the spirit of M. Pestalozzi's plan the Institute at Hofwyl, for the education of the peasantry, without one delightful extract more, in which an account is given of that beautiful vision of moral discipline in the vales of Switzerland.

“ Nous emprunterons ici quelques passages de la description touchante qu'a faite M. Charles Pictet des instituts d'éducation agricoles de M. Fellenberg, dans lesquels se retrouve l'image fidèle de l'Institut d'Yverdun. Les principaux efforts, les soins constans de M. Fellenberg (comme ceux de M. Pestalozzi) sont dirigés vers la partie morale de l'éducation. L'intégrité du caractère lui tient plus à cœur que tout le reste; et la confiance de tous les enfans avec lui est le trait saillant de son institut. On peut juger du scrupule qu'il a mis au choix des professeurs qui le secondent, en observant la parfaite unité de ton et de manière d'être de ceux-ci avec les élèves et des élèves avec eux. On n'emploie dans l'Institut aucun des moyens ordinaires d'encouragement et de répression. Il n'y a ni premier, ni dernier, ni prix, ni médailles, ni châtimens humilians. Une récapitulation faite le samedi soir, en présence des élèves par le professeur qui ne les quitte jamais, remplace les mobiles ordinaires d'émulation et de crainte. Le chef de la famille y assiste. Dans cette séance, on reprend tous les motifs d'éloge ou de blâme pour chacun, pendant la semaine. Le ton ferme et doux du professeur, le sentiment paternel, qui inspire les remontrances et les exhortations, font une grande impression sur les élèves. . . . tous les petits traits qui tiennent au caractère et qui sont des occasions de louange ou de réprimande, trouvent leur place dans cette

récapitulation. Les enfans se justifient avec liberté. On les écoute avec patience, et on les reprend avec douceur. Ils ne cèdent point à l'autorité, mais à la confiance, à l'affection, à l'ascendant de la vérité, à l'opinion de leurs camarades, dont la direction est toujours bonne, parce que cette opinion est formée des élémens les plus sains. Une règle invariable dans la distribution du tems, dans tous les détails de la vie, rend inutiles les moyens nécessaires ailleurs pour contraindre ou pour réprimer. Les enfans se sentent libres, parce qu'ils n'obéissent qu'à la force des choses, et que le caprice ne les atteint point. Sans jamais ressentir la gêne, ils éprouvent tous les bons effets de l'ordre et en prennent le goût et l'habitude. Ils sont confians, ouverts, gais, heureux ; car, ils se sentent aimés. Quand ils font des sottises de leur âge, ils sont d'ordinaire les premiers à s'en accuser ; car, un aveu libre, toujours reçu par l'affection et l'indulgence, affranchit l'enfant du tourment d'être mal avec lui-même et avec ses camarades. La petite famille n'a d'esprit de corps que pour le bien. Les élèves tiennent ensemble, lorsqu'il s'agit de corriger un vice ou un défaut, de réparer un tort de l'un d'eux : pour le justifier, jamais. Cette conscience de tous est due au sentiment religieux qu'on s'attache à leur rendre habituel, par l'exemple, la reflexion et la prière ; et cette disposition à seconder les maîtres dans la tâche de l'éducation au lieu de faire ligue contr'eux (comme dans les écoles ordinaires), est le resultat de la conviction que le père qui les a adoptés, et ses aides, n'ont rien tant à cœur que de les rendre bons et heureux... Il n'y a, peut-être, aucun institut d'éducation dans lequel on sache allier autant d'amusemens au travail, autant de liberté à la règle.... L'abord des étrangers est continuel ; ils viennent de tous les pays, et l'on peut dire que les jeunes gens qui habitent Hofwyl (et ceux qui sont à Yverdon) voyagent sans changer de place." (Tome ii, p. 307—310.)

We have called this a beautiful vision of moral discipline, because, whether all its statements are entitled or not to full credence in their whole extent, the very delineation fills the bosom with a train of emotions the most tranquil and refreshing. There is certainly something absent from it which we feel to be wanting to its fulness, and something that would not be missed if it were withdrawn ; a little leaning towards enthusiasm, and too little distrust of human means ; yet when from this generous system, the structure of which is so composed as to be absolutely inconsistent with the indulgence of a depraved will, and a selfish spirit ; with arbitrary oppression or ignoble services ; with an unsympathising relation between the master and the boys, or an envious rivalry among the boys themselves, we pass to the scene of turbulence, rebellion, oppression, cruelty, sensuality, and finally of mutual estrangement between master and scholar, which presents itself in our public and even private schools, is it possible for an Englishman with Christian feelings to think of our inferiority without shame and sorrow ? Our affectation of romantic attachment to these scenes of our youth is often founded on recollec-

tions with which wayward feelings, selfish enjoyment, and capricious rule are associated. The sensible, the affectionate, the thoughtful, the pious, have *they* these pleasing reminiscences? To them we believe the remembrance is usually so painful, that life with all its subsequent dissatisfactions, disappointments, and woes, in poignancy of suffering comes still behind the sorrows of that petty system of mis-rule and outrage which forbade in nature's despite their childish years to be either gay or innocent.

We trust, however, that these examples on the Continent will force upon us a change in the conduct of our national education. If we do but live to see the paternal and conscientious part of M. Pestalozzi's method introduced into England, defecated from the dross of his metaphysical morality, and unspiritual religion,—the *vie domestique* of his management, without the *vie intérieure* of his fanciful and unhallowed ethics,—we shall welcome with exultation the beginning of a sound education and sincere reform, and shall trust that the pains and revenue at present bestowed in extending to all the opportunities of education will attract a blessing from above. But as we have begun so we must conclude with declaring our humble conviction to be, that those who promote, or patronise, or endow, or visit our institutions for general instruction, however high they may be in church or state, unless that which they desire to have others taught they appear to value themselves, are idly busy, and vainly munificent. It is not for them to touch, for if they touch they profane,

“The ark of this magnificent and awful cause.”

Perhaps the improvement of the nation (for it must be a national improvement, as well of the rich as of the poor, or it will be none) will be best marked by the growing sanctity with which the sabbath is observed;—that great security for holiness and honesty of life;—and when that day shall come out net and pure from the rubbish of the week, a day of thought, sobriety, and tranquil cheerfulness, as well as of devout exercise, and holy fervor, among all the various orders of the community, then the alterative process of this grand panacea of education may be estimated as far advanced, and the permanence of British glory will be confirmed and sealed in heaven.

ART. II. *Théorie élémentaire de la Botanique, ou Exposition des Principes de la Classification naturelle et de l'Art de décrire et d'étudier les Végétaux.* Par M<sup>r</sup>. A.—P. De Candolle. Seconde Edition, revue et augmentée. Paris, 1819. pp. 566.

THE study of plants, being at once useful and agreeable, has always engaged the attention of mankind even in the earliest

periods of history. At first indeed they appear to have only noticed such plants as were actually of use either for medicine, domestic purposes, or ornament, and to have passed over the others as unworthy of their regard: this seems to have been the utmost extent of botany in the times we denominate ancient.

In the middle ages, when the learning of Europe was confined to the peaceful retreats of the cloister by the unsettled state of public affairs, the study of things themselves was nearly forgotten. The sole occupation of the writers on natural history was to collect together, without any discrimination, whatever they found written in the works of their predecessors; knowledge was confined to mere book learning, the only literary men being monks possessing no property, and therefore obliged to remain satisfied with what they could pick up in the library of their monastery, or what mere casual observation might suggest to them. Occasionally a scientific monk found, like Albertus Magnus, a patron who advanced him to a bishopric, or, like Friar Bacon, one who supplied him with money to defray the expense of his experiments; but these patrons seem to have been dazzled with the showy and, to uninformed minds, the magical experiments of chemistry and mechanics. The mild and placid study of the beauties of nature does not appear to have had any charms for these patrons, who were themselves constantly engaged in the turmoil of the camp, the boisterous merriment of field sports, or the gallantries of the court: indeed their views, in this patronage, appear to have been tinged with the avaricious but deceitful hopes of alchemy.

The invention of printing, by lessening the price of books, brought learning within the reach of the middle laity, ever the most active class of society; and by giving an elastic spring to the book trade, encouraged many ingenious men to turn their attention to the improvement of human knowledge. In this increased attention to literature, natural history was not forgotten. The work of Pliny, one of the fathers of the science, was first printed in 1468: seven years afterwards a German work, called the Book of Nature, appeared, which was principally taken from Pliny, with rude wood-cuts of the several objects. These were soon followed by the translation and publication of Theophrastus and Dioscorides. Matthioli's translation of the latter, with notes, was so successful, that 33,000 copies were sold in a few years. Several herbals were also published; but all of them were mere accounts of useful plants, either in a single alphabetical series, or in several, as in Dodonæus.

It was not until 1570 that Lobel and Pena, in their *Adversaria*, first published an extensive arrangement of plants. The first arrangements of scientific men, like first thoughts, being

often the best, it is peculiarly satisfactory to find, that the basis of Lobel and Pena's arrangement coincides with what is now called the natural system, being founded upon the relation and resemblance of plants to one another; but, as may easily be supposed in a first attempt, the execution was not equal to the merit of the plan: still the work possesses, in many respects, great merit. Fifteen years after the publication of the *Adversaria*, Cæsalpinus published in 1585 his work on Plants, in which he endeavoured to divide them in a strict logical method, preserving, however, the natural relations as far as possible, and chose the stem and seed for the fundamental principles of his division, an honour which the latter still retains amidst the revolutions of human opinion. The *Pinax* of Caspar Bauhin, published in 1623, which followed in a great measure the arrangement of Lobel, may be looked upon as an improvement of it, and continued long in universal use among botanists. In 1680 Morison attempted to improve the arrangement of Lobel; but Morison's method was never followed, being totally and immediately eclipsed by that of Ray, published in 1682, upon the plan of the system of Cæsalpinus, with great improvements.

The distinguishing character of the two modes of arrangement hitherto followed was, that in those of Lobel, C. Bauhin, and Morison, the great families of plants were sketched out in the mind of the writer; yet, as those authors proceeded upon no certain principles, it was very difficult for a young beginner in the study to know, in many instances, where the plant before him was placed in their systems, even with the assistance of the *Classes Plantarum* subjoined as a *finder* of British plants to Merrett's *Pinax*. This want of a clue also occurs in the natural orders of Linnæus, and of Murray, which have succeeded to those of the former writers; so that they are useless for the purpose of discovering the name, &c. of an unknown plant. On the other hand, in the arrangements of Cæsalpinus and Ray, although most of the plants which are naturally related to each other were of course classed together; yet, from the imperfection of these first attempts, there were others which could not, consistently with an adherence to the principles of division that were adopted, be placed along with those to which they were obviously related. A desire to keep as close as possible to nature led these botanists in some cases to pass over this irregularity, and arrange the plants with their congeners, to the no little trouble of the student; while, in other cases, the separation of the plants from their relatives showed the imperfection of these systems, and called for the improvement of them by succeeding botanists.

To avoid the inconveniences of these attempts at the natural method, some botanists proposed another sort of systems to be

used, in the interim, for the purpose of merely discriminating and naming unknown plants, being the very contrary of the former methods, and in which the natural affinity of plants is totally disregarded. Some peculiar parts being chosen, the plants are arranged according to the variation of these chosen parts, as in the system of Tournefort the arrangement was founded upon the stem, the shape of the flower, and the fruit; in that of Rivinus upon the number of pieces of which the flower is composed, its regularity, irregularity, or entire absence, and the fruit; in that of Linnæus, upon the number, length, or connection of the sexual organs, and their open appearance or concealment. Although these arrangements were purely artificial, yet as plants which are naturally related have in general a similarity of structure in most of their parts, so in these artificial systems considerable portions of the natural families are collected together. In general, the botanists of this school have followed their predecessors in arranging a few irregular species along with their relatives, although their structure might vary in the parts chosen for the characterizing of the superior genera. Linnæus himself has gone further, and has broken the regularity of his system by inserting many genera of monadelphous plants in his class diadelphia; and his disciple, Sir James E. Smith, has removed the whole order of syngenesia monogamia to the class pentandria. It is however evident, that, as the principal merit of an artificial system consists in the strictness with which it is followed, these aberrations are great faults; and in this respect, the method of Rivinus would have excelled all its competitors, if he had lived to complete it, as he did not take these liberties, but maintained the characters of his superior genera inviolable.

The merits of Linnæus were undoubtedly great. His *Philosophia Botanica* is one of those works which forms an epoch in literature and science; as it occasioned a greater attention to be paid to the description of natural bodies than had before been customary. He himself also paid much attention to the natural relations of plants, and published in several of his works what he called, *Fragments of the natural method of plants*, and even gave two courses of lectures upon this method to a few select pupils. It appears, from the conversations which he held with some of those pupils, that he despaired of ever being able to give any general character of the various natural orders, and still more of ever arranging those orders into a regular series, so that a student might be able to determine the place of a plant in them. In consequence of this despair he devoted his principal attention to filling up his artificial system, and to determining the names of plants by their differences, instead of improving the natural orders founded upon their resemblances.



This conduct unfortunately produced a sudden stop in the progress of botany considered as a science; and put all the students who were dazzled with the fame of Linnæus upon a wrong scent. His disciples, unmindful that he had himself constantly declared the natural method, or that of the relations of plants, to be the goal which botanists should consider as the end of their studies, and that his sexual system was merely a temporary arrangement until the other was so far perfected as to have a regular clue, by which the name of any plant might be ascertained with ease; and blinded by their zeal for their master, overlooked his counsels, and contenting themselves with the far easier task of collecting and discriminating plants, when they had given them names conceived that they had fulfilled their duty as botanists; although they had in fact, only been collecting materials for real botanists to study. In consequence of this conduct, the history of the Linnæan school exhibits the striking example of a naturalist of great industry and acquirements, who, by enhancing the difficulty that existed in the proper method of studying nature, and by proposing an artificial method which might for the present be adopted, has eventually injured the science which he was ardently bent upon promoting.

This injury has been the greater because the zeal of the disciples of Linnæus has been so violent, that they have formed societies distinguished by his name; a course in which they have been followed by the equally zealous disciples of John Hunter in surgery. The members of these societies are, of course, in general, solemnly pledged to adhere to the opinions of their master, and under the idea of resisting innovations, have virtually resolved to remain stationary. It is indeed true, that there are *some* members of the Linnæan Society of London, who are not to be restrained by the magic of his name, and who cannot be prevented by their engagements from thinking for themselves; but that this is contrary to the spirit of the society is evident, from the displeasure with which the conduct of these members were noticed last year by the president while seated in the chair. It is gratifying, however, to know that such is the increasing spirit of knowledge among the naturalists of these islands, that there is reason to hope the time is not far distant when the mere collecting and naming of natural productions will be reduced to its real insignificance, and the study of their relations will be the object of every one who pretends to the name of a naturalist.

The French botanists, more patriotic than our own, have never paid such servile obedience to the Linnæan dogmata, although they readily adopted what was really valuable in the works of Linnæus and his followers, and thus improved their own native botany. At the very time when we had almost banished

from our minds the existence of Ray, the Aristotle of our country, of whom we had the utmost reason to be proud; and while the three Jussieus, Adanson, and Lamarck, were anxiously labouring to improve the knowledge of plants by studying their relations, the Institutions of Tournefort continued to be used by French students as the finder: and although Lamarck in his *Flore Française* has proposed another ready method of ascertaining the name of an unknown plant, Mr. De Candolle continues to consider Tournefort's work as the best introduction to the knowledge of the genera hitherto published.

The improvements made by the above mentioned authors, and the great influx of plants from the newly investigated parts of the world, in consequence of the voyages of Cook and other navigators, and the travels of Beauvois, Humboldt, Brown, and others, have in some measure necessarily antiquated the *Philosophia Botanica*, and of course the many elementary works founded upon it. Linnæus had, for example, distinguished only seven kinds of fruits; to some one of which he reduced all the great variety to be found in nature; the later botanists of the natural school have recognized and defined a much greater number: Mirbel enumerates twenty, and the author of the work before us upwards of forty, which, by their frequent occurrence, merit peculiar names.

Mr. De Candolle is already well known as the coadjutor of Lamarck in the publication of the *Flore Française*, and as being the author of a history of succulent plants, an essay on the medical properties of plants compared with their natural classification, several reports respecting the botanical and agricultural researches made in France by order of the government, the text attached to the first four volumes of Redoute's superb work on the Liliaceous plants, and several other works. He has been for many years professor of natural history at Geneva, and director of the botanic garden there. The great object of his present studies is a Natural System of the Vegetable Kingdom, destined to supply the place of the *Species Plantarum* of Linnæus, which is become antiquated. Of his Natural System the first volume is published, and the second is expected in the course of the present year. This immense work will probably extend to forty volumes, as the first contains only 873 plants out of, at least, 30,000 that are now known.

The intention of this *Théorie élémentaire* is to explain the elements of botany in a philosophical manner, so as to point out to the student the steps he must pursue to make himself acquainted with the natural relation of plants to one another, and the different degrees of value to be attached to each of these relations. These are the most important problems in the science,

and although absolutely necessary to its progress, and still more to its perfection, they have, of late, been utterly neglected; the students of the Linnæan school having their attention exclusively fixed on the mere knowledge of those differences between plants, which were absolutely necessary for the purpose of arranging and naming them.

The peculiar merit of the work now under review consists in the plain yet expressive, the copious yet strictly logical, manner in which it is written. It is divided into three parts, the theory of classification or vegetable taxonomy, the theory of descriptive botany or phytography, and lastly the knowledge of terms or botanical glossology.

The first and second parts present such a view of the theory of botany as has never been exhibited to the British public, and forms a striking contrast to the dry sententious manner of Linnæus. For a specimen of Mr. De Candolle's manner, we extract his observations on the relative value of the natural and artificial systems, because this part contains some views, which the prevalence of the Linnæan school in England has caused us entirely to forget.

After explaining the two methods, he says:

“ Avant de rechercher quelles sont les lois et les règles fondamentales de la méthode naturelle, consacrons quelques instans à la comparer aux méthodes artificielles, afin de faire mieux sentir le genre d'utilité, d'emploi, de facilité, de certitude, dont chacune d'elles est susceptible.”

“ Et d'abord, quant à la facilité, il est évident que, pour le commençant, une méthode artificielle doit paraître, et est en réalité plus facile; en effet, l'auteur systématique ayant le choix parmi tous les caractères des plantes, et n'étant gêné par aucune des combinaisons, des nuances, des relations qui gênent la marche de ceux qui veulent se conformer à la nature, serait bien maladroit s'il ne choisissait des organes très apparens et faciles à voir pour bases de sa classification, tandis que l'auteur d'une méthode naturelle n'a pas la liberté du choix; il est conduit par des principes rigoureux à observer tous les organes, et à donner à chacun une importance relative, non à la facilité que nous avons de le voir, mais au rôle que cet organe joue dans la vie des êtres: or, ces organes les plus importans peuvent être, et sont souvent en effet, les plus difficiles à voir. De plus, dans la méthode naturelle, on reconnaît souvent la place des êtres, non par leurs caractères absolus, mais par la voie de l'analogie; cette voie n'est ouverte qu'à ceux qui connaissent déjà un certain nombre d'êtres de chaque famille, et n'est par conséquent d'aucun secours pour les commençans: enfin, la méthode naturelle qui embrasse tous les organes, suppose une connaissance plus profonde de l'organographie que la méthode artificielle qui n'exige que la connaissance d'un petit nombre de parties; il est donc bien certain que lorsqu'on ne connaît encore aucune

plante, et qu'on est réduit à chercher par soi-même le nom des premières qui se présentent, on doit employer une méthode artificielle ; et sous ce point de vue, la plus facile de toutes est la meilleure."

" Mais si, entraîné par le charme de la facilité, on persiste dans la même marche, il arrive au bout de quelque temps que la scène change ; à force de s'habituer à ne considérer les végétaux que sous un certain point de vue, on finit par croire que cet objet seul constitue toute la science ; on néglige l'étude de tous les organes qui n'ont pas été employés par l'auteur systématique dont on adopte la marche ; on s'habitue à donner une valeur exagérée à certaines idées ou à certains organes, à éloigner des êtres qui ont entre eux une foule de rapports, ou à en rapprocher qui n'en ont presque aucuns. Alors, selon la trempe de son esprit, on tombe dans des exagérations bizarres ; les uns, et c'est le plus grand nombre, sentant qu'ils n'apprennent que des noms, voyant que les rapports indiqués dans leurs livres ne sont nullement en harmonie avec ce que le plus simple bon sens indique sur les êtres, finissent par croire que la botanique est une simple étude de nomenclature, ou une occasion de promenade et d'amusement, et la regardent comme indigne d'occuper les facultés d'un homme pensant ; d'autres, il est vrai, persistent dans leur amour pour la botanique ; mais suivons encore le développement de leur esprit.

" Ceux qui ne sont pas doués d'un génie inventif persistent toute leur vie à apprendre des noms de plantes ; ils sont aptes à voyager, à recueillir des plantes diverses, à les décrire d'après la marche tracée par leur guide primitif, à reconnaître dans les livres, si telle plante a été ou non mentionnée par les auteurs. Tous ces travaux sont utiles, sans doute, et ceux qui les exécutent sont dignes de reconnaissance ; mais ces travaux nécessairement incohérens ajoutent peu de chose à la masse des idées humaines, s'ils ne sont pas saisis et travaillés de nouveau par des hommes d'un esprit supérieur. Et ces mêmes travaux eussent été exécutés avec encore plus de perfection par ceux qui, dès le commencement de leurs études, auraient suivi une marche plus philosophique."

" Supposons, au contraire, que le botaniste dont nous suivons le développement intellectuel, soit doué d'un esprit inventif : alors, s'il est profondément imbu de l'utilité d'un ordre artificiel, il croira rendre un grand service à la science, que d'en fabriquer un nouveau, ce qui, de l'aveu même des systématiques les plus prépondérans, est, au contraire, de la plus parfaite inutilité, ou bien, il se livrera à des recherches anatomiques ou physiologiques. Mais ici, s'il est fidèle à sa méthode, il tombera dans des erreurs palpables, comme de rechercher, ainsi que l'a fait un savant d'ailleurs recommandable, les rapports anatomiques des plantes qui ont le même nombre d'étamines ; ou bien, il négligera toute méthode, et alors ses observations isolées et incohérens seront réduites à n'être que des matériaux, dont le naturaliste, scrutateur des rapports naturels, pourra seul former un édifice."

" Supposons, au contraire, un élève qui commence à étudier la Botanique, par la méthode naturelle : dans les premiers jours, il sera à chaque pas arrêté par la nécessité de connaître tous les organes des plantes, et de saisir des caractères difficiles à voir ; il sentira alors la

nécessité d'étudier avec précision, non pas une seule partie, mais toutes les parties des plantes, et mettra sa principale attention à la connaissance des organes, cette branche de la science de laquelle dérivent toutes les autres, et qui est la plus propre de toutes à piquer la curiosité, à satisfaire l'avidité des bons esprits. Sans doute, à ce premier moment, il saura moins facilement découvrir le nom d'une plante ; mais à peine aura-t-il franchi ce premier pas, qu'il se trouvera savoir a-la-fois toutes les méthodes artificielles, qui sont nécessairement fondées sur la connaissance de tel ou tel organe, et par cette facilité, il regagnera bien rapidement l'avance que son concurrent avait sur lui quant à la nomenclature. Ce n'est pas tout ; en se servant de diverses méthodes, il habituera son esprit à considérer les plantes sous divers points de vue ; il remarquera alors leurs véritables différences, leurs véritables ressemblances : car il est clair que les plantes qui sont voisines dans la plupart des systèmes, devront l'être aussi dans la méthode naturelle ; il saura par conséquent non-seulement le nom, mais beaucoup de particularités sur la structure des plantes."

"Je crois donc que la véritable marche qu'on doit suivre dans la Botanique, est de se familiariser d'abord avec les organes, puis de s'exercer à nommer quelques plantes d'après diverses méthodes artificielles, et de les rapporter ensuite à la méthode naturelle, qui seule est la science." (P. 52—56.)

Having thus compared the merits of the natural method with those of artificial ones, Mr. De Candolle proceeds to the theory of the natural classification, the most important part of his work, and that in which he develops some peculiar opinions as to the causes inducing anomalous genera, by which the determination of the order to which they belong is rendered more or less difficult.

The most usual causes of these difficulties are three. 1. What has been called predisposed abortions, or that tendency to certain imperfections which alters the symmetry, or diminishes the number of the various organs of the plant. 2. The degenerating of some organs into others so that their ordinary appearance is masked. 3. The adhesion of various parts among themselves, or with others concealing their true form and number.

A familiar example of the first of these causes is shown in the fruit of the horsechestnut-tree which, when young, has always three cells each containing two seeds, but as they grow larger, at least three seeds, but more commonly five, are stifled, so that the ripe fruit contains generally one, or at most three seeds. The oak also originally has a similar structure in its young fruit, but five of the seeds miscarrying, a single acorn is the real produce. If we were to find by chance the fruit of the oak or horsechestnut tree with six seeds we should esteem it a monstrous production, whereas according to Mr. De Candolle it would in fact be, like the peloria, an accidental return to the original type and proper

structure of the plant as sketched by the divine author of nature, although usually and habitually found in another form. Numerous examples of similar changes are known, and the knowledge of them is essential to the determination of the natural families, in which it is of great importance to know the original structure, lest a genus of plants should be removed from its congeners upon account of these variations.

The second cause of these difficulties chiefly occurs in leaves which are changed to thorns or the like, and is of less importance. But the third will be regarded by many with surprise: the ordinary language of botany points out an entire monopetalous corolla as the original type of flowers, and the several segments, and still more the pieces of a polypetalous flower as produced by its division. Mr. De Candolle on the contrary, considers a polypetalous corolla as the original type, and conceives the monopetalous ones to be formed by the more or less perfect *soldering* together of the several petals, hence he distinguishes them by the new name of gamopetalous flowers. In like manner, he considers those fruits which contain as many cells as there were styles, as so many simple fruits joined together; and a single style attached to a many-celled fruit, as a compound style formed of several united together. These views, which our limits do not allow us to exhibit in detail, are sufficient to show the originality of a great part of the work. Neither can we follow him through his succinct account of the different points of view in which an organ, or any system of the organs of plants may be considered, or of their relative value in classing plants, in all of which points Mr. De Candolle shows that he has examined these subjects in a more philosophical manner than was customary with the botanists of the Linnæan School.

In the part relative to descriptive botany, he considers the present botanical names given to plants, those which are now rejected, the method of describing plants, the manner in which books treating of them should be written, and their collection and preparation to form what is called a *hortus siccus*. In this part much novelty was not to be expected, but the whole is laid down with the utmost clearness. He reprobates the frequent change of names, and prefers retaining that of the first publisher of a new plant, unless it be placed in a wrong genus; and even then the specific name, he thinks, should be retained, unless it implies a manifest contradiction to the characters of the plant, or is already in use to denote another plant of the same genus. The licence of the Linnæan school, in respect to changing names is so great, that botany has again become such another chaos as it was when C. Bauhin published his *Pinax*. Other innovators, as Bergeret, under the idea of improving the nomen-

clature by using significant letters and syllables, have proposed the most barbarous compositions of letters, such as Xusgwagya-baeba for the rose, Wehufualide for candy-tuft; names which if they were to be adopted, must strike poets with terror, and totally disable them from singing the beauties of nature. Although Mr. De Candolle decides for the permanence of botanical names, he nevertheless proposes some innovations, for he wishes the common names of plants in the vulgar tongues to be changed for the literal translation of their botanic names. In our own opinion, it is absurd to suppose that the names known to several millions who either cannot read, or have not leisure, should, or even could, be changed to meet the desires of a few hundred botanists. In common every-day affairs, we see that the language of the common people is scarcely altered by the opinions and censures of the learned; and the obstinacy with which the country people retain their local weights and measures, in spite even of positive penal laws promulgated several centuries ago, is well known; still less, therefore, can we suppose that a change could really be effected in a matter of this kind. The general adoption of these translated names by authors would end in a recoil upon themselves, by rendering their works for the most part unintelligible.

The third or last part which treats of the terms, or, what Mr. De Candolle, to avoid the bilingual absurdity of the word terminology, calls the botanical glossology, is that which pleases us the least. The general division is—1st. The terms which denote the various organs, and are, grammatically speaking, substantives; and, 2d. Those which indicate the variations taking place in those organs, or the adjectives to be applied to the former substantives.

With respect to the former, or to use Mr. De Candolle's language, the organographic terms, botanists are divided in opinion. Some, satisfied with the accuracy of the Linnæan distinctions, are for avoiding further innovations, and prefer the addition of appropriate words to the old terms, rather than the adoption or formation of new substantives to denote the distinctions which subsequent observers have thought proper to introduce, conceiving that this multiplication of terms increases the difficulty of acquiring the science. Mr. De Candolle, though he thinks it needless and fatiguing to the memory to invent a new term to denote every little appendage to an organ, has explained all that have hitherto been received.

The adjective terms are arranged by the author as they relate to the absence or presence of the organs, their situation, direction, form, simplicity, divisions, termination, surface, number, dimensions, adherence, duration, consistence, colour, smell, and taste. In this general collection of the adjective

terms, the censure of Mirbel that the author has sacrificed the classification of the organs to that of the terms, and has violated the fundamental idea of a botanical glossary, is certainly true, as the several terms receive a modification in their application to the different organs, as *acinaciformis*, *sabre-shape*, when applied to leaves, as those of the *mesembryanthemum acinaciforme*, denotes not only the curvature of the leaf, but also the sharpness of one edge as opposed to the bluntness of the other; but when this term is applied to legumes, as those of *phaseolus lunatus*, or *dolichos ensiformis*, the curvature only is expressed by it.

Another objection that strikes us in this part of the work, and the more forcibly when we consider the strict logical order and philosophical manner of investigation which is predominant throughout the rest of the book, is, that some of the adjective terms which are peculiar to a single organ only, are explained in an appendix to the substantive terms as denoting that organ and its varieties, as in the case of the species and composition of buds, p. 360, the ribs and incisions of leaves, p. 366—368, their situation while in the bud, p. 370; while others placed as an appendix to the adjective terms are applicable to many organs, as those of double flowers, p. 504; of the union of the sepals, petals, and stamens, p. 514. Either one or the other of these arrangements ought to have been exclusively adopted; the simultaneous employment of both is evidently an oversight.

Whatever trifling differences of opinion we have thus expressed as to a few parts of this excellent work, we cannot conclude without giving it upon the whole our warmest praise, as furnishing the independent student, who wishes to acquire a knowledge of plants free from the party spirit of the Linnæan school, with a complete introductory manual, which will enable him to understand all the modern authors, whether Linnæan or eclectic. And we hope, and have indeed some reason to suppose, that our native literature will soon be enriched with a translation of it: an event so much the more to be desired, because the publication of a truly philosophical introductory treatise on botany in the English language, seems alone to be wanting to expose and decide the fate of the artificial and imperfect botany of the Linnæan school, which has been, and is still, such an impediment to the real progress of the science.



## ART. III.—STATE OF LITERATURE, RELIGION, SLAVERY, &amp;c. IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

1. *Statistical Annals, embracing Views of the Population, Commerce, Navigation, Fisheries, Public Lands, Post Office Establishments, Revenues, Mint, Military and Naval Establishments, Expenditures, Public Debt and Sinking Fund of the United States of America; founded on official Documents, commencing on the 4th March, 1789, and ending on the 20th April, 1818.* By Adam Seybert, M. D. a Member of the House of Representatives of the United States, from the State of Pennsylvania; Member of the American Philosophical Society, &c. 4to. Philadelphia, 1818.
2. *Letters from the British Settlement in Pennsylvania. To which are added the Constitutions of the United States and of Pennsylvania; and Extracts from the Laws respecting Aliens and Naturalized Citizens.* By C. B. Johnson, M. D. 12mo. Philadelphia, 1819.
3. *Collections of the New York Historical Society.* Vols. I. II. 8vo. New York, 1809—1814.
4. *Elementary Treatise on Mineralogy and Geology, being an Introduction to the Study of these Sciences; and designed for the Use of Pupils, for Persons attending Lectures on these Subjects, and for Travellers in the United States of America. Illustrated by Six Plates.* By Parker Cleaveland, Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, and Lecturer on Chemistry and Mineralogy in Bowdoin College. 8vo. Boston (New England), 1816.
5. *Journal of the Academy of Natural Sciences, of Philadelphia.* Vol. I. Part First. 8vo. Philadelphia, 1817.
6. *Memoirs of the Philadelphia Society for promoting Agriculture; containing Communications on various Subjects in Husbandry and Rural Affairs.* Vol. IV. 8vo. Philadelphia, 1818.
7. *Lectures on Rhetoric and Oratory, delivered to the Classes of senior and junior Sophisters, in Harvard University.* By John Quincy Adams, LL. D. late Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory. 8vo. 2 vols. Cambridge (Massachusetts), 1810.
8. *The Backwoodsman. A Poem.* By J. K. Paulsen. 8vo. Philadelphia, 1818.
9. *Airs of Palestine. A Poem.* By John Pierpoint, Esq. Third Edition, revised. 12mo. Boston (Massachusetts), 1817.
10. *A Vocabulary, or Collection of Words and Phrases, which have been supposed to be peculiar to the United States of America. To which is prefixed, an Essay on the Present State of the English*

- Language in the United States.* By John Pickering. 8vo. Boston (Massachusetts), 1816.
11. *Comparative Views of the Controversy between the Calvinists and the Arminians.* By William White, D. D. Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. 8vo. 2 vols. Philadelphia, 1817.
  12. *A concise View of the principal Points of Controversy between the Protestant and Roman Churches.* By the Rev. J. H. Wharton, D. D. Rector of St. Mary's Church, Burlington (N. J.) and Member of the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia. 8vo. Philadelphia, 1817.
  13. *Theology, explained and defended, in a Series of Sermons.* By Timothy Dwight, S. T. D. LL. D. late President of Yale College. With a Memoir of the Life of the Author. 8vo. 5 vols. Middleton (Connecticut), 1818.
  14. *Journal of Travels in the United States of North America, and in Lower Canada, performed in the Year 1817.* By John Palmer. 8vo. London, 1818.
  15. *Sketches of America. A Narrative of a Journey of Five Thousand Miles through the Eastern and Western States of America, &c. &c. &c.* By Henry Bradshaw Fearon. Third Edition. 8vo. London, 1819.
  16. *Travels in Canada and the United States, in 1816 and 1817.* By Lieutenant Francis Hall. 8vo. Second Edition. London, 1819.
  17. *America and her Resources; or a View of the Agricultural, Commercial, Manufacturing, Financial, Political, Literary, Moral and Religious Capacity, and Character of the American People.* By John Bristed. 8vo. New York, printed. London, reprinted, 1819.

IN a former volume of our Journal \*, we presented our readers with some account of the then actual condition of the United States of America; and intimated, that, on a future occasion, we should resume the topic.

In our preceding Number this pledge was in part redeemed; we there presented a statistical view of that country; and have now to fulfil the remainder of our promise, and to offer to our readers a concise view of American Literature, including also some observations on the state of religion and slavery. Although the dates of *some* of the works, which appear at the head of this article, are not very recent, yet, as they have only just found their way to this country, they have a claim to our attention, as being *virtually* new books: and as the facilities of intercourse between Great Britain and America are annually

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\* See Brit. Rev. vol. vi. pp. 377, et seq.

increasing, we indulge the hope that we shall hereafter be able to present our readers with earlier notices of the more important productions of Transatlantic Literature.

It has often been remarked, that the Americans are indebted to English authors and English genius for all the works, of any value, which are to be seen in the United States. Fifteen or twenty years ago, such a remark might have been tolerably correct; but, as things actually are, the observation is by no means accurate. Still, however, the literature of the American Union must be admitted to be in its infancy, and for its slow growth we could assign many solid reasons in addition to the hints contained in our last number; but, that we may not fatigue our readers, we shall confine our attention to a few of the most prominent.

In the first place, the very condition of society in North America forbids its inhabitants, as yet, to possess a distinguished literary character. A comparatively thin population, spread over an immense surface, opposes many serious obstacles to the production and circulation of literary effusions. The United States are even yet but an infant power: and with the exception of the oldest settled parts (which we believe are usually termed *Old America*), the inhabitants of the more recently settled districts are too fully occupied in procuring the necessities of life, to have spare time for lighter pursuits. These circumstances, together with the peculiar structure of the social institutions of the Americans, do not allow a sufficient accumulation of individual and family wealth to exist in the community, so as to create an effectual demand for the costly or frequent publication of original works. At present, nearly all the active talent of that people is engrossed in commercial, agricultural, or professional objects. We may further add, the scarcity of public and private libraries; while the want of literary competition, rewards, and honours,—the entire absence of all government patronage, and the generally defective means of liberal education,—necessarily deter men of distinguished talents from dedicating themselves *solely* to the occupation of letters; and consequently prevent the appearance of those finished productions, whether in verse or prose, which can only come into existence, where genius is seconded by leisure, and provoked by competition.

Again, the Americans read for improvement, and with a view to the immediate practical application of their knowledge: the manner, therefore, is of less importance with them than the matter. From the comparatively small demand for original works in the United States, they can hardly be said to have any authors by profession. The works which have been produced, have, for the most part, been written by men, who were obliged to depend upon other employments for their support; and who could

devote to literary pursuits those few moments only, which their thirst for learning stimulated them to snatch from their daily avocations. As might be expected, therefore, the productions of native American writers, though many of them discover talent, yet all want that *finishing* (as artists term it) which is the fruit of long practice in composition, as in other arts; and this is a defect, which, with scholars accustomed to the most elegant productions, can only be compensated by an extraordinary degree of merit in the substance of a work.

To the preceding causes, we may add the constant influx of British literature, partly by means of direct importation, but chiefly by the reprinting of the most esteemed productions of British genius, at a cheap rate and in a portable form, almost immediately after they are published in this country. English novels and poetry are particularly in request; and Mr. Fearon informs us that Lord Byron's "*Manfred*" was received, printed, and published, at Philadelphia, all in *one day*. While we are writing, a Philadelphia bookseller's prospectus lies before us, announcing, among upwards of twenty articles (the production of the last eighteen or twenty months), a re-print of Lady Morgan's "*France*," in one volume, 8vo. at the price of two dollars and a half, with a notice that "the above edition contains the French words and phrases as in the London, with an English translation of each in the page where it occurs." The same bookseller has also published the first part of "the first American edition of "*Dr. Johnson's Dictionary*," in two volumes, quarto, or four volumes, 8vo. with the addition of the *Standard of Pronunciation* in Walker's "*Critical Pronouncing Dictionary*." And each of the great Cyclopædias of this country is re-printed, in parts, either at New York or Philadelphia, at the expense of one or two opulent booksellers of those cities. Several of the English Reviews are regularly reprinted, and have a very considerable circulation; and, generally speaking, a quarto volume, which costs two guineas in London, may be purchased in America, in octavo, for the same number of dollars.

Notwithstanding the deficiency of classical literature \* in the United States, the *general* instruction of youth forms an important object of public consideration. As the means of supporting a family are there within the reach of every one, the people marry when young, and display a very commendable attention to the education of their children: and as soon as half a dozen houses are built in a new settlement, a school is established. In the Western States, we are informed, that the Congress has reserved

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\* On the State of Classical Learning in the American Union, see pp. 508—510, of the preceding volume.

640 acres of the public land in each township, for the support of schools; besides seven entire townships of 23,040 acres each; two of which are situated in the state of Ohio, and one in each of the states and territories of Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Mississippi, and Louisiana. In the state of New York, in 1811, the fund for common schools, subject to the disposal of the legislature, amounted to half a million of dollars, giving an annual revenue of 36,000 dollars. The school fund of the state of Connecticut amounts to a productive capital of D.200,000. Throughout the New England states, the schools are supported by a public tax, and are under the direction of committees. In other parts of the Union also, schools are provided for the education of the poorer class. The system of mutual instruction has been adopted in different places, particularly at New York, whither a master has lately been sent from England, and at Philadelphia, under the direction of Mr. Joseph Lancaster; who arrived there in the course of the last year, and who has been engaged by the managers of the public schools (appointed by a law of the State of Pennsylvania), to superintend an extensive model school for that State. During the winter of last year, Mr. Lancaster made a tour to the Southern States, as far as the city of Washington, where the American congress was then sitting; and was complimented by the House of Representatives with permission to explain his system to them from their Speaker's chair.

As the system of education throughout the Union is essentially *English*, it cannot excite surprise that the United States have produced scarcely a single learned writer, in the strict acceptation of that term: nor, with the exception of a late accurate and neat impression of Ernesti's edition of Cicero's Works, in twenty duodecimo volumes, and of Oberlin's edition of Tacitus, in three duodecimo volumes, do we know of one single American work on classical literature. The great mass of native publications consists of newspaper essays, and party pamphlets; for, in the United States, almost all are politicians, and range themselves under the banners of the *democrats*, *federalists*, or *quids*, that is, *no-party-men*. The newspaper press, consequently, is the great organ of communication in that country; and in this description of literature, it is justly entitled to take precedence of all others, so far as relates to *numbers*. Before the American revolution there were but *nine* newspapers in the United States; early in the year 1810 there were upwards of 360; and in May, 1817, they were computed at *five hundred*; the weekly number of which was 250,000, forming an annual aggregate of upwards of 25,000,000 of newspapers. To an English reader, however, these vehicles of intelligence are extremely uninteresting; being miserably edited, and seldom containing any thing but shipping

intelligence, extracts from English newspapers, and advertisements, among which those for run-away slaves form a frequent and prominent article. Mr. Fearon has given us some curious specimens of these advertisements, for which we must refer our readers to his instructive volume.

Although the number of American writers, for the reasons already assigned, is comparatively small; yet they are annually increasing in number and value. It is to be regretted that the various authors, who have lately treated on the actual state of the North American States, have given so little satisfactory information concerning their literature. We shall therefore endeavour to supply their deficiencies, and those of our last number, by offering the results of our own researches, which have been made with much care; and though we do not presume to tender them as complete, yet we can confidently affirm them to be correct, so far as we have been able to prosecute them.

The number of native American writers, who have communicated their labours to the public within the last ten or twelve years, may be stated at between three and four hundred. Of their publications, *Law Books* are by far the most numerous: they consist principally of reports of cases adjudged in the various courts of justice in the different states, digests of the laws of the several states, editions of "Blackstone's Commentaries," and other English elementary law books, with notes adapting them to American readers, and some translations of the works of eminent French jurists who treat on commercial law. The bar is the profession which attracts the greatest number and the highest talents, and it also appears to be the most lucrative. Mr. Fearon states it as a fact, that the lawyers occupy *eight tenths* of all the public situations in America: and he has given some instances of the dependance of the judges upon the counsel, which cannot fail to produce strong sentiments of contrast in the mind of the reader; who reflects upon the independence and uprightness, which so eminently characterize those who preside in the different English courts of justice.

"Some of the judges," says Mr. Fearon, "are, doubtless, men of superior legal knowledge, and high standing in society; but there are others who certainly are not in possession of the former, though they may be of the latter qualification; as, for instance, the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas at Newark, who, I am informed, is a butcher—not a butcher retired from business, and become a lawyer, but he attends to both trades, even on the same day, selling at seven o'clock in the morning a leg of mutton, and at eleven supplying his customers with a slice of Blackstone. Much evil must necessarily result from this heterogeneous admixture of ignorance with learning. Although we might hail the appointment of plain men of business, and pos-

sessed of good solid understandings, to award justice to their fellow-citizens as an important benefit conferred on society, in substitution of the legal quibbling and learned oppression of the bar and bench; yet if such men are not permitted to follow the plain dictates of their own understanding, but are tied down by legal forms, by ancient precedents, and by the laws and practice of a country with which they are entirely unacquainted, then, indeed, the appointment of such men becomes an evil instead of a benefit to society; and it would be better to place individuals on the bench, who,—whatever may be their characters in other respects,—their arrogance of deportment or their political subserviency,—yet, at any rate, understand the business upon which they are employed.

“Although there may be, and doubtless are many members of the legal profession who are honourable men, yet from all I have seen, or have been able to understand, the lawyers of this country do not seem to merit a particularly high character. My impression of them is, to use an American mode of estimation, at least thirty-three and a third per cent. lower than of their brethren in England. There are various causes which may have produced this deterioration. In the first place, deep and solid research in *any occupation* is neither so much wanted, so much esteemed, nor is it so “marketable” a commodity as in Great Britain; further, the greater equality of society, which renders men more independent of each other; the non-classification of the profession of the law, which prevents either portion from being deeply studied, while the ease with which even legal gentlemen can and do alter their mode of obtaining a livelihood, naturally weakens the motives to exertion, and lessens too that strong impression of having at once a reputation, and the very means of existence at stake;—these latter causes we know to be powerfully operative in England. The vast number of lawyers also, as compared with the amount of American population, divides the business into so many channels, that when a job is obtained, no means can be afforded to be left untried to render it profitable. These causes, aided by that prolific source of chicanery, our statute-book, may account for that of which Americans complain so loudly—the expence of law proceedings, and the want of principle in their professional men.” (P. 316—318.)

Next to law books, the publications relative to the topography of the United States form the most numerous class. The expeditions into the interior, of Messrs. Lewis and Clarke, and of Major Pike, are well known in this country, from the re-prints of their journals and papers.\* The “Collections of the New York Historical Society,” consist chiefly of re-prints of scarce voyages relative to the discovery of that part of America:

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\* A new expedition is at this time fitting out, to explore the interior of the vast continent of North America, from which science may expect to receive some accessions, as a number of scientific men are attached to it. The want of such men, in Messrs. Lewis and Clarke's tour, was an unaccountable oversight in the late president, Mr. Jefferson.

and many of the annual discourses of its presidents are characterized by extensive research and elegant language. The object of this Society is, to cultivate the natural, ecclesiastical, and civil history of America in general, and that of the state of New York in particular: and in the prosecution of this design, the Society has formed:—1. An Historical Library, consisting at present of ten or twelve thousand volumes, which is daily receiving accessions;—2. A Cabinet of the Natural Productions of that State;—3. A Gallery of Portraits of eminent Americans and Foreigners, whose actions or writings illustrate the History of the United States. Among the various state and local histories, we may notice the following as most deserving of attention, viz.—those of New York and New Jersey, by Mr. Smith; Mr. Trumbull's "History of Connecticut;" Dr. Ramsay's "History of South Carolina;" the Ex-president Jefferson's "Notes on the State of Virginia" (re-printed at London in 1787); Belknap's "History of New Hampshire;" Drakes' "Picture of the Miami Country;" Williams's "Sketches of Vermont;" Hutcheson's "History of Massachusetts;" Derby's and Stoddart's "Sketches of Louisiana." To these may be added various histories of the principal cities in the Union; of which, as well as of all the other topographical works, Mr. Warden has availed himself in his "Statistical, Political, and Historical Account of the United States."\* Dr. Johnson's "Letters from the British Settlement in Pennsylvania"† present a very flattering picture of a settlement formed by the "British Emigrant Society;" who have prefixed a temperate address to their countrymen, inviting them to establish themselves there. This publication, however, contains many incidental particulars, which in a topographical point of view are not unworthy of attention: and it is written with great moderation. One of the letters is devoted to an exposition of the fallacious statements contained in Mr. Birkbeck's "Letters from the Illinois;" for which we regret that we have not room.

In natural history, mineralogy, botany, and medicine, the United States can boast of several eminent writers. Wilson's "American Ornithology" is a work of equal accuracy and splendour, and might accompany, without disgrace, the finer specimens of the English press. Doctors Barton and Bigelow are both publishing the "Medical Botany of the United States," in numbers; and from the ability and correctness with which their works are executed, they promise to be important accessions to botanical science. The same remark applies to Elliott's "Sketch of the Botany of South Carolina;" and several *Floras* of other states have been announced. Nuttall's "Genera of American Plants" is

\* See a character of this work in our preceding volume, p. 495.

† No. 2 of the Works at the head of this article.



a useful catalogue, though we doubt whether his work can, with strictness, be considered as an American book; Mr. N. being a native of Liverpool, whose ardent love of botanical science has led him to explore the great American wilderness, in quest of new genera and new species of plants.

The "Geological View of the United States," by Dr. Mease, is a useful collection of facts; but a more comprehensive view of the great outlines of the formation of the country, will be found in the "(Observations on the Geology of the United States," of Mr. Maclure. Professor Cleaveland's "Introduction to the Study of Mineralogy and Geology,"\* though primarily designed for the use of his pupils, has been deservedly received with the highest approbation, as a valuable elementary treatise on those interesting sciences. During the last ten years, indeed, the mineralogy and geology of the United States have been cultivated with great ardour and with very considerable success. Many valuable discoveries have been made; and Professor Cleaveland's work supplies an important chasm in the literature of his countrymen, by furnishing American localities to the various minerals which are described in it. Though not free from mistakes, it reflects great honour on his industry and research; and we trust that future English mineralogical writers will embody in their works the most material of Professor Cleaveland's facts and illustrations. In forming the plan of his treatise, this author has judiciously availed himself of the excellencies both of the German and French schools, and has united the peculiar descriptive language of the one, with the accurate scientific arrangement of the other. The *general* method of Brongniart's *Système du Minéralogie* is here adopted; and the more important parts of this work are, of course, incorporated in the volume now under consideration. As we have not room to analyze this treatise, we shall briefly state that the elements of the sciences of mineralogy and geology are therein communicated with singular precision of language, and with a judicious selection of characters and facts; and that it has brought within the reach of the American student, the excellencies of the systems of Kirwan, Jameson, Haüy, Brochart, Brongniart, and Werner.

The medical literature of the Union consists chiefly of dissertations which are to be found in the various medical journals, or in the Transactions published by the College of Physicians at Philadelphia, the Physico-Medical Society of New York, and the Massachusetts Medical Society at Boston. The state of medical science, indeed, is improving throughout the Union; and the various departments in the Medical School at Philadelphia are conducted by professors whose skill and attainments would

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\* No. 4. of the list of works at the head of this article.

not disgrace any European university. Of the estimation in which this school is held, our readers may form some idea, when we state from private information on which we can rely, that upwards of one hundred persons from this school graduated in physics at the University of Pennsylvania, at the public commencement held on the 25th of April last. Many valuable contributions to the natural sciences generally, are contained in the "Memoirs of the American Academy at Boston," of which four volumes are extant, and in the six volumes of "Transactions of the American Philosophical Society" at Philadelphia. This last mentioned society, in 1815, added a new class or committee to the six which previously existed,\* denominated "the Committee of History, Moral Science, and General Literature." The professed objects of this committee are to form a collection of original documents, such as official and private letters, Indian treaties, records, maps, &c. and to obtain correct information relative to the history, geography, antiquities, and statistics of the United States, generally, and of the state of Pennsylvania, in particular. In prosecution of this design, the committee have this year published the first volume of their "Transactions." It is chiefly filled with an authentic and valuable account of the history, manners, and customs of the Indian natives, who once inhabited Pennsylvania and the neighbouring States. As the information contained in this narrative is too interesting to be despatched in the present brief notice, we have given it a separate article in this number of our journal.†

In the year 1817, the city of Philadelphia gave birth to the Academy of Natural Sciences, which has already published, in a cheap and unassuming form, two volumes of very interesting papers on geology, botany, and zoology. The first volume of their journal is now before us, comprising thirty memoirs, besides the act of incorporation by the Senate and House of Representatives of Pennsylvania, the constitution of the society, and catalogues of its library and museum. As many of the subjects discussed in these memoirs are unintelligible without the aid of the plates which accompany them, we shall not detain our readers by enumerating their titles: but we cannot wholly pass in silence Mr. Maclure's important "Observations on the Geology of the West India Islands, from Barbadoes to Santa Cruz, inclusive."

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\* These Committees or Classes are :

1. Of Geography, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, and Astronomy.
2. Of Medicine and Anatomy.
3. Of Natural History and Chemistry.
4. Of Trade and Commerce.
5. Of Mechanics and Architecture.
6. Of Husbandry and American Improvements.

† See Article X. *infra*.

"This range of islands," he remarks, "may, in a geological point of view, be divided into two distinct parts, one of which, occupying the eastern side, consists of a stratification of transition rocks, partially crowned by secondary, and embraces the islands of Barbadoes, Mariegalante, Grandterre in Guadaloupe, Deseada, Antigua, St. Bartholomew, St. Martin, Anguilla and Santa Cruz; the other part, consisting of volcanic formations, with a few partial coverings of secondary, occupies the western side of the range, including the Grenadines, St. Vincent, St. Lucia, Martinico, Dominica, Basseterre in Guadaloupe, Monserrat, Nevis, St. Christopher, St. Eustatia and Saba, where the volcanic formation appears to terminate."

After describing the geological appearances of these islands, Mr. Maclure deduces the following general observations:

"1st. That there is a great similarity in the substances ejected, which are marked by a family feature running through all the rocks, cinders, &c. of the different islands; and it is to be observed that the proportion of cinders, pumice, and other light substances, is much greater than of the solid lavas, which are but thinly scattered; also that the cinders are always the lowest stratum on a level with the sea; and the masses of solid lava, near that level, repose on a bed of cinders, in every place where I had access to them.

"2d. The madrepora and coral rocks, mixed with shells, partly similar to those found at present in the sea, are found in many places alternating with the cinders, and other volcanic rocks, presenting much the appearance of the whole having been ejected from the bottom of the ocean.

"3d. The direction of the islands, running from north to south, a little easterly, corresponds with the direction of the strata of those stratified islands, lying to the eastward: such as Barbadoes, St. Bartholomew, &c. which should seem to support the supposition, that the seat of combustion occupies a stratified substance, running parallel to the general stratification of the surrounding rocks.

"4th. In all the islands there are one or more soufrières, all of which form alum rocks, and deposite sulphur, proving that sulphur is one of the ingredients that support the combustion, and perhaps giving strength to the supposition, that whatever may have been the original cause of the combustion, that cause is uniform, and the same through all the islands.

"5th. In the irruption of cinders, lately ejected, there was a great quantity of stones thrown out, exhibiting no appearance of having ever been in a state of fusion, but only roasted by a considerable heat; most of these rocks have every appearance of belonging to the primitive class, by their crystalline structure, and the position of their component parts. From which remarks it would appear reasonable that the following conjectures may be hazarded:—

"1st. That the islands were probably thrown up from the bottom of the ocean.

"2d. That the seat of combustion is more probably in a substance stratified, and that sulphur is one of the combustible ingredients.

" 3d. That the substance so stratified is most probably the primitive, and that consequently the combustion is in the primitive region covered by the transition, which forms the islands of the eastern group." (*Journ. Acad. Nat. Sci.* vol. i. part. i. p. 148, 149.)

The Philadelphia Society for promoting Agriculture has published a fourth volume of its "Memoirs,"\* containing various communications relative to husbandry and rural affairs, principally adapted to the climate of America. Numerous similar societies exist in different parts of the Union, though we are not aware that they have published any of their transactions. The result, however, of their combined labours is, a progressive improvement in agriculture,—of all other pursuits, at present, the most important to the American Union: and the impulse given by these societies has been increased by the liberal pecuniary grants which have been made by several of the state legislatures.

The very interesting subjects of history and statistics have offered ample scope to the genius and industry of American writers; though the publications in this department of literature are not so numerous, as those in the classes already considered. In the class of history, Judge Marshall's† "Life of General Washington" is unquestionably the greatest work which the United States have produced: for, though ostensibly a piece of biography, it ought to be considered rather as a general history of the American Republic, than as a mere life of Washington. This work was re-printed in London many years ago. Though it is not entirely free from what *we* should call prejudice, and bears evident marks of haste,—we may even add of negligence,—yet it is, upon the whole, creditable to the author both as a scholar, and historian; and presents a valuable outline of the history of the North American colonies, from their first settlement to the commencement of the revolutionary war. Many important materials for American history are collected in the sixteen volumes of historical papers, published by the Massachusetts Historical Society, instituted at Boston about thirty years ago: and much political and statistical information relative to the American Union, is condensed in Mr. Pitkin's "Statistical View of the Commerce of the United States, and its Connection with Agriculture and Manufactures; including an Account of the Public Debt, Revenues, and Expenditure of the States." To this work Mr. Bristed acknowledges himself indebted for part of the materials of his book, intituled; "America and her Resources;" which has lately been re-printed

\* The three first volumes were noticed in the British Review, vol. vi. p. 377.

† This gentleman is at present Chief Justice of the United States.

here. Some good ideas and some useful notices (particularly relative to Anglo-American literature) it unquestionably does contain; but it exhibits striking marks of haste and inattention in the selection of facts. Mr. Bristed's mistakes have been severely exposed in several American journals, particularly in the "Analectic Magazine," published at Philadelphia, and in the "North American Review." Our opinion of Mr. Warden's "Statistical, Political, and Historical Account of the United States," which might be mentioned here, was delivered in our last number; and a further examination of his work has only tended to confirm that opinion. Indeed, as an authentic book of reference, it will in future be entirely superseded by the elaborate "Statistical Annals" \* lately published by Dr. Seybert, and so recently imported that we have not time or space to present our readers with an analysis of it. We can, however, assure them that all the topics specified in his title page are discussed at considerable length; and that this author's situation, as a member of Congress for many years past, has given him free access to a variety of important official documents, amounting, we believe, to upwards of one hundred and twenty volumes, of which he has amply availed himself. His work, which commences from the 4th of March, 1789, and is brought down to the 4th of April, 1818, may justly claim a place in the library of the statesman, by the side of Dr. Colquhoun's useful and laborious work on the "Wealth and Resources of the British Empire." In connexion with this department of the literature of the United States, we may notice the charts of the American coast, and maps of most of the States, by the late Mr. Eddy, which are deservedly admired for their accuracy. A very important acquisition will be made to science, by the completion of the trigonometrical and maritime survey of the American coast, for the execution of which a law was passed by the Congress of the United States in 1807. The accomplishment of this arduous undertaking is confided to Mr. Haslee, an eminent mathematician, under whose direction two sets of instruments have been made by Troughton for this purpose.

Of novels, there are but few of native invention; and of these none possess sufficient merit to claim a notice. In polite literature, Mr. Adams (the present Secretary of State of the American Union) stands alone. His "Lectures on Rhetoric and Oratory," though published unavoidably without receiving the benefit of his revision,† exhibit much useful learning, well digested, and

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\* No. 1 of the list of books at the head of this article.

† Mr. A. was obliged to close his course of lectures rather abruptly, in the year 1809, in consequence of his having been appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. Petersburg. Previously to his departure, he was requested by the two senior classes of Harvard College, to consent to the publication of his

interspersed with many able observations and inferences. The subjects discussed in his volumes are, a general view of rhetoric and oratory; objections against eloquence considered; the origin of oratory, including brief notices of the Greek rhetoricians; the origin and progress of oratory at Rome; Cicero and his rhetorical writings; the institutes and character of Quintilian; constituent branches of rhetoric; state of the controversy respecting them; topics; arguments and demonstrative oratory; deliberative oratory; judicial oratory; eloquence of the pulpit; intellectual and moral qualities of an orator; excitation and management of the passions; disposition; exordium; narration; proposition and partition; confirmation; ratiocination; induction; confutation; digression, and transition; conclusion; elocution; purity; perspicuity; composition; order; juncture; number; sentences; figurative language; figures, metaphor, allegory, metonymy, synecdoche; memory and delivery.—From this rapid outline of their contents, our readers will perceive that Mr. Adams has in his lectures omitted nothing that is essential to the *theory* of rhetoric: the *practical part*, or what belongs to oratory, he proposed to treat at some future period (which has not hitherto arrived), and under that head he designed to give detailed analyses of the productions of the most distinguished orators, both ancient and modern. Many apposite examples, however, are introduced; and though Mr. Adams's style is not entirely free from Americanisms, and is sometimes even inflated, yet, upon the whole, we may pronounce it to be pure and easy. As American books cannot be procured by every one, we shall select part of our author's character of Quintilian's Institutes of Eloquence, which our readers may compare with that given by Dr. Blair in his lectures. We shall only premise that Quintilian's work consists of twelve books.

“The first book is altogether preparatory, containing advice, relative to the selection of the child's earliest instructors; a discussion of the comparative advantages and disadvantages of public schools, and of domestic tuition; hints for ascertaining the natural dispositions and intellectual faculties of children; grammatical disquisitions, and miscellaneous observations upon reading, composition, music, geometry, gesture and pronunciation; all of which he considers, as preliminary acquisitions; and which he thinks may be most advantageously learnt at the same time. In reply to the objection, that this system is too laborious, he says, with a warmth of eloquence, and a soundness of sense, which cannot be too strongly impressed upon our minds—

“The whole day neither can nor ought to be engrossed with learn-

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lectures; to this request he acceded, though not without hesitation, as his approaching departure and incidental avocations would render a revisal of the work impracticable; and especially as he had not been able to discuss the whole subject.—*Lectures*, vol. i: Pref. p. vi.

ing grammar; for the mind of the scholar should not be wearied into disgust. And how can we do better, than assign the intervals of leisure to these subsidiary studies of music and geometry; taking care not to overburthen him with any of them? I do not undertake to form a musician by trade, nor a very minute proficient in geometry. In teaching pronunciation, I am not training an actor for the stage; nor, in giving rules for gesture, do I propose to make a dancing master. Not that there is any lack of time. The years of youthful discipline are many; and I do not suppose my pupil a dunce. What made Plato so eminent for possessing all the knowledge which I suppose essential to an orator? It was, because, not content with all the learning of Athens, he travelled into Italy for that of the Pythagoreans; and even into Egypt to obtain access to the secret mysteries of her priests. Let us be honest. It is our own idleness, that we endeavour to shelter under the mantle of difficulty. We have no real affection for the art. We court eloquence, not for her native, exquisite, and unrivalled beauties; but as the instrument of sordid purposes, and of base grovelling gains. Let the vulgar orator of the forum hold forth his ignorance for his fee. After all, the pedlar with his pack, and the town-crier by his voice will earn more money. For my part I would not willingly have a reader, who should estimate his learning by his wages; no, give me the man, who, in the sublime conceptions of an exalted mind, has figured to himself an image of real eloquence, of that eloquence, called by Euripides the queen of the world. He will never measure her rewards by his fee-table. He will find them in his own soul; in his own science; in his own meditations: rewards beyond the reach of fortune, and perpetual in their nature. That man will easily prevail upon himself to bestow upon geometry and music the time, which others waste upon theatres; upon public sports; upon gaming; upon idle companions; if not upon sleep, or upon debauchery. And how much more delightfully will he pass his time, than in those coarse and ignorant indulgencies! For it is one of the blessings of providence to mankind, that 'the most honorable should also be the most exquisite enjoyments.' These are the sentiments of Quintilian. They are the only sentiments, which lead to greatness and to glory; to social usefulness, and individual felicity.

"The introductory chapters to the fourth and sixth books are peculiarly interesting, as they relate to important events in the life of the author. After completing the third, and before he had begun upon the fourth book, he had been appointed to superintend the education of the two grandsons of the emperor Domitian's sister. He appears to have been too much elated by the honor of this appointment; and, in the effusions of his gratitude or of his servility, prostitutes his eloquence in strains of adulation to the emperor, which cannot wipe off a stain from the infamy of Domitian, but which shed some portion of it upon his panegyrist. For the manners of the age, and the nature of the government, some allowance must be made; and, if any thing could be wanting to complete our abhorrence of arbitrary power, it would be sufficient to behold a man of Quintilian's genius and industry prostrate in the dust before a being, like Domitian. In the midst

of this degradation, it is however some consolation to observe gleams of unquenchable virtue, still piercing through the gloom. We rejoice to find him sensible, that the advancement of his dignity was a call upon him for redoubled industry and energy in the prosecution of his work.

"If the introduction to the fourth book compels us reluctantly to pass a censure upon our excellent instructor, that of the sixth exhibits him under the pressure of such cruel calamities, that the natural and pathetic eloquence, with which he laments his fate, will yet claim a generous tear from the eye of sensibility. When he began upon his great work, his condition was blessed with the possession of a young and amiable wife; and of two promising sons. The ardour of his spirit had been inflamed by the hope and the prospect, that his own children would participate in the benefit of his toils; and the fire of his genius blazed with brighter fervency for being kindled at the torch of parental affection. But during the progress of his labors, and before he had commenced upon the sixth book, all his actual enjoyments and all his flattering prospects were blasted by the hand of death.

'The shaft flew thrice; and thrice his peace was slain.'

The feelings of a husband and a father alone can conceive the anguish, which inspires his complaints. They are the agonies of nature, when unsupported by the everlasting pillars of christian consolation. He breaks out into maledictions upon his own writings, and curses upon his attachment to literature; charges heaven with injustice; denies an eternal superintending providence, and scorns his own weakness for supporting the burden of his existence, while his own hand could release him from its thralldom. When we compare these sentiments with that genuine doctrine of fortitude under the miseries of life, which the precepts of the christian's faith inculcate, we cannot but compassionate the unhappy sufferer; while we feel with redoubled conviction the superiority of that philosophy, which teaches us to consider this world, as no more than a course of discipline to prepare for another; and resignation as the only genuine heroism in misfortune. The soft overflowings of the father's heart succeed the bitterness of his execrations, and the copious enumeration of trivial incidents, to display the opening virtues and fond attachments of his child, awakens a congenial sense in the reader, and touches the finest fibres of sympathy. But finally, after paying the full tribute to sensibility, the energy of Stoic virtue recovers her ascendancy; and we admire the resolution, with which he struggles against the rigour of his fate, and seeks consolation in the bosom of literature.

"In the twelfth and concluding book Quintilian discusses a variety of miscellaneous topics, all having relation to the oratorical profession. Here it is, that he maintains, in a long and elaborate chapter, a maxim, much dwelt upon by most of the ancient rhetoricians, and which, if properly understood and qualified, is undoubtedly true; but which a good intention has led him to assert in terms, and to defend by arguments, irreconcilable to truth and virtue.

"To form the perfect ideal orator, that model of a fair imagination;



to the imitation of which every public speaker should constantly aspire, honesty, or virtuous principle, is the first and most essential ingredient. None but a good man therefore can ever be such an orator; and incorruptible integrity is the most powerful of all the engines of persuasion.

"But if by an orator is meant only a man, possessed of the talent of public speaking to such an extent, as has ever been witnessed in the experience of mankind; if it be meant, that no man can be eloquent without being virtuous, the assertion is alike contradicted by the general constitution of human nature, and by the whole tenor of human experience. Bad men may be, many a bad man has been eminently gifted with oratory; and the dignity of virtue disdains a recommendation of herself at the expense of truth.

"The arguments of Quintilian in support of his favorite position, are not all worthy of his cause. They do not glow with that open, honest eloquence which they seem to recommend: but sometimes resemble the quibbling of a pettifogger, and sometimes the fraudulent morality of a Jesuit. 'A bad man,' says he, 'not only by the judgment of philosophers, but oftentimes even by the vulgar, is thought a fool. Now a fool can never be an orator.' If this reasoning is only ridiculous, that, which follows, is something worse. An orator, says he, must be an honest man to enable him, whenever it may be necessary for the success of his cause, to impose upon the minds of his auditors falsehood for truth. And then follows a philosophical disquisition of the occasions, when an honest man may lie for the good of his client. Perhaps in this last argument we may discover the real nature, as well as the origin of Quintilian's principle. He insists, that his orator must be an honest man. But he allows his honest man to equivocate, and lie, and abuse the confidence, acquired by honesty, to promote the success of fraud. Where the standard of virtue is so low, it can need little labor to keep on its level. His principle is that of Sir Hudibras:

" 'For if the devil, to serve his turn,  
Can tell truth; why the saints should scorn,  
When it serves theirs, to swear, and lie,  
I think there's little reason why.'

No; providence has not thought fit so to constitute the race of man, as to bind in irrefragable chains the virtues of the heart with the faculties of the mind. Nor, could we realize this dream of fancy, would it improve the moral government of the world. Virtue is an injunction of positive duty, of which heaven has at once made the command and the power of fulfilment universal; leaving the execution to individual will. But the distribution of intellectual powers is partial, and graduated with infinite variety. To be honest is the duty and in the power of us all. To be eloquent can only be the privilege of a few. Hard indeed would be the condition of men, if honesty were to wander in all the eccentricities of genius, or to be a sport to the caprices of fortune. Let us then all be honest; for honesty is wisdom; is pleasantness; is peace. If the indulgence of nature and the vigils of your own

industry have endowed you with the favors of eloquence, remember, that all your moral duties are multiplied in proportion to your powers; that to whom much is given, of him shall much be required. But in the course of your pilgrimage through this world of trial and of temptation, if you should occasionally meet with a man, blessed with all the power of words, do not too hastily conclude, that his moral worth must be of equal pre-eminence with his mental faculties. Reserve the treasure of your confidence for the silent oratory of virtuous deeds."

(*Adams's Lect.* Vol. i. p. 151—160.)

The two lectures devoted to judicial oratory are truly good; but as they are almost wholly adapted to the American bar, we shall not extract any passages from them. Many sound observations are likewise given on the subject of pulpit oratory; some of which, though more immediately suited to American divines, may, nevertheless, be perused with advantage on this side of the Atlantic.

In closing our notice of Mr. Adams's volumes, we shall only remark, that he does not determine precisely whether extemporaneous addresses, or pre-composed discourses, are preferably to be adopted. He seems to think that this question must be decided rather by the character of the preacher's talents than by any rule of uniformity.

"There is a force," he truly remarks, "an interest, an energy, in extemporaneous discourse, 'warm from the soul and faithful to its fires,' which no degree of meditation can attain or supply. But the stream which flows spontaneous, is almost always shallow, and runs for ever in the same channel. The talent of speaking well without preparation is rare, and that of uttering fluent nonsense, so often substituted in its stead, though far from being uncommon, is not so well adapted to the oratory of the pulpit, as to that of the forum or of the bar. Amidst the infinite variety of human capacities there are some, whose floods of eloquence are more rich, more copious, more rapid, rushing from the lofty surface of unpremeditated thought, than drawn from the deepest fountains of study. But the productions of ordinary minds are improved by reflection, and brought to maturity by labor. The preacher should endeavour justly to estimate his own faculties, and according to their dictates prepare his written discourse, or trust to the inspiration of the moment. The talent of extemporal (*extemporary*) speaking may suffice for the ordinary duties of the preacher, but the sermon destined to survive its hour of delivery, must always be previously written." (P. 341.)

In poetry, the productions of the Trans-atlantic muse are neither very numerous nor very excellent. The muse of poetry, indeed, seems with difficulty to have made her passage across the Atlantic; and not yet to have recovered her sea sickness. With the few exceptions which we shall presently state; we have seen no specimens of American genius, which in any degree make good

their claim to be considered as *genuine* poesy. In fact, the state of society is not favourable to its production. Mr. Bristed remarks with equal force and truth, that

"There is not much individual wealth to afford patronage, nor any collegiate endowments bestowing learned leisure: the trading spirit pervades the whole community, and the merchant's ledger and the muses do not make very suitable companions. The aspect of nature in the United States, presents magnificence and beauty in all profusion; but hill and dale, and wood and stream, are not alone sufficient to breathe the inspirations of poetry, unless seconded by the habits and manners, the feeling, taste, and character of the inhabitants. Besides, the best English poets are as much read here as in Britain; and Milton, Cowper, Burns, Scott, Southey, Byron, Campbell, and Moore, are formidable rivals to our American bards, who must either follow some other more substantial vocation than poesy, or soon mingle, as spirits, with the inhabitants of the ethereal world; for, beyond all peradventure, the most exalted genius, aided by the most extensive learning, if dependant on literary pursuits alone for subsistence, would be permitted to starve by our good republican Mæcænates."

(Bristed, p. 356.)

But to descend to particulars: the national songs of the Americans breathe any thing but the spirit of poesy. Mr. Palmer, who is a sensible and observant traveller, in describing the religious ceremony at the annual commemoration of American independence at Cincinnati, in 1817, gives the following specimen of a "*parting* HYMN:"

"When first the sun o'er ocean glow'd,  
And earth unveil'd her virgin breast;  
Supreme 'mid nature's vast abode,  
Was heard the Almighty's dread behest:  
Rise Columbia, brave and free,  
Poise the earth, and rule the sea;  
In darkness wrapp'd with fetters chain'd,  
Will ages grope, debased and blind;  
With blood the human hand be stain'd,  
With tyrant power the human mind."

(Palmer's Journal, p. 81.)

Mr. Fearon has also given the following specimens of national songs, founded on the naval successes of the Americans, during the late war with this country, which are, if possible, still more vapid and vainglorious.

"SONG.

"TUNE—*Battle of the Nile.*

"Arise! arise! Columbia's sons arise!  
And shake off the torpor of sloth and inactivity;  
And while the loud cannon reverb'rates to the skies,  
United swear to perish or be free!—

For mark where her Genius, on her mountains standing,  
 Cries with a voice impressive and commanding,  
     When heart and hand unites  
     To guard our country's rights,  
 Then death or independence still the watch-word shall be.  
     Huzza! Huzza! Huzza! Huzza! Huzza! Boys!  
     Rally round the standard which Liberty first planted here.  
     Huzza! Huzza! Huzza! Huzza! Huzza! Boys!  
     Columbia's sons will perish or live free!"

" ' SONG.

" ' TUNE—*Pull away, yeo ho, Boys.*

" ' Yankee sailors have a knack,  
     Haul away! yeo ho, boys!  
     Pulling down a British Jack,  
     'Gainst any odds you know, boys.  
     Come three to one, right sure am I,  
     If we can't beat them, still we'll try,  
     To make Columbia's colours fly,  
     Haul away! yeo ho, boys!"

"The servility of imitation," says Mr. Fearon, "which these specimens exhibit (it is not even pretended that they are parodies) is a just characteristic of not merely American song-making, but also of almost every pursuit in this country." (*Fearon's Sketches*, p. 370.)

Among the poets of America, the late Rev. Dr. Dwight holds a respectable rank. His "Conquest of Canaan," and "Greenfield Hill," exhibit much variety and harmony of measure, together with considerable powers of invention. Many unauthorized words (the Americans are very fond of coining such) and some imperfect verses, are to be found in these two poems, which first appeared, we believe, about thirty years ago; but they are not without genuine poetical inspiration. In addition to the observations contained in our last number \* on certain productions of the Trans-atlantic muse, we may remark that Mr. Trumbull's "M'Fingal," written to ridicule the Tories during the Revolution, exhibits much of the wit, and some of the learning, of Butler's "Hudibras." A small volume of "Poems," published by Mr. Palmer, early in the present year, at New York, displays considerable poetic powers, clothed in smooth and harmonious versification. "The Airs of Palestine" by Mr. Pierpoint (who has recently been nominated minister of a presbyterian church at Boston), have some claims to indulgence, from the benevolent motive which led the author to compose them, though we cannot assign them so high a rank in the scale of excellence as some of our contemporaries. This poem, we are informed, was written in the cause of charity,

\* See p. 510.

and the recitation was intended to form part of an evening concert of sacred music for the benefit of the poor. His benevolent offers, he tells us, were "coldly declined," and he determined to submit his production to the tribunal of an American public, by whom it has been received in a manner highly flattering to the author. As the title leads us to suppose, the subjects are principally taken from scenes recorded in the Scriptures. The following short extract, describing the thanksgiving of the Israelites, after their passage through the Red Sea, the death of Moses, and the fall of Jericho, will afford our readers a tolerably fair specimen of Mr. Pierpoint's manner:

"O'er the cleft sea the storm in fury rides:  
Israel is safe, and Egypt tempts the tides:  
Her host, descending, meets a wat'ry grave,  
And o'er her monarch rolls the reflux wave.  
The storm is hush'd: the billows foam no more,  
But sink in smiles:—there's Musick on the shore.  
On the wide waste of waters, dies that air  
Unheard; for all is death and coldness there.  
But see! the robe that brooding Silence throws  
O'er Shur reclining in profound repose,  
Is rent, and scattered, by the burst of praise,  
That swells the song th' astonish'd Hebrews raise.  
The desert wak'd at that proud anthem, flung  
From Miriam's timbrel and from Moses' tongue: \*  
The first to Liberty that e'er was sung.

"But if, when joy and gratitude inspire,  
Such high-ton'd triumph walks along the lyre,  
What are its breathings, when pale Sorrow flings  
Her tearful touches o'er its trembling strings?

"At Nebo's base, that mighty bard resigns  
His life and empire in prophetick lines.†—  
Heaven, all attention, round the poet bends,  
And conscious earth, as when the dew descends,  
Or showers as gentle, feels her young buds swell,  
Her herbs shoot greener, at that fond farewell.  
Rich is the song, though mournfully it flows:  
And as that harp, which God alone bestows,  
Is swept in concert with that sinking breath,  
Its cold chords shrink, as from the touch of death.  
It was the touch of death!—Sweet be thy slumbers,  
Harp of the prophet! but those holy numbers,

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\* For the song of Moses, on this occasion, see Exodus xv. 1—22.

† See the whole of the pathetic and eloquent valedictory address of Moses to the Israelites, in chapter xxxii. of Deuteronomy, from the beginning to the 43d verse. His death and other events here mentioned, follow in regular course.

That death-denoting, monitory moan,  
 Shall live, till Nature heaves her dying groan.  
 From Pisgah's top his eye the prophet threw,  
 O'er Jordan's wave where Canaan met his view,  
 His sunny mantle, and his hoary locks  
 Shone, like the robe of Winter, on the rocks.  
 Where is that mantle?—Melted into air.  
 Where is the prophet?—God can tell thee where.

"So, on the brow of some romantick height,  
 A fleecy cloud hangs hov'ring in the light,  
 Fit couch for angels; which while yet we view,  
 'Tis lost to earth, and all around is blue.

"Who is that Chief, already taught to urge  
 The battle stream, and roll its darkest surge,  
 Whose army marches thro' retiring seas,  
 Whose gory banner spreading on the breeze,  
 Unfolds o'er Jericho's devoted towers,\*  
 And, like the storm o'er Sodom, redly lowers?  
 The moon can answer; for she heard his tongue,  
 And cold and pale o'er Ajalon she hung.†  
 The sun can tell:—O'er Gibeon's vale of blood,  
 Curving their beamy necks, his coursers stood,  
 Held by that hero's arm, to light his wrath,  
 And roll their glorious eyes upon his crimson path.  
 What mine, exploding, rends that smoking ground,  
 What earthquake spreads those smouldering ruins round.  
 The sons of Levi, round that city bear,  
 The ark of God, their consecrated care,  
 And, in rude concert, each returning morn,  
 Blow the long trump, and wind the curling horn.  
 No blackening thunder smok'd along the wall:  
 No earthquake shook it:—MUSICK wrought its fall."

(*Airs of Palestine*, p. 18—21.)

But the most recent, as well as the best specimen of American poesy is unquestionably, the "Backwoodsman," of Mr. Paulsen, to whom the Transatlantic critics have awarded the highest place among their native poets. His versification is uniformly smooth, and animated with glowing sentiments of liberty, according to the

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\* Joshua vi. particularly verse 20th, "So the people shouted, when the priests blew the trumpets; and it came to pass, when the people heard the sound of the trumpets and the people shouted with a great shout that the wall fell down flat, so that the people went up into the city, every man straight before him, and they took the city."

† "Then spake Joshua to the Lord, in the day when the Lord delivered up the Amorites before the children of Israel, Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon. And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed, until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies."—*Josh.* x. 12, 13.

*American model.* His invectives against monarchs in general, may be pardoned in a republican, and those against Great Britain might have been looked for in an American. Its subject is the adventures of a "backwoodsman," that is, one who migrates to the great western wilderness, with his family, and at length reaps the reward of his labours, in beholding a thriving settlement around him. The story, however, has been assumed, merely as a vehicle for describing a greater variety of American scenery, as well as diversity of character, than would otherwise have been practicable; the real object of the author is, to indicate to the youthful writers of his native country, the rich poetic subjects and materials with which it abounds, as well as to call their attention *home*, for attaining novelty of subject, if not originality in style or sentiment; and in this design he has succeeded. We had marked several passages for extraction, but as they abound with local allusions which would require a perpetual comment to explain them, we shall content ourselves with the following specimen, describing the "backwoodsman" and his family, floating down the river Ohio :

" As down Ohio's ever ebbing tide,  
Oarless and sailless silently they glide,  
How still the scene, how lifeless, yet how fair,  
Was the lone land that met the strangers there !  
No smiling villages, or curling smoke,  
The busy haunts of busy men bespoke,  
No solitary hut, the banks along,  
Sent forth blithe Labour's homely rustic song,  
No urchin gambol'd on the smooth white sand,  
Or hurl'd the skipping-stone with playful hand,  
While playmate dog plung'd in the clear blue wave,  
And swam in vain the sinking prize to save.  
Where now are seen along the river side,  
Young busy towns, in buxom painted pride,  
And fleets of gliding boats with riches crown'd,  
To distant Orleans or St. Louis bound,  
Nothing appear'd, but Nature unsubdu'd,  
One endless, noiseless, woodland solitude,  
Or boundless prairie, that aye seem'd to be  
As level, and as lifeless as the sea ;  
They seem'd to breathe in this wide world alone,  
Heirs of the Earth—the land was all their own !  
" 'Twas Evening now—the hour of toil was o'er,  
Yet still they durst not seek the fearful shore,  
Lest watchful Indian crew should silent creep,  
And spring upon, and murder them in sleep ;  
So through the livelong night they held their way,  
And 'twas a night might shame the fairest day,  
So still, so bright, so tranquil was its reign,  
They car'd not though the day ne'er came again.

The Moon high wheel'd the distant hills above,  
 Silver'd the fleecy foliage of the grove,  
 That as the wooing zephyrs on it fell,  
 Whisper'd it lov'd the gentle visit well—  
 That fair-fac'd orb alone to move appear'd,  
 That zephyr was the only sound they heard.  
 No deep-mouth'd hound the hunter's haunt betray'd ;  
 No lights upon the shore, or waters play'd,  
 No loud laugh broke upon the silent air,  
 To tell the wand'ers man was nestling there,  
 While even the froward babe in mother's arms,  
 Lull'd by the scene suppress'd its loud alarms,  
 And yielding to that moment's tranquil sway,  
 Sunk on the breast, and slept its rage away.  
 All, all, was still, on gliding barque and shore,  
 As if the Earth now slept to wake no more ;  
 Life seem'd extinct, as when the World first smil'd,  
 Ere Adam was a dupe, or Eve beguil'd.

“ In such a scene the Soul oft walks abroad,  
 For Silence is the energy of God !  
 Not in the blackest Tempest's midnight scowl,  
 The Earthquake's rocking or the Whirlwind's howl,  
 Not from the crashing thunder-rifted cloud,  
 Does His immortal mandate speak so loud,  
 As when the silent Night around her throws  
 Her star-bespangled mantle of repose ;  
 Thunder and Whirlwind, and the Earth's dread shake,  
 The selfish thoughts of man alone awake ;  
 His lips may prate of Heaven, but all his fears  
 Are for himself, though pious he appears.  
 But when all Nature sleeps in tranquil smiles,  
 What sweet yet lofty thought the Soul beguiles !  
 There's not an object 'neath the Moon's bright beam,  
 There's not a shadow dark'ning on the stream,  
 There's not a star that jewels yonder skies,  
 Whose bright reflection on the water lies,  
 That does not in the lifted mind awake  
 Thoughts that of Love and Heaven alike partake ;  
 While all its newly waken'd feelings prove,  
 That Love is Heaven, and God the Soul of Love.  
 In such sweet times the spirit rambles forth  
 Beyond the precincts of this grov'ling Earth,  
 Expatiates in a brighter world than this,  
 And plunging in the Future's dread abyss,  
 Proves an existence separate, and refin'd,  
 By leaving its frail tenement behind.  
 So felt our Basil, as he sat the while,  
 Guiding his boat beneath the noonbeam's smile.  
 For there are thoughts, which God alike has giv'n,  
 To high and low—and these are thoughts of Heav'n.”  
 (*Backwoodsman*, pp. 65—68.)



Dramatic exhibitions appear to have had their proportion of culture in the United States within the last ten years. Mr. Warden has enumerated upwards of twenty pieces which have been introduced on the American stage within that period, but he does not pronounce any judgment on their respective merits; and as we have not evidence to enable us to offer any opinion on this branch of American literature, we shall proceed to notice the Periodical Publications which annually issue from the press, and, more, perhaps, than any thing else, mark the growing taste for literature in that country. These literary journals, at present, amount to twenty-nine in number, viz.

*Arts and Sciences*, 2.—These are the “Emporium of Arts and Sciences,” and the “American Journal of Science and the Arts.” The former was commenced in May, 1812, and is published monthly at Philadelphia. The latter appears quarterly, at New York, and is edited by Dr. Silliman, Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy, at Yale College. The “American Journal of Science and the Arts” is chiefly appropriated to the consideration of the geology, mineralogy, and natural history of the United States, though agriculture and the useful and ornamental arts are not overlooked. Three numbers only of this handsomely printed journal have appeared: they are occasionally illustrated with neat engravings, and contain several valuable contributions to mineralogical science, which will doubtless find their way into some of our English scientific journals.

*General Literature*, 9.—Among these journals, the “Analectic Magazine,” the “Portfolio,” the “North American Review,” the “Portico,” and the “American Magazine and Review,” command the largest share of public patronage. The “Analectic Magazine,” published at New York, contains many able criticisms and well written essays: the most eminent literati are contributors to it; and its monthly sale is estimated at three thousand. The “Portfolio” enjoys nearly an equal circulation, and is conducted with ability. This journal was established nearly twenty years ago, by the late Mr. Dennie, who has been called the Addison of America, but whose talents were not appreciated by his countrymen as they deserved. “He received,” says Mr. Bristed, “from his benevolent fellow-citizens, as a recompence for his felicitous effusions of genius, taste, feeling, tenderness, eloquence, wit, and humour—*permission to starve.*” Mr. Walsh’s “American Review,” however entitled to patronage, has not met with a reception equal to its merits. The “North American Review,” edited at Boston, and the “American Magazine and Review,” at New York, are both conducted with ability: the latter, in particular, contains much interesting matter relative to the proceedings of the various literary societies of the United States. Besides these, a

"Western Review and Miscellaneous Magazine" has lately been announced for publication, at Lexington, in the state of Virginia.

*Law*, 1.—This is the "American Law Journal," edited quarterly at Philadelphia, by Mr. Hall. Though not strictly a law journal, we may here mention, as a proof of the growing value of literary property, that the copyright of Mr. Johnson's "Law Reports," which are published at New York, was lately sold for 2500 dollars per annum.

*Medical Journals*, 7.—Of these, the "Medical Museum" of Dr. J. R. Coxe, at Philadelphia, and the "Medical Repository," at New York, are considered to be the best edited, and have a respectable circulation.

*Religious Journals*, 9.—The principal of these, exclusive of the reprint of the "London Christian Observer," are the "Panopolist, or Missionary Magazine," the "Theological Review," and the "Christian Journal." The first of these was commenced at Boston, in 1805, and is still continued monthly. The "Theological Review" was instituted last year, under the editorship of the Rev. E. S. Ely, for the sole purpose of analyzing the numerous theological works which have lately issued from the American press. It is published quarterly. The "Christian Journal and Literary Register" is published monthly at New York, under the superintendence of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hobart. And a new weekly journal, entitled, "The Southern Evangelical Intelligencer," has lately been commenced at Charleston, in South Carolina.

In perusing the productions of native American authors, it is impossible not to be struck with the great number of words used by them in peculiar and unauthorized senses, and from which not even their best writers are free. To English ears these *Americanisms*, as they are termed, sound so strangely, as to induce some, who have not the means of procuring correct information, to suppose that they speak a dialect entirely distinct from the English tongue. Hence, says Mr. Warden, "an American, on arriving in England, is not unfrequently requested by intelligent persons to give a specimen of his native tongue, in [on] the supposition that this is either a distinct dialect of English, or even an Indian language." He affirms that the English language is spoken with as great purity by the different classes in America, as by the corresponding classes in England; while the strongly marked dialects of Scotland and even of some English counties, the source of so many barbarisms and corruptions, have no parallel in the United States. At the same time he admits that there are words and phrases current, not only in conversation, but also in the most respectable published works

of America, which have not obtained the sanction of English authors of the present day. That our readers may be enabled to form some idea of the real nature of the American colloquial dialect, we shall subjoin two specimens, which are sufficiently amusing. Our first passage shall be taken from Mr. Fearon, who gives the following curious dialogue which occurred during a journey from Boston to Albany.

"The stage," says Mr. F. "called at my lodgings at two o'clock in the morning. There was, upon my entrance into it, but one passenger; he was an American, and of course, soon obtained from me the information that I was going to Albany. We were driven about the town for an hour, taking up others; so that before our starting, we were well filled with passengers and their luggage. The man before referred to was going but ten miles; yet he must know from every person how far they were travelling, and whether or not they were 'natives' of Boston. An old man, partially deaf, was the last object of his attack. His seat being central, the first question put to him was, 'Where are you going, middle on?' This being answered satisfactorily, the following dialogue ensued:—

"Q. Do you keep at Boston?—A. No.

"Q. Where do you keep?—A. Fairfield.

"Q. Have you been a lengthy time in Boston, eh, say?—A. Seven days.

"Q. Where did you sleep last night?—A. — street.

"Q. What number?—A. Seven.

"Q. That is Thomas Adonis —'s house?—A. No; it is my son's.

"Q. What have you a son?—A. Yes; and daughters.

"Q. What is your name?—A. William Henry —, I guess.

"Q. Is your wife alive?—A. No. she is dead, I guess.

"Q. Did she die slick right away?—A. No; not by any manner of means.

"Q. How long have you been married?—A. Thirty years, I guess.

"Q. What age were you when you were married?—I guess mighty near thirty-three.

"Q. If you were young again I guess you would marry earlier?—A. No; I guess thirty-three is a mighty grand age for marrying.

"Q. How old is your daughter?—A. Twenty-five.

"Q. I guess she would like a husband?—A. No; she is mighty careless about that.

"Q. She is not awful (ugly), I guess?—No, I guess she is not.

"Q. Is she sick?—A. Yes.

"Q. What is her sickness?—A. Consumption.

"Q. I had an item (a supposition) of that. You have got a doctor I guess.—A. Guess I have.

"Q. Is your son a trader?—A. Yes.

"Q. Is he his own boss?—A. Yes.

"Q. Are his spirits kedge (brisk)?—A. Yes; I expect they were yesterday.

"Q. How did he get in business?—A. I planted him there. I was

his sponsor for a thousand *dollars*. I guess he paid me within time; and he is now progressing slick. He bought his store at a good lay (a good bargain).

"The young man's arrival at his destination put a stop to this course of question and answer; and the inquisitive catechiser invited his elderly friend, when he should come that way, 'to go by his house and dine with him.' " (*Fearon's Sketches*, p. 122—124.)

Mr. Palmer gives the following as a specimen of the *worst* English which can possibly be heard in America; it is a dialogue with a New England man settled in Kentucky. On arriving at the tavern door, the landlord makes his appearance.

"*Landlord*. Your servant, gentlemen, this is a fine day.

"*Answer*. Very fine.

"*Land*. You've got two *nice creatures*, they are *right elegant* matches.

"*Ans*. We bought them for matches.

"*Land*. They cost a *heap* of dollars (a pause, and knowing look); 200, I *calculate*.

"*Ans*. Yes, they cost a good sum.

"*Land*. *Possible!* (a pause) going westward to Ohio, gentlemen?

"*Ans*. Yes: we are going to Philadelphia.

"*Land*. *Philadelphia*, ah! that's a *dreadful* large place, three or four times as *big* as Lexington.

"*Ans*. Ten times as large.

"*Land*. Is it, by George! what a *mighty heap* of houses (a pause); but I *reckon* you was not *reared* in Philadelphia.

"*Ans*. Philadelphia is not our native place.

"*Land*. Perhaps *away up* in Canada.

"*Ans*. No, we are from England.

"*Land*. *Is it possible!* Well, I *calculated* you were from abroad (pause); how long have you been from the *old country*?

"*Ans*. We left England last March.

"*Land*. And in August here you are in *Kentuck*. Well, I should have *guessed* you had been in the states some years; you speak almost as good English as *we do!*" (*Palmer's Journal*, p. 130.)

This dialogue, Mr. P. adds, is not a literal copy, but it embraces most of the frequent and improper applications of words used in the back country, together with a few New England phrases. The consideration of these singular Americanisms naturally leads us to notice Mr. Pickering's "Vocabulary"\* or collection of words and phrases which have been supposed to be peculiar to the United States. This vocabulary, we are informed, was originally printed in the *Memoirs of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences*, and was republished with corrections and additions at Boston, in 1816. His introductory observations, though designated by the lofty title of an "Essay," are in fact, nothing more than desultory remarks on the changes which

\* No. 10 of the works at the head of this article.

the language of the United States has experienced, and on its departures from the English standard; which, he candidly admits, are so numerous, that American scholars "should lose no time in endeavouring to restore it to its purity, and to prevent future corruption."

After a full examination of Mr. Pickering's instructive and amusing volume, which does honour to the paper manufactory and typography of the American Union, we are decidedly of opinion, that many of the words and phrases objected to, are vulgarisms, which are never used by any good writer; and that many are good old English words which have long since become obsolete; while some are provincialisms, carried out by the early colonists, and others have become in some degree necessary, from differences in the state of society, and in the political institutions of America. In the United States, says Mr. Pickering,

"As is the case in England, we have thirsty reformers and presumptuous sciolists, who would unsettle the whole of our admirable language for the purpose of making it conform to their whimsical notions of propriety. Some of our corruptions have originated with such people. But one of the greatest pests of speech in this country, as in England also, (to use the words of Dr. Johnson) is, the 'frequency of translation.' Several of the corruptions, which English critics have censured in our writings, are mere *Gallicisms*; and unless the licence of translators is checked (to adopt the language of Johnson again) their idleness and ignorance will 'reduce us to babble a dialect of France.' Every writer should remember (as an English Review justly observes) that 'it is his business to use his language as he finds it; and a great part of his skill lies in giving effect to that, which in other hands might appear to disadvantage. If one expression is objectionable, it is his task to find another, that is not so, to fill his own idea, yet not depart from the language he employs.'" (Pref. p. vii.)

It only remains that we notice the state of theological literature in the American Union, where great attention is at the present time given to this most important branch of knowledge. The works of our standard English divines are justly held in high estimation; and among the reprints of them, which are now in course of publication, we notice with pleasure Dr. Barrow's unanswerable "Treatise on the Pope's Supremacy," at Philadelphia, and the "Family Bible" of Dr. Mant and Mr. D'Oyley; which is reprinting at New York, under the superintendence of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hobart, in parts or numbers, at 1, 1½, and 1¼ dollar each, according to the fineness of the paper. The publications in this class of literature, during the last twenty years, have been very numerous, especially sermons. Among the most distinguished theological writers of the present day (for Drs. Mather, Edwards, Witherspoon, &c. wrote long before the period

we are now considering) are, Bishop White, the Rev. Dr. Wharton, Drs. Dwight, Romeyn, and Mason, Messrs. Buckminster, Canning, Thompson, and Barlass.

Dr. White, who is a bishop of the protestant episcopal church in the commonwealth of Pennsylvania, has published a volume of sermons, which we have not yet seen; but he is chiefly known as the author of two large volumes, entitled, "Comparative Views of the Controversy between the Calvinists and the Arminians." This is a very elaborate work, abounding with Americanisms in almost every page; the arguments from Scripture and from philosophical necessity, as well as the sentiments of the fathers, are all examined in detail. Bishop White takes the Arminian side of the question: he writes, throughout, with great candour and seriousness.

Dr. Wharton is an episcopal divine at Burlington, in the state of New Jersey, and is an able controversialist as well as an elegant writer. His "Concise View of the principal Points of Controversy between the Protestant and Roman Churches," contains several tracts, published at different times, and now collected together in consequence of repeated applications made to the author. Dr. Wharton was formerly a priest in communion the church of Rome, and chaplain to a Roman Catholic congregation at Worcester, in this country, to whom he addressed a letter, on his settlement in America, stating the motives which induced him to relinquish their communion, and become a member of the Protestant church. This letter is the first tract in the volume now under our consideration; and is characterised by just arguments and a truly liberal spirit. To counteract the effects which might be produced by it in America, the late Roman Catholic Archbishop, Carroll, published a reply (also reprinted by Dr. Wharton), in which he defends the principles of his church with erudition, and endeavours to answer Dr. W.'s objections with politeness. The latter produced an answer to the Archbishop's reply, in which he has completely vindicated the Protestant faith, with equal ability and learning. His volume contains two other learned and well-written tracts, in answer to more recent assailants. We are the more particular in calling the attention of our readers to the subjects discussed in this work, because it bears on a topic which is peculiarly important to us as Protestants, and as members of the Anglican church, —we scarcely need add, that we mean the so much agitated Catholic question. Indeed, to the divine, who is desirous of investigating the controversy between Protestants and Catholics, this work will be found extremely useful. Dr. Wharton fully meets his antagonists with arguments drawn from the Scriptures, from the writings of the fathers, and from Christian antiquity;

so that his volume may be considered as a storehouse of information to the sincere inquiring Protestant.

To the character of the late Rev. Dr. Dwight as a poet, we have already borne our testimony; but he is chiefly known as a divine, and as the president of a college. For many years he was at the head of the Calvinistic clergy of New England, to which situation he was raised by his distinguished abilities. Dr. D. perhaps more than any man of his age in America, united in himself great talents, extensive learning, affectionate regard, steady authority, and practical wisdom to discern times and circumstances, and to convert every thing to the advantage of the college which he governed, and of the pupils whom he instructed. As a pulpit orator and a writer of sermons, he had a high reputation, which has not suffered any diminution by the publication of his system of divinity \* since his decease. This work, which has been announced for speedy re-publication in London, is very handsomely printed: and such was the demand for it, that an impression of fifteen hundred copies (a large number in America for a voluminous theological work) was disposed of as soon as it was published. It is divided into four leading parts; viz.

I. *Natural Religion*, in all its branches; including the direct evidences of the existence of God, answers to atheistical objections and schemes of doctrine, and a discussion of the attributes of the Deity. The third sermon, on the comparative influence of Atheism and Christianity, is particularly valuable.

II. *Revealed Religion*, comprizing a discussion of all the doctrines peculiar to the Christian system. The divinity of Jesus Christ is treated at considerable length, and the objections of Unitarians are answered with great vigour and effect. Nearly the whole of the second and third volumes is occupied by the momentous topics of the character and dignity of our Saviour, and the personality and offices of the Holy Spirit.

III. *The Duties of Natural Religion* include a very copious and elaborate exposition of the moral law, as laid down in the Ten Commandments.

IV. *The Duties of the Christian Religion* comprize a review and explanation of the various means of grace, ordinary and extraordinary; the appointment and functions of the ministers of religion, &c.

The work concludes with a view of the *system of dispensations consequent on a state of probation*; viz. Death, and its consequences. We have been thus minute in detailing the plan of Dr. Dwight's System of Divinity, from a desire to make its value known to English readers. Without pledging our assent to

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\* No. 18 of the works at the head of this article.

every position which the author has advanced, we may venture to say, that we think it will be found to contain a library of divinity to students and to clergymen.

Drs. Romeyn and Mason are eminent divines at New York: the former has published two volumes of sermons, which have lately been re-printed here in one volume. In doctrine they are Calvinistic, but breathe throughout a spirit of practical piety. The same character will apply to the sermons of Mr. Barlaam, which were also published at New York, towards the close of last year, with an appendix, containing some hitherto inedited letters of the late Rev. John Newton: these letters have likewise been re-printed in London. Dr. Mason was in England last year, and on various public occasions displayed his powerful eloquence, His "Plea for Catholic Communion" has gone through two editions in this country, and is a work of great research, and sincere piety. The sermons of Messrs. Freeman, Buckminster, and Channing, are specimens of sound exhortation and good writing.

It is rather singular that the United States have not hitherto produced any Biblical critics of eminence. We have seen a new Hebrew grammar announced as published by the Rev. Dr. James P. Wilson; and a course of lectures on Jewish antiquities, we believe, is now printing by Dr. Tappan, by whom they were delivered at Harvard University. But the only writer, who has given the public the fruit of his *critical* labours, is Mr. Charles Thompson, formerly Secretary to the Congress of the United States. This gentleman published a translation of the Septuagint version of the Old Testament, and also a translation of the New Testament, at Philadelphia, in 1806, in four octavo volumes, with the following title: "The Holy Bible, containing the Old and New Covenant, commonly called the Old and New Testament, translated from the Greek." Not a single line is prefixed by way of advertisement, to account for the translator's preference of the Septuagint version to the original Hebrew. His translation, however, is, upon the whole, well executed; and the punctuation of the New Testament is considerably improved. Mr. Thompson also published at Philadelphia, in 1815, a "Synopsis of the four Evangelists," in octavo. He has literally translated the very words of the evangelists, without any omission or addition, excepting that he has occasionally inserted between parentheses, explanations of some peculiar phrases or terms, which we think he has sometimes unnecessarily retained.\* Altogether, this synopsis is very respectably executed: at the

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\* Thus we have *Pascha* [the Passover]; *Paraskeue Pascha*, [that is, eight o'clock, A. M.] the time of preparing the morning thank offerings at the passover festival; *orthros-bathus* [that is, the beginning of the fourth watch], &c. &c.



end there are fifty pages of notes, chiefly elucidating Jewish manners and customs.

For the last three or four years much theological controversy has been carried on in the United States. In Massachusetts, particularly, Unitarianism is the prevalent doctrine; though its baleful progress has been vigorously opposed. Among the publications thus called forth, we may notice an "Historical Sketch of Opinions on the Atonement, from the Incarnation of Christ to the present Time," by the Rev. J. R. Wilson, in octavo. Besides a refutation of Unitarianism, it contains a detailed exposition of the doctrine of the Covenanters, among whom this author is a minister. It is not improbable that the increasing progress of Unitarian tenets has led to the re-printing of Griesbach's edition of the Greek Testament (Leipsic, 1805), at Cambridge, in New England, in two handsome volumes, octavo. The edition, however, does honour to the American press, and the typography of the large paper copies would not disgrace any of our eminent printers.

In the benevolent and pious work of circulating the Scriptures through every nation, kindred, and language, the "American Bible Society," a national institution, established so recently as May, 1816, has shown itself to be an able and active associate of the parent British and Foreign Bible Society. Its *monthly* receipts, we are informed by a correspondent in America, amount upon the average to four thousand dollars. "The formation of this society," (to borrow the language of the American committee) "was hailed as a great and glorious æra in the history of the country: and its means of accomplishing the important end of its formation have been increased with more than ordinary rapidity." In confirmation of this statement we may remark, that, at the close of its first year, the American Bible Society had more than eighty auxiliary societies: the *present* number, we have reason to believe, considerably exceeds two hundred; and, in addition to these, there are several Bible and Common Prayer Book Societies.

"The old and young, the rich and poor, of every Christian denomination, have sprung forward with alacrity and ardour to enrol themselves under the banners of the Cross; to do personal suit and service to the great Captain of their salvation, by distributing *His* glad tidings of present peace, and future hope, and eternal safety, among all those who have hitherto lived without God in the world."

(*Bristed*, p. 418.)

The principal religious denominations in the United States, are Congregationalists or Independents, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Friends or Quakers, Methodists, Baptists, German Lutherans, Dutch Reformed, Roman Catholics, Moravians, Men-

nonites or Dutch Baptists, Jumpers, Universalists, Shakers and Tunkers.\* Jews are dispersed, in small numbers, throughout the Union, with the exception of New England, where they are rarely, if ever, seen. It has been estimated, that, if the whole American population were divided into twelve parts, three would be Calvinists, of the Congregational and Presbyterian denominations; two, Baptists; two, Methodists; one, Episcopalians and Lutherans: and the four remaining parts include persons of various creeds, besides a very considerable number who neither make nor follow any religious profession.

The great body of the Congregationalists is to be found in New England, where many of the churches have passed gradually from Calvinism, through the intermediate stages of Arianism and Semi-Arianism, into Socinianism, or Unitarianism: some of their congregations are scattered through the middle and southern states, which, however, are chiefly occupied by the Presbyterians. Episcopacy, Mr. Bristed informs us, prevails most in New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and South Carolina; and it has of late years been gaining ground in New England. The churches of the Episcopalians (who adopt the Liturgy of the Anglican church, with some modifications) are under the direction of the general "Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church," which meets once in three years, and is composed of two houses; the upper house of bishops, and the lower of clerical and lay delegates, who are chosen from all the different dioceses in the Union. In the middle states, the Quakers are most numerous, and, as in this country, are distinguished for their activity in benevolent undertakings, particularly in promoting peace and discouraging war, in aiding the circulation of the Scriptures and the extension of education, and in the abolition of slavery. The Methodists are found chiefly in the southern states, though they have churches† scattered over the greatest part of the Union. They are associated under the title of the "United Societies of the Methodist Episcopal Church," and adopt the same discipline which prevails among the Methodists in the British dominions. In the western states, the Baptists preponderate; and in Maryland and Louisiana, the Roman Catholics are most numerous, especially in the sea-ports, where their numbers are constantly augmented by European emigrants. The Romish church in the American Union, is under the direction of one archbishop and ten bishops. The Dutch Reformed church is principally confined to the states of New York and New Jersey.

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\* Of the singular tenets of this sect we gave a short account in our last number, p. 515, 516.

† In the United States every congregation or place of worship of every sect, is termed a church.

All the denominations, above enumerated, have been transplanted into North America, from Europe; and several of the States were originally colonized by emigrants of some of these sects. Although, for a time, religion imparted a cast of national character to the first settlers and their immediate descendants, yet those distinguishing features have gradually disappeared: and at present, throughout the Union, religion is considered as a mere personal affair; each individual, in every family, follows that mode of worship which he approves, without this diversity of religious opinions producing any contradiction or discordancy in sentiment, with regard to other things. Hence, Mr. Bristed informs us, that if any ambitious European sectary happens to emigrate to America, eager to make proselytes to his own peculiar tenets, instead of finding multitudes disposed to enlist under his banners, and ready to co-operate in all his measures, his very existence is scarcely perceived by his immediate neighbours. "His individual enthusiasm is neither attractive, nor interesting, nor contagious; he inspires neither love, nor hatred, nor curiosity, but is suffered to die away into nothing, beneath the frozen pole of universal indifference." This was particularly exemplified in the reception given to the late Dr. Priestley, who emigrated to America in the year 1794.

"His partisans followed him, eagerly and blindly, throughout all the numberless changes of his ever-shifting religious and political creeds; they poured out at his feet their time, their property, their obedience, their acclamation; they enabled him to publish, and circulate widely, his pestilent heresies, and malignant invectives against the church and government of England. He sate, like a demi-god, anuffing up the incense of adulation from the Socinian democrats of Great Britain. But how reversed the picture, when he exchanged an English for an American home! A meagre deputation of obscure clergymen in our city of New-York welcomed him to the United States with an absurd speech, full of Jacobin bombast and fustian. He afterward repaired to Philadelphia, where he preached a few frigid sermons to thin and drowsy audiences; he then retired to Northumberland, in Pennsylvania, where he passed the remainder of his life in making small experiments amidst his alembics, crucibles, and retorts, for the result of which no one expressed the least interest; and he also occasionally ushered from the press religious and political pamphlets, which no one ever read. His death excited little, if any more sensation among the Pennsylvanian patriots than they are wont to exhibit at the dissolution of a German farmer, or a German farmer's horse." (*Bristed*, p. 407.)

The non-establishment of religion in America, has been a theme of much self-complacent gratulation, and of much reproach on the ecclesiastical establishment of England; but with how little foundation or propriety, the preceding statements and subsequent facts will abundantly show.

Exemplary as the clergy of the United States are often found, a custom obtains in many cities, which materially diminishes their usefulness, viz. the making of three or four churches common to as many or even more clergymen. In New York, the Presbyterians have judiciously abandoned this practice, which, however, is said to be retained by the Episcopalians and Dutch reformed Churches; as it also is throughout the Methodist connexion. Instead of one clergyman being appointed to each church, this system does not allow the same individual to preach twice successively in the same church; consequently, there can be no regular reading or exposition of the Scriptures (for which it is the peculiar glory of the Anglican Church to have made daily as well as weekly provision); without which no congregation can be *fully* taught the great plan of redemption. "Mere single unconnected sermons, or sabbatical essays (Mr. Bristed remarks with equal force and truth) never did, and never will,"—we may add, *never can*—"teach a people the scheme of revelation." Another defect of the system, which we are now considering, is, that it does not admit of pastoral duty, and pastoral visitation, which are essential to the maintenance of religion in a church. A *stated* pastor of moderate talents and learning, with unfeigned piety, will be able to effect more good by regular preaching and exposition of the Scriptures, combined with parochial visitation, than *several* ministers possessing various degrees of learning and ability, can possibly accomplish, by occasional preaching in the same church.

These, however, are among the smallest evils attendant on the absence of a religious establishment in the United States. In consequence of the total indifference to religion, which exists on the part of the state governments (those of the New England States excepted), not only is a sectarian spirit produced in the newly settled districts, which prevents the churches that are under its influence from co-operating in diffusing the knowledge of true religion; but also a full *third part* of the entire population of the Union is wholly destitute of religious ordinances; and a much greater proportion in the southern and western districts. The necessary result is, a growing indifference, which in many places has subsided into confirmed infidelity. Lest our readers should suppose this to be an exaggerated assertion, or the effect of English prejudice, we shall confirm the preceding observations by the testimony of unquestionable witnesses.

On the consequences of sectarian rivalry, Dr. Mason has recorded the following particulars:—

"In the United States, where, generally speaking, there is no legal provision for the maintenance of religion; and especially among the

new settlements, there is frequently, in very small districts, a confluence of people from various denominations. Their junction makes a flourishing town, and would make a flourishing church. They agree in primary, and disagree in secondary, principles: But they will not, for the sake of the former, lay aside their contests about the latter. Collectively, they are able to support the gospel in comfort and dignity—separately, they cannot support it at all. They will not compromise their smaller differences. Every one must have his own way; must be completely gratified in his predilections. The rest must come to *him*; he will neither go to them, nor meet them upon common ground: And the result is, that they all experience alike, “not a famine of bread, nor a thirst of water, but of hearing the word of the Lord.” Sanctuary they have none. They lose, by degrees, their anxiety for the institutions of Christ. Their feeble substitutes, their small social meetings, without the ‘ministers of grace,’ soon die away. Their Sabbaths are Pagan. Their children grow up in ignorance, in unbelief, and in vice. Their land, which smiles around them like the garden of God, presents an unbroken scene of spiritual desolation. In the course of one or two generations, the knowledge of God is almost obliterated; the name of Jesus is a foreign sound; his salvation an occult science: and while plenty crowns their board, and health invigorates their bodies, the bread of life blesses not their table, and moral pestilence is sweeping their souls into death. All this from the idolatry of “our” church. They might have had Christ at the expense of sect. They preferred sect, and they are without Christ. How far the mischief shall proceed, God only can tell. It is enough to fill our hearts with grief, and to shake them with terror, that from the combination of this with other causes, we have already a population of SOME MILLIONS of our own colour, flesh and blood, nearly as destitute of evangelical mercies as the savage who yells on the banks of the Missouri.” (*Dr. Mason’s Plea for Catholic Communion*, pp. 387, 388.)

With regard to the progress of infidelity, in consequence of the want of ministers of religion, Mr. Bristed informs us that

“The late president Dwight declared, in 1812, that there were *three millions*\* of souls in the United States, entirely destitute of all religious ordinances and worship. It is also asserted, by good authority, that in the southern and western states, societies exist, built on the model of the Transalpine clubs, in Italy, and the Atheistic assemblies of France and Germany, and, like them, incessantly labouring to root out every vestige of Christianity. And as the population of this country increases with a rapidity, hitherto unexampled in the history

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\* Or *five millions*, according to the estimate lately published by the Rev. Lyman Becher. (See our last Number, p. 514.) Supposing it to exceed the fact (as it is difficult to be accurate on so great a scale) yet, with every possible reduction that can be made, the result is sufficient to alarm, to appal, and almost to overwhelm the mind of every reflecting Christian, who compares the ratio of the increasing population of the United States with the probable supply of the means of Christian teaching and ordinances.

of nations, unless some effectual means be adopted to spread the light of the Gospel over those sections of the Union, which now lie prostrate in all the darkness of unregenerated depravity, before half a century shall have elapsed, our federative republic will number within its bosom more than twenty millions of *unbaptized infidels*; the most atrocious and remorseless banditti that infest society." (*Bristed*, pp. 394, 419.)

Though we cannot but think that Mr. Bristed's fears have led him to over-rate the possible number of "unbaptized infidels," who may hereafter be found within the bosom of the American Union; yet, that his apprehensions are not wholly groundless, as they respect part of the newly settled countries, will appear from the following passages of Mr. Birkbeck's last publication; in which he not only exhibits a decided *aversion* to religion, but also seems to contemplate with satisfaction the ultimate triumph of infidel principles.

"What think you of a community, not only without an established religion, but of whom a large proportion profess no particular religion, and think as little about the machinery of it, as you know was the case with myself? What in some places is esteemed a decent conformity with practices which we despise, is here altogether unnecessary. There are, however, some sectaries even here, with more of enthusiasm than good temper; but their zeal finds sufficient vent in loud preaching and praying. The Court-house is used by all persuasions, indifferently, as a place of worship; any acknowledged preacher who announces himself for a Sunday or other day, may always collect an audience, and rave or reason as he sees meet." (*Birkbeck's Letters from Illinois*, p. 20, 21.)

"It is a matter of curious speculation, collecting as we are from the four winds of Heaven as it were, what our society is to be in regard to religious *demonstrations*. In the region we are to inhabit, 'the sun shineth' not 'upon the just, and upon the unjust,' but upon the earth, and the trees, and the wild animals, as it shone before man was created.

"There is nothing in the spirit of the government, nor in the institutions of this western country, nor in the habits of the people, which gives preponderancy to any sentiment on this subject of social religion, but that of abhorrence of priestly domination, and of all assumption of authority in these matters.

"Now, having this 'upward road' thus clear before us, when we shall have settled ourselves in our cabins, and fixed ourselves to our minds as to this world, what sort of a garb, think you, shall we assume as candidates for the next?—To my very soul I wish that we might assume none,—but the character of men who desire to keep their conscience void of offence towards God and towards man;—'*Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa*.'" (*Ibid.* p. 91, 92.)

When describing the state of the country where he resides, Mr. Birkbeck mentions, with the tone of commendation, that,

"Children are not baptized or [nor] subjected to any superstitious rite; the parents name them, and that is all: and the last act of the drama is as simple as the first. There is no consecrated burial place, or funeral service. The body is enclosed in the plainest coffin; the family of the deceased convey the corpse into the woods; some of the party are provided with axes, and some with spades; a grave is prepared, and the body quietly placed in it; then trees are felled, and laid over the grave to protect it from wild beasts. If the party belong to a religious community, preaching sometimes follows; if not, a few natural tears are shed in silence, and the scene is closed. These simple monuments of mortality are not unfrequent in the woods." (*Ibid.* p. 25.)

If Mr. Birkbeck has no belief in religion himself, still observation must have convinced him, how important it is to the tranquillity and peace which we must suppose him to be desirous of enjoying in this world. In vain will he fly to the solitude of his prairie, if that solitude is liable to be interrupted by those, who have shaken off all the restraints that withhold mankind from violence and rapine. The rapid development of society, which, he says in the passage cited below,\* he anticipates with so much "satisfaction and security," may not be of the most desirable kind, if matured under *such* auspices. Mr. Birkbeck should be aware of the very slight assurance, on which the safety of himself and his family depends, in the exposed situation in which they are placed: and, in a mere political view, it is worse than rashness in him to be careless of the salutary and beneficial restraints of law and religion.

We are informed by Mr. Bristed, that many serious people doubt (and truly they have ample cause for doubting) the permanence of the federal constitution, because in that national compact there is *no* reference to a Divine Providence; "*We the people*" being the constitutional substitute of Jehovah!

"A few, indeed of our state governments," he adds, "particularly in New England, and recently in New-York, do acknowledge God as

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\* "There is nothing that I anticipate with so much satisfaction and security, as the rapid development of society in our new country. Its elements are rude certainly, and heterogeneous. The first settlers, unprotected, and unassisted amid dangers and difficulties, have been accustomed from early youth to rely on their own powers: and they surrender with reluctance, and only by halves, their right of defence against every aggression, even to the laws which themselves have constituted. They have been anxiously studious of mildness in the forming of these laws, and when, in practice, they seem inefficient, they too frequently proceed with Indian perseverance to acts of vengeance, inconsistent with the duty of forbearance essential to social man. Hence deeds of savage and even ferocious violence are too common, to be viewed with the abhorrence due to them. This disposition is evinced continually, and acted on without any feeling of private or personal animosity. If a man, whom the public voice has proclaimed a thief or a swindler, escapes from justice for want of a legal proof of his guilt, though the law and a jury of his fellow citizens have acquitted him, ten to one but he is met with before he can quit the neighbourhood, and, tied up to a sapling, receives a scourging that marks him for the rest of his life." (*Birkbeck*, p. 96—98.)

the governor among the nations, and occasionally recommend (for they have no power to appoint) days to be set apart for general fasting, and prayer, and thanksgiving. But the greater number of the states declare it to be *unconstitutional* to refer to the Providence of God in any of their public acts; and *Virginia* carries this doctrine so far, as not to allow any *chaplain* to officiate in her state legislature; giving as a reason by an overwhelming majority of her representatives, in December, 1817, that the constitution permits no one religious sect to have preference to any other; and therefore, as a chaplain must belong to *some* sect, it would be unconstitutional for the Virginian legislators to listen to his preaching or prayers." (*Bristed*, p. 394.)

Our readers need not to be reminded of the horrid effects which were produced in revolutionary France, during nearly four years in which she tried the grand experiment of abolishing Christianity. We will not weaken the force of the reflections, which the consideration of the preceding facts cannot fail to excite, by any lengthened observations of our own. Our readers will, doubtless, form their conclusions from the testimonies above cited; and we think that they *must* produce sentiments of devout gratitude, that they live in a country, which, for the purity of her laws, and the equity with which they are administered, has no rival; and whose glory it is to have made the most liberal provision for the maintenance of true religion, and to possess the best of all religious establishments—an establishment with unlimited toleration of all other denominations of Christians. "I look upon it," says Addison, "as a peculiar happiness, that, were I to choose of what religion I would be, and under what government I would live, I should most certainly give the preference to that form of religion and government, which is established in my own country." Of all the denominations into which the Christian world has been divided since the Reformation, it is the peculiar praise of the Church of England, that she has avoided every unnecessary innovation. And while, with paramount reverence for Scripture, she has peremptorily discarded every doctrine that "is not found therein, or may not be proved thereby,"\* she has preserved the discipline, consecrated by antiquity and approved by experience; and has adopted the form of sound words, used in the purest and earliest ages of the church: retaining all that was venerable, and rejecting only what she conceived to be the superstitious or erroneous additions of later times.

Such being the state of religion, generally, in the American Union, it cannot excite surprise, that no provision whatever is made for the religious instruction of the unhappy beings, who labour under the double curse of slavery and want of civilization, in so many of the southern and western states. Their masters,

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\* Art. vi. of the thirty-nine Articles.



having an absolute property in their bodies, are apt to consider their *souls* as thrown into the bargain; and rarely suffer the mild light of revelation to irradiate the gloom of their desolate condition. The *free* blacks, who swarm in the northern and middle states, are generally idle, vicious, and prodigate, with very little sense of moral obligation to deter them from lying, thieving, and still more atrocious crimes. Of late years, indeed, two "*African churches*," as they are called, have been opened at New York, and three at Philadelphia, for all those native Americans, who are black, or who have any *shade* of colour: but it should seem, by the rigorous exclusion of these persons from the churches frequented by the whites, that the God whom *they* worship is not the God, who "hath made of one blood all nations of men," who "is no respecter of persons," and whose tender "mercies are over all his works." Though many of these persons are possessed of the rights of citizenship, they are deprived of one of the most important, viz. a participation of the same religious privileges.

"There exists a penal law, deeply written in the *minds* of the whole white population, which subjects their coloured fellow-citizens to unconditional contumely and never-ceasing insult. No respectability, however unquestionable,—no property, however large,—no character, however unblemished,—will gain a man, whose body is (in American estimation) *curst* with even a twentieth portion of the blood of his African ancestry, admission into society!!! They are considered as mere Pariahs—as outcasts and vagrants upon the face of the earth!" (*Fearon's Sketches*, p. 167, 168.)

Perfectly in unison with this spirit, is the fact, that the most degraded white person will neither walk nor eat with a negro; so that, according to the statement of this writer, although New York is a free state, it is such only on parchment: the black Americans there are practically and politically slaves,

"The laws of the mind being, after all, infinitely more strong and more effective than those of the statute book; and it is these *mental* legislative enactments, operating in too many cases besides this of the poor negroes, which excite but little respect for the American character." (*Fearon's Sketches*, p. 61.)

Let us now hear the evidence of another witness, relative to a different part of the Union. Mr. Hall, who is an acute and pleasing traveller, when speaking of South Carolina, says, that

"In fact the condition of the free man of colour is scarcely preferable to that of a slave; subjected to the same mode of trial, exposed to the same jealous surveillance, carefully excluded from all the rights and privileges of citizenship, and surrounded by every kind of snares, both legal and illegal, his freedom seems but a mockery superadded to oppression. The statute declares that every man of colour shall be presumed a slave; every newspaper is a commentary on the injus-

tice and barbarity of this enactment; every day, men of colour are advertised as taken up on suspicion of being slaves: they are committed to jail, and if no owner appears, are sold to pay expences. But the direct operation of the law is not all the free man of colour has to dread.

“ The humane exertions of some gentlemen of the Charleston bar have lately brought to light a singular system for kidnapping free negroes, and selling them as slaves into Kentucky, or any State at a distance from their connections. The agents were, a justice of the peace, a constable, and a slave dealer.

“ The process was as simple as unblushing villainy could devise. A victim having been selected, one of the firm applied to the justice upon a sham charge of assault, or similar offence, for a writ, which was immediately issued and served by the constable, and the negro conveyed to prison. Here, without friends or money, he is to await his trial for some unknown crime, charged against him by some unknown accuser: no wonder if in this desolate condition his spirits sink, and his fears anticipate the worst: the constable now appears, exaggerates the dangers of his situation; explains how small is his chance of being liberated, even if innocent, by reason of the amount of the jail fees and other legal expences; but he knows a worthy man who is interested in his behalf, and will do what is necessary to procure his freedom, upon no harder condition than an engagement to serve him for a certain number of years. It may be supposed, the negro is persuaded; ‘ influenced perhaps, (as the counsel for the defendants observed, on the trial,) by the charms of a country life.’ The worthy slave dealer now appears on the stage. The indenture of bondage is ratified in presence of the worthy magistrate and constable, who share the price of blood, and the victim is hurried on ship-board to be seen no more.

“ This traffic had been long carried on, when humanity discovered and exposed it in a court of justice; but since, by the present law, there is no such offence as man-stealing, it could be punished as false imprisonment only. Should not however the shame of discovery produce a stronger impression on the parties engaged in this iniquitous traffic, than can be expected from their depraved habits, it is more than probable, it will continue to be carried on with keener, and perhaps more atrocious dexterity than before.” (*Hall's Travels*, p: 424—426.)

The situation of the slaves, in the southern states, is indeed most deplorable. Of the twenty-seven, which compose the American Union, not fewer than *eleven* are stigmatized as slave-states. And though the importation of slaves has been humanely prohibited since the year 1808, by an act of Congress, passed in 1803, under very severe penalties, which it has been found necessary to increase by subsequent acts, yet a nefarious internal traffic is shamefully carried on in these wretched beings. We glanced at this subject in our last number, and shall now adduce one or two examples.

While Mr. Fearon was at Natchez, in the state of Mississippi, contemplating a melancholy scene of flagrant profligacy, which he has described, his attention was directed to a number of boats then in port;

"They consisted of twenty-five flats, seven keels, and one steam-vessel. The flat, I should explain, is a square, covered vessel, of considerable capacity, used for carrying freight from Pittsburgh, and other places below that town down to New Orleans; their construction is temporary, and of slight materials, being broken up at New Orleans, as not sufficiently strong to be freighted *up* the river. The keel is a substantial, well-built boat, long, and in form resembling the floating bath at Blackfriars Bridge, London.

"Observing a great many coloured people, particularly females, in these boats, I concluded that they were emigrants, who had proceeded thus far on their route towards a settlement. The fact proved to be, that *fourteen of the flats were freighted with human beings for sale!!!* They had been collected in the several States by slave-dealers, and shipped from Kentucky for a market. They were dressed up to the best advantage, on the same principle that jockeys do horses upon sale." (*Fearon's Sketches*, p. 267, 268.)

Mr. Hall confirms this by the following statement, which is further worthy of notice, as illustrating the degrading influence, produced by the force of habit, on a respectable slave-holder in Virginia, whom he characterizes as highly moral, friendly, and benevolent.

"Yet, mark the withering effect of slavery on the moral feelings! he was talking of the different ways men had in that part of the country of making money. 'Some,' said he, 'purchase droves of hogs, oxen, or horses, in one part of the Union, and drive them for sale to another; and some buy negroes in the same way, and drive them, chained together, to different markets: I expect two gentlemen here this evening with a drove.' I expressed my horror of such traffic; he civilly assented to my observation, but plainly without any similar feeling, and spoke of the gentlemen he expected, as if they were just as 'honourable men,' as any other fair dealers in the community: luckily I was not cursed with their company. I never chanced to fall in with one of these human droves, but I borrow from a pleasing little work, written by a Virginian, and entitled, 'Letters from Virginia,' the following description which he gives in the character of a foreigner newly landed at Norfolk.

"'I took the boat this morning, and crossed the ferry over to Portsmouth, the small town which I told you is opposite to this place. It was court day, and a large crowd of people was gathered about the door of the Court House. I had hardly got upon the steps to look in, when my ears were assailed by the voice of singing; and, turning round to discover from what quarter it came, I saw a group of about thirty negroes, of different sizes and ages, following a rough looking white man, who sat carelessly lolling in his sulkey. They had just

turned round the corner, and were coming up the main street to pass by the spot where I stood, on their way out of town. As they came nearer, I saw some of them loaded with chains to prevent their escape; while others had hold of each other's hands, strongly grasped, as if to support themselves in their affliction. I particularly noticed a poor mother, with an infant sucking at her breast as she walked along, while two small children had hold of her apron on either side, almost running to keep up with the rest. They came along singing a little wild hymn, of sweet and mournful melody, flying by a divine instinct of the heart, to the consolation of religion, the last refuge of the unhappy, to support them in their distress. The sulkey now stopped before the tavern, at a little distance beyond the court-house, and the driver got out. 'My dear Sir,' (said I, to a person who stood near me,) 'can you tell me what these poor people have been doing? What is their crime? and what is to be their punishment?' 'O, (said he,) it's nothing at all, but a parcel of negroes sold to Carolina, and that man is their driver, who has bought them.' 'But what have they done, that they should be sold into banishment?' 'Done, (said he,) nothing at all that I know of, their masters wanted money, I suppose, and these drivers give good prices.' Here the driver having supplied himself with brandy, and his horse with water (the poor negroes of course wanted nothing,) stepped into his chair again, cracked his whip and drove on, while the miserable exiles followed in funeral procession behind him." (*Hall's Travels*, p. 357—360.)

It is scarcely necessary to remind our readers, that the slaves are most numerous in the southern states; and when atrocities, like those described in the preceding pages, are perpetrated with impunity, it cannot excite surprise that the citizens of those states are kept in continual fear of insurrection from their slaves; and that whenever the midnight bell tolls the alarm of fire in any of the towns or cities of Virginia, every mother clasps her infant to her bosom, in agonizing expectation that the tocsin is sounding the cry of a general negro insurrection, and warning the devoted victims of the near approach of indiscriminate pillage, murder, and conflagration.

"Thus the modern system of *negro slavery*, as it prevails in the European colonies, and in this free republic, is one entire circle of evil. It not only creates an enormous mass of physical suffering and moral guilt, during the continuance of the negroes in the fetters of personal bondage; but also, by brutalizing their bodies, by darkening their understanding, by corrupting their hearts, it incapacitates them for receiving and using the privileges and blessings of civil and religious liberty, whence this system, as it now flourishes among nations calling themselves Christian, provides, by the very atrocity and vast aggregate amount of its own guilt, for its own frightful perpetuity." (*Bristed*, p. 391.)

It is not long since the daily journals announced the detection of a plan for an insurrection among the negroes at Augusta, in

Georgia, and its neighbouring plantations. Their design was, to set fire to the city, and massacre the inhabitants: they were then to have seized the shipping of Savannah, and attack that town, and sail thence to Florida or to St. Domingo. This plot was accidentally discovered; the negroes principally implicated in it have been condemned and executed. The detection of this conspiracy excited the utmost alarm in the minds of the Georgians; who are represented in their own newspapers, as saying that, for atrociousness, it could only be surpassed by that which took place many years since at St. Domingo.

When the republicans of Georgia talk of the surpassing atrocity of this attempt of their negroes to effect their emancipation, it would perhaps be well if they would bestow an eye of revision on their own laws, as affecting these unhappy beings; the exclusiveness and severity of which must be revolting to every humane mind. In one of the laws of this *free* state, we meet with the following disgraceful enactments:

"It shall not be lawful for any *free person of colour* to come into this state; and each and every person or persons offending herein, shall be liable to be arrested, &c.; and, on failure to pay 100 dollars, shall be sold by auction as slaves."

Again:—

"It is provided, that every will, testament, deed, or contract, intended to effect the manumission of a slave, or to allow him to labour free from the controul of his master, shall be utterly void."

Can it excite astonishment, then, that persons possessing the feelings common to human nature, should attempt to emancipate themselves from such cruel thralldom? especially, when we consider the sanguinary laws now in force in various southern states, respecting slaves, and the equally sanguinary treatment of them. The planters there exercise the lash at their own discretion; if they murder any of their slaves, they are liable to a small pecuniary fine; and they occasionally subject them to very severe bodily torture. In South Carolina, says Mr. Bristed,

"The negro slaves are, by law, *burned alive* for the crimes of arson, burglary, and murder. So lately as the year 1808, two negroes were actually burned alive, over a slow fire, in the midst of the marketplace in the city of Charleston. What must be the code of municipal law; what must be the state of public feeling, in respect to the wretched African race, that could suffer two human beings to be gradually consumed by fire, as a public spectacle, in the nineteenth century, in the midst of a city containing nearly twenty thousand nominal Christians, and the best of all possible republicans, who profess to look with scorn upon the tyrants, and with compassion upon the slaves of Europe!" (Bristed, p. 155.)

But for the fullest view of the slave-system, as it is actually.

established in the southern states, we must refer to the instructive volume of Mr. Hall. It is, unhappily, but too true, as he forcibly remarks, that a cursory traveller will be able to obtain comparatively little information relative to the actual condition of slaves in the United States, both in law and in fact. The planter, of course, will not furnish any information; and, even if he should make any communication, from his being a party so deeply interested, no dependence can be placed upon it. All therefore that a traveller can do, is to delineate such broad outlines as are incapable of concealment, and leave the picture to be filled up, not by the imagination, but by fair and legitimate inductive reasoning.

The law by which slaves, and even free men of colour, are governed in the Carolinas (and Mr. Hall believes that the same or a similar code prevails in all the *slave states*), is a provincial act, passed in 1740, and made perpetual in 1783. It commences with the following preamble, which Mr. Hall justly brands as "a heart-chilling enunciation:"

"Whereas in his Majesty's plantations, &c. slavery has been allowed, be it enacted, that all negroes, mulattoes, &c. who are, or shall hereafter be, in this province, and all their issue and offspring, born and to be born, shall be and are hereby declared to be, and remain for ever hereafter, absolute slaves."

This is followed by a clause, from which Mr. Hall informs us that the most iniquitous oppressions are at this day deduced: "*It shall always be presumed, that every negro is a slave, unless the contrary can be made to appear.*" (P. 422.)

The ninth clause gives to two justices of the peace, and three, of five freeholders, the power of trying slaves for capital offences, and of carrying their sentence into effect; that is, of inflicting such manner of death "as they shall judge will be most effectual to deter others from offending in like manner." Two other clauses empower this tribunal to admit the evidence of all free negroes, and of any slave, against a slave, *without oath*; and also of any free Indian, negro, &c. or slave, against any free negro harbouring slaves, and who might otherwise escape punishment for want of sufficient and legal evidence against them.

By the thirty-fourth clause, any master is prohibited from suffering any slave to traffic on his own account: and by the thirty-seventh (which Mr. Hall justly stigmatizes as presenting an exquisite specimen of legislative cant and cruelty), after reciting that "cruelty is not only highly unbecoming those who profess themselves Christians, but is odious in the eyes of all men who have any sense of virtue or humanity, therefore, to restrain and prevent barbarity from being exercised towards slaves," it is enacted,

"That any person wilfully murdering a slave shall forfeit 700*l.* currency (i. e. 100*l.* sterling;) and if any person shall on a sudden heat and passion, or by undue correction, kill his own slave or the slave of another person, he shall forfeit 350*l.* currency (i. e. 50*l.* sterling)." (*Hall*, p. 423.)

The thirty-eighth clause imposes a fine of 14*l.* (it is not stated whether currency or sterling money) for cutting out the tongue, dismembering, and other tortures, inflicted by any other instrument than a *horse whip*, *cow skin*, or *small stick*! And the following clause, which is a legislative premium upon perjury, enacts that, when a slave is maimed or cruelly used, his owner shall be presumed guilty, *unless he clear himself by evidence*, OR MAKE OATH TO THE CONTRARY.

By the forty-third clause, any white man, meeting above seven slaves on the high road together, *shall and may whip each of them, not exceeding twenty lashes on the bare back*. And the forty-fifth inflicts a penalty of 100*l.* currency for teaching a slave to write.

Such is the code by which Christians govern their fellow-beings, and which Mr. Hall assures us is by no means a dead letter: and his account is, in all material respects, corroborated by Mr. Fearon, who has transcribed an "Ordinance in relation to slaves," passed in November, 1817, by the City Council of New Orleans. We have not room to analyze this precious specimen of American legislation, but we cannot withhold the two following clauses from our readers.

"ART. 7. No person giving a ball to free people of colour shall, on any pretext, admit or suffer to be admitted to said ball any slave, on penalty of a fine from 10 to 50 dollars; and any slave admitted to any such ball shall receive 15 lashes." (*Fearon's Sketches*, p. 277.)

"ART. 10. Every slave who shall be guilty of disrespect towards any white person, or shall insult any free person, shall receive 30 lashes, upon an order from the mayor or justice of the peace." (*Ibid.* p. 278.)

For additional details relative to the treatment of the negroes throughout the United States, we must refer our readers to the volume of Mr. Hall; but we cannot omit to notice the demoralizing effects of the system, which Mr. Birkbeck justly terms "the leprosy of the United States;—a foul blotch, which more or less contaminates the entire system in public and in private, from the President's chair to the cabin of the hunter."

"It is not the states alone where slavery is established by law, that are suffering under this outrageous insult upon humanity; the bitter inheritance of former injustice exists in all, in the profligacy of the black population, the free people of colour, degraded in public opinion (and therefore degraded and depraved in character) by the com-

plexion which the God of nature has given them. It is also exemplified even in the eastern states, as I am informed, where the practice of keeping slaves has been long discontinued, in erroneous notions of the relations of master and servant, in a way which interferes greatly with domestic comfort." (*Birkbeck's Letters from Illinois*, p. 71.)

In all the states where slavery exists, the necessary result of the sanguinary *Black Codes*, by which the wretched slaves are so cruelly oppressed, is to debase the character of the masters. The American is familiarized to the commission of acts of injustice and tyranny, from his infancy. He is accustomed from his childhood to give scope, with impunity, to all the worst passions of our nature.\* It is impossible that this should not have its effect on the natural character. In all times, among all nations, the oppressor has uniformly been punished by moral degradation. The following incident, which took place at Lawes' Hotel, at Middletown, in the state of Kentucky, will fully confirm the truth of the preceding observations.

"A few minutes before dinner, my attention was excited by the piteous cries of a human voice, accompanied with the loud cracking of a whip. Following the sound, I found that it issued from a log barn, the door of which was fastened. Peeping through the logs, I perceived the bar-keeper, together with a stout man, more than six feet high, who was called Colonel ———, and a negro boy about 14 years of age stripped naked, receiving the lashes of these monsters, who *relieved* each other in the use of a horse-whip: the poor boy fell down upon his knees several times, begging and praying that they would not kill him, and that he would do any thing they liked: this produced no cessation in their *exercise*. At length Mr. Lawes arrived, told the valiant Colonel and his humane employer, the bar-keeper, to desist, and that the boy's refusal to cut wood was in obedience to his (Mr. L.'s) directions. Colonel ——— said, that 'he did not know what the nigger had done, but that the bar-keeper requested his assistance to whip Cæsar; of course he lent him a hand, being no more than he should expect Mr. Lawes to do for him under similar circumstances.' At table Mr. Lawes said, 'that he had not been so vexed for seven years.' This expression gave me pleasure, and also afforded me, as I thought, an opportunity to reprobate the general system of slavery; but not one voice joined with mine; each gave vent in the following language to the superabundant

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\* "There must doubtless," says Mr. Jefferson, "be an unhappy influence on the manners of the people, produced by the existence of slavery among us. The whole commerce between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions; the most unremitting despotism on the one part, and degrading submissions on the other. Our children learn this and imitate it, for man is an imitative animal. The parent storms; the child looks on, catches the lineaments of wrath, puts on the same airs in the circle of smaller slaves, gives loose to the worst of passions; and, thus nursed, educated, and daily exercised in tyranny, cannot but be stamped by it with odious peculiarities." (*Jefferson's Notes on Virginia*, pp. 270, 271, London Edit.)



quantity of the milk of human kindness, with which their breasts were overflowing:—

“ ‘I guess he deserved all he got.’

“ ‘It would have been of small account if the *nigger* had been whipt to death.’

“ ‘I always serve my *niggers* that way; there is nothing else so good for them.’

“ It appeared that this boy was the property of a regular slave-dealer, who was then absent at Natchez with a cargo. Mr. Lawes’ *humanity* fell lamentably in my estimation when he stated, ‘that whipping *niggers*, if they were his own, was perfectly right, and they always deserved it: but what made him mad was, that the boy was left under his care by a friend, and he did not like to have a friend’s *property* injured.’

“ There is in this instance of the treatment of a negro, nothing that in this State is at all singular; and much as I condemned New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, when in those sections, I must now give them the character of enlightened humanity, compared with this State, in which such conduct as that I have described is tolerated and approved.” (*Fearon’s Sketches*, p. 239—241.)

Atrocious as this conduct is, it is surpassed by the following account, recorded by Mr. Hall, of the trial and execution of a negro, which took place during his residence at Charleston, on a charge of poisoning and murder:

“ A man died on board a merchant ship, apparently in consequence of poison mixed with the dinner served up to the ship’s company. The cabin-boy and cook were suspected, because they were, from their occupations, the only persons on board who did not partake of the mess, the effects of which began to appear as soon as it was tasted. As the offence was committed on the high seas, the cook, though a negro, became entitled to the benefit of a jury, and, with the cabin-boy, was put on his trial. The boy, a fine looking lad, and wholly unabashed by his situation, was readily acquitted. The negro’s turn was next. He was a man of low stature, ill-shapen, and with a countenance singularly disgusting. The proofs against him were, first, that he was cook; so who else could have poisoned the mess? It was indeed overlooked, that two of the crew had absconded since the ship came into port. Secondly, he had been heard to utter expressions of ill-humour before he went on board: that part of the evidence was indeed suppress, which went to explain these expressions. The real proof however was written in his skin, and in the uncouth lines of his countenance. He was found guilty.

“ Mr. Crafts, junior, a gentleman of the Charleston bar, who, from motives of humanity, had undertaken his defence, did not think a man ought to die for his colour, albeit it was the custom of the country; and moved in consequence for a new trial, on the ground of partial and insufficient evidence; but the judge, who had urged his condemnation with a vindictive earnestness, intrenched himself in forms, and found the law gave him no power in favour of mercy. He then

forwarded a representation of the case to the President, through one of the senators of the State; but the senator ridiculed the idea of interesting himself for the life of a negro, who was therefore left to his cell and the hangman. In this situation he did not however forsake himself; and it was now, when prejudice and persecution had spent their last arrow on him, that he seemed to put on his proper nature, to vindicate not only his innocence, but the moral equality of his race, and those mental energies which the white man's pride would deny to the shape of his head and the woolliness of his hair. Maintaining the most undeviating tranquillity, he conversed with ease and cheerfulness, whenever his benevolent counsel, who continued his kind attentions to the last, visited his cell. I was present on one of these occasions, and observed his tone and manner, neither sullen nor desperate, but quiet and resigned, suggesting whatever occurred to him on the circumstances of his own case, with as much calmness as if he had been uninterested in the event; yet as if he deemed it a duty to omit none of the means placed within his reach for vindicating his innocence. He had constantly attended the exhortations of a Methodist preacher, who for conscience-sake, visited 'those who were in prison;' and having thus strengthened his spirit with religion, on the morning of his execution, breakfasted as usual, heartily; but before he was led out, he requested permission to address a few words of advice to the companions of his captivity. 'I have observed much in them,' he added, 'which requires to be amended, and the advice of a man in my situation may be respected.' A circle was accordingly formed in his cell, in the midst of which he seated himself, and addressed them at some length, with a sober and collected earnestness of manner, on the profligacy which he had noted in their behaviour, while they had been fellow-prisoners; recommending to them the rules of conduct prescribed by that religion, in which he now found his support and consolation.

"Certainly, if we regard the quality and condition of the actors only, there is an infinite distance betwixt this scene and the parting of Socrates with his disciples; should we however put away from our thoughts, such differences as are merely accidental, and seize that point of coincidence which is most interesting and important; namely, the triumph of mental energy over the most clinging weaknesses of our nature; the negro will not appear wholly unworthy of a comparison with the sage of Athens. The latter occupied an exalted station in the public eye; though persecuted even unto death and ignominy, by a band of triumphant despots, he was surrounded in his last moments by his faithful friends and disciples, to whose talents and affection he might safely trust the vindication of his fame, and the unsullied whiteness of his memory: he knew that his hour of glory must come, and that it would not pass away. The negro had none of these aids; he was a man friendless and despised; the sympathies of society were locked up against him; he was to atone for an odious crime, by an ignominious death; the consciousness of his innocence was confined to his own bosom, there probably to sleep for ever: to the rest of mankind he was a wretched criminal; an object perhaps of contempt.

and detestation, even to the guilty companions of his prison-house; he had no philosophy with which to reason down those natural misgivings, which may be supposed to precede the violent dissolution of life and body: he could make no appeal to posterity to reverse an unjust judgment.—To have borne all this patiently, would have been much: he bore it heroically.

“ Having ended his discourse, he was conducted to the scaffold, where having calmly surveyed the crowds collected to witness his fate, he requested leave to address them. Having obtained permission, he stepped firmly to the edge of the scaffold, and having commanded silence by his gestures, ‘ you are come,’ said he, ‘ to be spectators of my sufferings; you are mistaken, there is not a person in this crowd but suffers more than I do. I am cheerful and contented, for I am innocent.’ He then observed, that he truly forgave all those who had taken any part in his condemnation, and believed that they had acted conscientiously from the evidence before them; and disclaimed all idea of imputing guilt to any one. He then turned to his counsel, who, with feelings which honoured humanity, had attended him to the scaffold; ‘ to you, Sir,’ said he, ‘ I am indeed most grateful; had you been my son, you could not have acted by me more kindly;’ and observing his tears, he continued; ‘ this, Sir, distresses me beyond any thing I have felt yet. I entreat you will feel no distress on my account, I am happy;’ then praying Heaven to reward his benevolence, he took leave of him, and signified his readiness to die; but requested he might be excused from having his eyes and hands bandaged; wishing, with an excusable pride, to give this final proof of his unshaken firmness: he, however, submitted on this point, to the representations of the sheriff, and died without the quivering of a muscle.

“ The spectators, who had been drawn together, partly by idle curiosity, and partly by a detestation of his supposed crime, retired with tears for his fate, and execrations on his murderers.” (*Hall*, pp. 433—438.)

We will not weaken the effect which the perusal of this narrative must produce in the minds of our readers, by any observations which we might offer. Deplorable as the condition of the slave population of the United States generally is, to the honour of humanity and of religion, let it be recorded that there are *some* philanthropic individuals who are endeavouring to ameliorate the condition of these degraded beings, as well as of the free people of colour. In this benevolent undertaking, the Society of Friends, or Quakers, bears a distinguished part: and successful efforts have been made to improve the moral and religious state of the free blacks in the northern and middle states.

“ In consequence of which, African schools and churches have risen up, and black teachers and preachers have shown themselves as competent to perform their important functions as their white brethren. Doubtless, the only possible means of rendering these negroes honest, industrious, and provident, are to be found in the general diffusion of

religious and moral instruction among them. And it is certainly high time to refute, by practical proof, the assertion of Mr. Jefferson, in his Notes on Virginia, that the negroes are a race of animals inferior to man. A few ages of civil liberty and general education would silence this cavil of infidelity against the scriptural doctrine, that God made of one blood all the nations of the earth." (*Bristed*, p. 392.)

During the winter of 1816-17, a "*Society for colonizing Free People of Colour*," was established at Washington, which has received great support in the different states, auxiliary Societies having been formed in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Ohio, &c. Its object is to procure a situation on the western coast of Africa, *to the south of Sierra Leone*; to which free people of colour may, with their own consent, be conveyed; and where, under the protection of the British government, they may be supplied with suitable agricultural implements, schoolmasters, and religious teachers. That the latter may be duly qualified for their arduous task, institutions have been formed for educating African youth in a knowledge of the Scriptures in the original languages, and in general science: and, when thus instructed, they are to be sent forth, to carry the blessings of Christianity to not fewer than fifty millions of Africans, of whom twenty millions are computed to be of the proper negro race. The institutions, which we are now noticing, are comparatively in their infancy; but from the wisdom with which they appear to be conducted, we are warranted to augur, in progress of time, the happiest results to that long-enslaved and much-injured part of mankind.

Among the public measures, creditable to the humanity of the American government, we cannot omit to mention the means employed for the civilization of the native Indian tribes. Various sums have been set apart, at different times, for this purpose. Before the late war, the Creeks, Kaskasias, and Choctaws, had made considerable progress in the arts of spinning, weaving, and agriculture. In 1813, the sum of 65,000 dollars was appropriated for the purchase of domestic animals, implements of husbandry, and manufactured articles, for the use of the Indians. Various treaties have been concluded with them, for purchasing their lands, on equitable terms. These arrangements are made solely by the government; and, we are informed, that great care is taken to protect them against the encroachments of designing individuals. The Indians, who reside on the western part of the state of New York, have devoted themselves to agriculture. In 1811, the Onondago tribe cultivated 100 acres of wheat; and they are said to have abandoned the use of spirituous liquors, by a general resolution among themselves. The Seneca tribe held stock in the former bank of the United States. We have not received any

*particular* communications relative to the actual state of civilization among the native tribes of North America; but we are assured *generally*, that it is making daily progress, and that husbandry and domestic manufactures have advanced more rapidly among the southern than the northern tribes.

While the government of the United States thus provides for the temporal comfort of those Indians, who have not yet been exterminated by the sword of American aggression, their religious instruction is not neglected. Numerous Missionary Societies have been established for imparting the knowledge of Christianity among them, and also for supplying with Christian instruction the millions of American citizens who are altogether destitute of religious ordinances. The labours of these Societies have been singularly beneficial, and are daily augmenting in usefulness. To borrow the expression of an intelligent correspondent, in one of the middle states, "if the Gospel is not spread, it will not be for inattention to the cause:—the whole country is alive on the subject." \* Thus then the Americans strive with us in England, in the great Christian work of sending out missionaries to evangelize the heathen. Two of their number (Messrs. Hall and Newell) have published an eloquent and well written address, in vindication of missionary undertakings: which, as it has been reprinted in this country, we would recommend to the candid and attentive consideration of those persons (for, with regret we say, that such there are) who object to the claims of the venerable society for propagating the Gospel in foreign parts, upon the liberality of Christians, and to the right of a Christian legislature to draw upon the public purse for religious purposes. From the facts and arguments urged by those gentlemen, we could, with much pleasure, have made extracts; but this article has already so greatly exceeded the limits which we contemplated at its commencement, that it must here be terminated. Whatever painful emotions it may have excited in the minds of our readers, we apprehend that it must lead them to this conclusion, viz. that whatever defects some persons may imagine to exist in the constitution, and in the administration of the laws of our highly-favoured country;—he, who cherishes any regard for pure and undefiled religion, for solid liberty, or moral virtue, will not readily abandon it for ideal happiness, and an uncertain abode in the great western wilderness.

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\* This remark applies chiefly, if not solely, to the state of Pennsylvania. Ee.

ART. IV.—*Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Buonaparte.* 8vo. pp. 50. Hatchard. London, 1819.

WE have just taken up this publication; and ere we proceed with our examination, the author must know that he can expect no mercy at the hands of disappointed critics. Its title is so alluring to the curious in politics (that is, if the Abbe Siéyes was right, to about five-eighths of our countrymen) that he must have laid his account at its being bought up with an eagerness of appetite, scarcely to be appeased by a triumphal banquet of detections. "We are" (it is most certain) "still occupied in recounting the exploits, discussing the character, inquiring into the present situation, and even conjecturing as to the future prospects, of Napoleon Buonaparte." Let him beware of trifling with the interest which we thus take in the eventful history of this extraordinary personage! We know by experience that he who publishes doubts, usually hopes to spread disbelief. Is it likely that the forty-eight short pages before us can contain matter enough to shake our confidence in any of the wonderful achievements attributed to the late ruler of France, or even in the lesser circumstances of his life, as they have commonly been reported and received? And if he aims at less than this, he has no right to style his doubts "historic."—Let us see. There is in the first page a mere outline of the adventures which compose the marvellous story of that marvellous man. It has an odd effect, though we cannot well say why. It consists of no more than some brief notices of the more notorious events of the long and great political struggle in which Buonaparte figured, together with a remark on the various colours in which they have been painted, and the dissimilar characters ascribed to him by different writers. This is old news. Yet we cannot help asking ourselves, when we come to the end of it, whether the facts so put together are not strange things to have been so easily taken on trust by us hitherto. Neither did it ever before strike us so forcibly that, "while in the detail of the history thus abridged, that is, almost every conceivable variety of statement, the motives and conduct likewise of the chief actor are involved in still greater doubt, and the subject of still more eager controversy."

We proceed—with an undefined expectation of some shock which is to be offered to our belief in the fulness or the accuracy of the current history of Europe's latest plague. The next paragraph must speak for itself.

"In the midst of these controversies the preliminary question concerning the *existence* of this extraordinary personage, seems never to have occurred to any one as a matter of doubt; and to show even the

smallest hesitation in admitting it, would probably be regarded as an excess of scepticism, on the ground that this point has always been taken for granted by the disputants on all sides, being indeed implied by the very nature of their disputes. But is it in fact found that *undisputed* points are always such as have been the *most carefully examined* as to the evidence on which they rest? that *facts or principles* which are taken for granted, without controversy, as the common basis of opposite opinions, are always themselves established on sufficient grounds? On the contrary, is not any such fundamental point, from the very circumstance of its being taken for granted at once, and the attention drawn off to some other question, likely to be admitted on insufficient evidence, and the flaws in that evidence overlooked? Experience will teach us that such instances often occur."

A moment's thought, and the sight of Hume's name in the next page, now let us at once into our author's intention. He has no "doubts relative to Napoleon Buonaparte;" he is no sceptic in politics; he has a mind to try, with all the gentleness of irony, an ingenious and decisive operation on the sceptical principles of "the great Scottish philosopher" (as he is entitled in the *Edinburgh Review*) and on his method of disquieting the belief which sustains national piety. He will endeavour to show on *those principles*, and according to *that method*, that to believe in the *existence* of a personage who has made more noise in the world in our own times, by his reputed achievements, than Alexander, or Julius Cæsar, or Charlemagne, made in theirs, is on our own parts a piece of *gratuitous credulity*.

We heartily wish him success. But our wishes must not pre-occupy our judgment. Our criticism of his undertaking must not be affected by the impatience with which we have, of late years, beheld certain symptoms of a desire to revive the fame and fashion of the pernicious and really unphilosophical doctrine against which this act of Christian warfare is pointed. Perhaps it is as well that we should state the grounds on which we have said this. It is not because Hume's *Essays* were republished in 1817, for the principal booksellers of London and Edinburgh; a fact which nevertheless proves decisively (in the present days of ready calculation on the probable returns of literary speculations) that they have not ceased to enjoy popularity: we are even willing to hope, that the purely political discussions contained in them may chiefly contribute to keep up their sale. But it is because both the matter and the manner of many compositions widely circulated in our own days amply indicate the active care which is bestowed by the present race of sceptics on the improvement of these its most convenient resources, and others which must fail when these are shown to fail, although upheld at present by a spurious branch of mathematics which is daily multiplying its delusions under new names and with more imposing

pretensions. That single page of "Historic Doubts" at which we have stopped, forcibly brings to our remembrance La Place, that bold confounder (we speak advisedly) of moral and mathematical evidence, and a periodical publication already mentioned. It reminds us too of the admiration professed by Grimm (whose correspondence has been so eagerly read in English as well as in French) of the philosophy of Hume. And we shall delight in witnessing the success (if it can claim success) of a single and simple manœuvre against operations, combined with mischievous aptness, by the common allies of all the partisans (see Edin. Rev. for 1814, Art. ii. iii.) of the author of "the celebrated Essay on Miracles." (Ed. Rev. for 1808, Art. xi.) to the "profoundness as well as eloquence" of whom (Ed. Rev. for 1805, Art. vii.) Dr. Robertson thought it "not unbecoming to publish his testimony," and who has been "carefully pointed out" by a zealous writer as "one of two wicked infidels who did not believe in the Holy Scriptures." (Ed. Rev. for 1805, *ubi supra*.)

We shall feel gratefully the service done to religion, especially during the present influx of the scepticism of some foreign men of science, by haling forward this well-known retinue of Hume, to trial at the bar of irony. We shall hold our thanks due to the man who makes known the weakness of that boasted strong hold of heads, too strong in their own conceit for faith, (from which, however, they occasionally own themselves to draw the substance of doubts,) to those who may be too indolent to answer the challenge made by some philosophical critics with all apparent fairness.

"It is a very easy thing (said the Edinburgh Reviewers in their very first number—the manifesto of their general policy) to talk about the shallow impostures, and the silly ignorant sophisms of Voltaire, Rousseau, Condorcet, D'Alembert, and Volney, and to say that Hume is not worth answering. This affectation of contempt will not do. While these pernicious writers have power to allure from the Church great numbers of proselytes, it is better to study them diligently, and to reply to them satisfactorily, than to veil indolence, want of power, or want of industry, by a pretended contempt; which may leave infidels and wavering Christians to suppose that such writers are abused because they are feared, and not answered because they are unanswerable."

The author of the "Historic Doubts" must be well aware how greatly indebted he is to the accidental advantage of living in an age in which the great events form a story so peculiarly adapted to his purpose. At any other time an abler man might have failed in such an undertaking from the want of this lucky incident; it is some praise however to the writer that he has been the first to observe and make use of it. In the life of Bu-



naparte there is as much of the miraculous (in Mr. Hume's sense of the word) as in the most wonderful narrations of the New Testament; in both the one and the other, events are recorded of which the world never had experience before, and which therefore, if the reasoning of sceptics be allowed at all, must be untrue in both alike.

It can hardly fail of exciting something like chagrin in the minds of a good many of our free philosophical wits, when they are asked the ground on which they have all along built their faith in events confessedly wonderful beyond all parallel, to find themselves obliged to confess that, notwithstanding they can boast of a liberal contempt for testimony upon *some* points, they have some how or other in the present instance (an instance too of no small concern) reposed their belief on the authority of the public newspapers. It is not without considerable point that the author presses them more closely with this inconsistency, and justly submits to their inquiry,—“Whether the writers of newspapers have the means of gaining correct information? whether they have any interest in concealing truth, or propagating falsehood? and, lastly, whether they agree in their testimony?”

The discussion, or, indeed, the mere suggestion of these queries, makes so much against the credit of our public heralds, and consequently proves such unaccountable credulity upon many of our freest inquirers, as must receive a better apology than we can frame for them, before we can allow that their religious scepticism is honest and unprejudiced.

By a course of argument like this, we are ingeniously persuaded by the author of the present pamphlet that it may easily be true that no such person as Buonaparte, at least in the character in which he has been presented to us, ever lived. But this is not all. After our confidence has been shaken in the truth of this story, some very substantial reasons are proposed which go far towards proving it false. The inexplicable conduct of certain public characters and parties, at one time violently hostile to this common enemy, at another espousing his cause; the real instances we have known of a whole nation being imposed upon by a political fiction, and the fair opportunity and great convenience of attempting such an imposition in the present case; the internal evidence against the reality of the facts, from their unnatural completeness and striking resemblance to the accommodated works of invention; in short, the truly unaccountable and miraculous nature of the occurrences throw over the whole such an appearance of falsehood, that, as for a moment they might make a wise man sceptical, so, fairly weighed, they might almost make a sceptic wise. If a fact, well known, and in our own days,

may be thus speciously called in question, it ought not only to make us laugh at the writer's ingenuity, but to cure us also of listening, at other times, with a grave face to objections to an account which, though, from its antiquity, it might be expected to be peculiarly open to attack, yet, in fact, is of better authority, and really less open to exception, than our last official Gazette.

To take to pieces the whole argument, when the work itself is so short, might have the effect of hindering, rather than increasing, its dispersion; which can never be too wide wherever scepticism is either known or heard of; and therefore it will be better in a short review, like this, to employ the room which remains in putting the object of the writer in a just view, and in explaining a point which, from its nature, is liable to be misunderstood.

We have seen that the end which the writer proposes to himself is to defend the historical evidence of our religion, by the same method of reasoning by which Burke has defended its institutions, and Butler its doctrines. In all these cases, the effect produced is to throw back the difficulties upon our opponents, and to give them questions which, in common fairness, they must solve before they can press us for a further explanation. By this method they are convicted of acting upon notions quite as little capable of demonstration as any thing in revealed religion; so that as long as common sense is unimpaired, they cannot, consistently, complain of the irrational credulity of a Christian believer. Indeed, altogether, the fallacy of objections, that universal delusion of infidels, is thus exposed and invalidated. Nay, more; one good effect of the present work will be to show, that for the sake of mere objections, no man ever gave up any thing but his religion.

In answer to the sarcasms which bad men have pointed against the truth of the Bible history, from the style and method of its writers, the author of the "*Historic Doubts*" has adopted a plan, which, at first sight and by the influence of verbal associations of recent origin, may startle even wise and good men, if they are not attentive to the importance of its connexion with the main argument; and which, indeed, can only be justified by its being done with a serious motive, and for certain good.

In an imitation of Scripture language (for a parody it ought not to be called, until that term rids itself of the odium which now lies on it), he has given some of the most remarkable events in the life of Buonaparte, in which the sudden and unaccountable change of circumstances correspond so closely with some parts of the sacred history; and at the same time the broken unconnected style of narration is so well preserved, as to show that it is no sufficient objection against the reality of facts that

*their cases* are not detailed, or for want of further information *that they appear* scarcely reconcilable. What, for instance, can *be more certain*, yet what more suspicious, as thus related, than *the following* paragraph?

"In those days the Pope returned to his own land. Now the French, and divers other nations of Europe, are servants of the Pope, and hold him in reverence; but he is an abomination to the Britons, and to the Prussians, and to the Russians, and to the Swedes. Howbeit, the French had taken away all his lands, and robbed him of all that he had, and carried him away captive into France. But when the Britons, and the Prussians, and the Russians, and the Swedes, and the rest of the nations that were confederate against France, came thither, they caused the French to set the Pope at liberty, and to restore all the goods that they had taken; likewise they gave him back all his possessions; and he went home in peace, and ruled over his own city as in times past."

Had this been a Jewish record, the author well argues, Mr. Hume would have sneered at it as a triumphant instance of a combination of events impossible and contradictory. The use therefore of this illustration by parallels is, in our opinion; in aid of the laws of the land, being calculated opportunely to repel an impious practice fresh in our memories. The profligate scoffer at Holy Writ had revived the abuse of a potent weapon, till public indignation (notwithstanding the verdict which we remember with pain) compelled him to withdraw such exhibition of its powers from the public eye. Much evil has; doubtless, thus been prevented. But we dared not hope that there were left, after this righteous condemnation by the majority, no half-finished infidels, no "wavering Christians," who would impute, with a perversity unfortunately too frequent, a peculiar virtue to this suppressed instrument of wickedness, and imagine it to have been decried, because Scripture could not bear to be probed by it. There were, and are many such: the fact is lamentably notorious. If, for their sake only, the author of the "Historic Doubts" had shown that such an imitation is a means by which the credibility of the Sacred Writings may be illustrated, at least as aptly as their dignity has been insulted by the corrupt application of it—he would have deserved well of his fellow-creatures. He has wrested from the infidel host a sword, which in his hands has become a sword of truth, and the edge of which is now turned against them. Thus has the performance of an acceptable service to believers been suggested even by the witless productions of blaspheming levity, which not unfrequently make even bad men tremble as they feign to laugh, and at the sound of which the good may fancy themselves treading on the confines of hell.

### *Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Buonaparte*

It may be thought that this must be a strange book which would shake men's belief in a fact which, after all, in sober moments, they can never doubt; but we cannot help hoping that it will be found a useful book too, if by means, it convinces them of the authenticity of facts of which belief are involved their best interests and most solemn duties; and which will thus appear to come to us through a distance of eighteen centuries, recommended by better evidence than we have for the passing occurrences of our own times. To those who are acquainted with the reasonings of sceptics generally, and of their great text-book in particular, the argument will appear neat, lucid, and conclusive. Or if in some passages there is room for partial misconstruction, it would be well to remember, that it is not quite in the nature of a piece of irony to begin with definitions, postulates, and enunciations, nor to conclude with a large Q. E. D.

The purpose of such an undertaking was not to argue and refute directly; but simply to make trial, whether the rational doubts, as they are called, of the truth of Christianity, are really fair and unprejudiced; whether those who entertain them carry the same mode of argument into common life; and whether, in short, he who questions the credibility of the gospel history has a right to assert his belief in any thing.

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ART. V.—*Travels in various Countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa.* By Edward Daniel Clarke, LL.D. Part the Third. Scandinavia. Section the First. Cadell and Davies. London, 1819.

IN proportion as man becomes interested in the state and circumstances of the species to which he belongs, and enlarges his view of his relations and duties, the dignity and utility of foreign travel are understood and improved. A moral scene has opened with the present century, in which the fullest illustration is given to the sentiment of the heathen dramatist, "I am a man, and therefore think nothing foreign to myself which belongs to man." Formerly the great object of travelling into distant countries was to see men as they are; but modern travel proposes to itself also the higher motive of making them happier and wiser than they are. We do not mean, that nobody now travels to gratify curiosity, or vanity, or vice; nor are we thinking of the miscellaneous multitudes who have recently, to the injury of the English character, almost broken down the partition-line between the manners of France and Italy and our own.

There are of idle travellers enough for the supply of idle readers; and of many the discoveries had better be kept secret; but to those who are interested in extending the blessings of truth, liberty, and civilization, to the quarters of human misery and ignorance—to those who take a feeling part, in the plans now in operation to reclaim the desert and derelict tracts of the intellectual world, and to terminate in remote climes those horrors of blood, and slavery, and idolatry, which our avarice has encouraged, and in part created, the adventuring spirit of such travellers as Dr. Clarke, to whose audacious foot no region, frozen or parched, has been impervious, proves a source of perpetual entertainment. Formerly men of merit travelled to see sights, or bring back surprising relations

——— Of antres vast, and deserts idle,  
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills, whose heads touch heaven ;

and were contented with taking exterior views of society, and barbarism in their various shapes, to gratify the mere passion for the marvellous; but a spirit of humane and enlightened philosophy has, in these latter times, generally infused into the researches of travellers and their readers a profounder sentiment, and given to them a more philanthropic scope. Wise men no longer look at these scenes of human degradation with an eye for the romantic or the grotesque, but with a heart that "takes the gauge of human misery," and recognises the lot and part which belongs to these seeming outcasts of nature in the immortal inheritance of souls. The moral, and we shall scarcely be saying too much if we add, the spiritual interest, which the civilized world, and especially our own country, begins to feel in these outlying portions of humanity, is of great advantage to the traveller; and even where he himself is a stranger to these warm and philanthropic speculations, he furnishes to those who feel them the preparative intelligence to guide them in their great object of multiplying the happiness of human beings.

War has but few compensations, but it has some. While, for a long course of years, it kept us from a contaminating intercourse with the seats of civilised corruption, it forced the spirit of inquiry into paths but little explored, and extended our acquaintance with the more distant regions of the earth, and more especially with the human character under its most striking contrasts of physical and moral condition. It operated as a salutary check upon the desultory love of rambling, by narrowing the vent of idle and crude curiosity. Few were disposed for the gratification of a vagrant vanity, such as that which has of late, during the summer months, emptied our universities, counting-houses, shops, and boarding-schools into France and Italy, to

proceed, through perils and privations, to scenes, and societies, and latitudes, from which only the courageous, the literate, and the intelligent, can import instruction or amusement. Whatever operated to keep our youth at home, till home had a little more stamped the Englishman on the character, was so far beneficial in its effect. Foreign travel engages, or should engage us, in a sort of intellectual commerce, for which a capital should be first accumulated. No one can study with success the characters of others but he that has first become well acquainted with himself. He must set out with fixed principles, a formed character, and matured observation, to be skilful in developing the varied influences of climate, government, and laws, on the interior society and moral habits of remote communities. Imagination cannot frame a thing more mis-shapen and odious among the abortions of mismanaged education, than the petulance of a half-bred young Englishman exulting in an awkward imitation of foreign foppery and vice; and we do really wish that it were possible to keep our young gentlemen and ladies from seeing the world, until the world might see them without prejudice to the British character.

Travelling is not a neutral event in our lives; it has in general a powerful influence on our habits and principles. According to the disposition and preparation with which it is undertaken, is usually the degree of benefit or injury produced by it. There is in some minds a power of extracting truth and practical remark from every thing that comes in their way; whose views become generalized, and their comprehension enlarged, as their experience spreads. But to that larger portion whose intellects make no use of new scenes or events as materials of thought or observation, who have no tendency to appropriate, to build, or to accumulate, nothing is more mischievous than a dissipating intercourse with a rapid succession of objects; nothing so perpetuates their native sterility as the pressure of that abundance which they are incapable of quickening, improving, or applying.

There is, besides, another evil, far exceeding in magnitude those to which we have slightly alluded, attendant on the mania of travelling: the travelled coxcomb is in haste to forget his early impressions, and to assume a certain disgusting tone of infidel philosophy. "*Quelques uns*," says La Bruyere, "*achevent de se corrompre par de longues voyages, et perdent le peu de religion qui leur restoit. Ils voient de jour à autre un nouveau culte, diverses mœurs, diverses cérémonies. Ils ressemblent à ceux qui entrent dans les magasins, indéterminés sur le choix des étoffes qu'ils veulent acheter: le grand nombre de celles qu'on leur montra les rend plus indifférens; elles ont chacune leur agrément, et leur bienséance; ils ne se fixent point; ils sortent*

sans emplette." And if this is an effect very commonly produced by foreign travel, we have the more reason to lament that the present swallow for voyages and travels, and the impatience to supply the demand, are so excessive, that the traveller's first visit, after landing on his own shores, is usually to his publisher: with a rapidity which scarcely allows time for recovery from the vertigo of posting and sailing, the contents of his journal are given raw to the public.

We have indulged ourselves in making these observations, because we really think them called for by the case as it stands generally, with respect to travellers and writers of travels. Such of our remarks as are on the side of censure have no application to the author of the volume now before us. No man was ever so born for that to which he has been bred, and so well prepared by breeding for the course which he has run, as Dr. Edward Daniel Clarke. Nature's appointments and adaptations are often crossed and disturbed; and it is but seldom that any one is shuffled into the precise situation for which he has a natural bent. When this happens, distinction is the sure result, according to the importance of the attainment. It appears to us, that Dr. Clarke is one of those fortunate actors in life's untoward drama, whose part has been that to which his natural endowments had a sort of determination. With the essentials of probity, learning, and religion, he has those specific modifications of character which make the accomplished traveller. His books, without any display of personal vanity, bear the liveliest testimony to his courage, curiosity, and penetration. It is his great reward to stand amidst great competition the foremost in his department of merit—*Princeps et plane Coryphæus*: and he has attained the prize without any sacrifice of the cause of morality or decency; a circumstance not to be reckoned among the least of those which entitle Dr. Clarke to his honourable place among writers of travels.

"Early in the spring of 1799," thus the author begins his narrative, "when Englishmen were excluded from almost every part of the European continent, by the distracted state of public affairs, four gentlemen of Jesus College, Cambridge, left their university for Yarmouth, intending to sail thence for Cuxhaven and Hamburg. The party consisted of Professor Malthus, the Rev. William Otter, John Marten Cripps, Esq. and the author of these travels. It was their intention to visit Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Lapland; countries seldom seen by literary men; and at this time less liable than any other to those political convulsions which agitated more frequented regions."

On the morning of the 25th of May, in the year above mentioned, the travellers made the island of Heligoland, of which

nothing now remains but the higher part, appearing like a huge mound rising out of the water. A map of this place, a very curious document, found in the island, having been presented to the author, is inserted into his book, exhibiting a once fertile territory, overspread with villages, citadels, and temples, adorned by woods and rivers, all of which have long sunk beneath the waves. The sea is continuing its encroachments, and the small remains of the island are following the fate of that which the waters have gradually covered.

The prospect of Altona and Hamburg, as they sailed up the Elbe, was very agreeable and striking. The commercial magnificence of the scene, with its forest of masts, and all the grand apparatus for receiving and pouring forth the wealth of the world, seems to exceed the naval scenery of the Thames, or of any other port of Europe. The streets of the city are narrow and wretchedly paved. The houses are lofty, and, though full of windows, have an air of gloomy grandeur. The centre of the edifice is usually occupied by the hall, which is of marble; in mosaic work, the ceilings are painted in the Italian taste, and the furniture and interior decorations are after the manner of the French. As the stay of the travellers was only a week in Hamburg, the knowledge acquired by them of the state of society in this city must have been slight and general. The probability is, however, that Dr. Clarke was not far from the truth in summing up the character of the Hamburgian in the comprehensive monosyllable *thrift*. We turn over, with little interest, the remaining leaves which relate to this city of princely traffickers, to follow our travellers northward in search of something more intellectual, casting back no look of regret towards a community whose literature, according to Dr. Clarke, appears to consist principally of licentious French publications, rendered more degrading by the most indecent prints. Whatever an Englishman and a Christian may be presumed to turn from with disgust, this respectable traveller is sure to mark with a manly reprobation. The fact is most honourable to him; and only as long as the substantial and educated part of his country sympathise with him in this feeling, will England maintain its superiority over the unblest population of France and Italy.

Upon the first of June, Dr. Clarke and his companions left Hamburg in a post waggon, drawn by four horses, on their route towards Lubeck. The environs of Hamburg he describes as being filled with numerous pretty villas, the seats of the merchants; but in a note we are further informed that all these rural habitations, as well as the beautiful private and public buildings between Altona and Hamburg, and the vistas of trees, so long the delight and boast of the inhabitants, have



been demolished by the French, under General Davoust. Who does not recal with horror these dreadful scenes and crimes, the author of which still lives in splendid impunity!

As the travellers approached Lubeck, the sun was going down over the isthmus of the Danish peninsula, and the tall spires of the city formed a noble object in the horizon. This place was regarded by the author as the proper beginning of his northern travels. It is situated at the confluence of several rivers, the largest of which is the Trave. The fortifications were in a perfect state; and the ramparts, covered with verdure, rose to a level with the tops of the houses. The streets might vie with those of the Dutch towns for neatness, cleanliness, and regularity. This city has the dignity of being the place wherein the famous Hanseatic league was entered upon in 1164; and it has also to boast of some men of literary eminence, among whom may be reckoned Kirchman, known by his celebrated work, "*De Funeribus Romanorum*." There are here some ancient structures; and among them the cathedral deserves notice, as well for its architecture, as for some paintings of the earliest age, since the revival of the arts, but more particularly for a clock of singular construction and high antiquity. The town is greatly inferior in size and population to Hamburg, but the houses are better built, and better furnished. One large door, wide enough to admit a coach, opens, in most of them, into a spacious hall, which apartment is sometimes really used as a coach-house.

Through Holstein the roads appear to be of the worst description, but the goodness of the horses enabled them to travel five miles within the hour. The cottages are described to be neat and clean, and the peasantry to be, in appearance, healthy, strong, and happy. The country, in general, was of the ordinary character of our own, sometimes diversified with hill and dale, but for the most part flat, with numerous lakes, inferior, indeed, to those of Switzerland, or of Cumberland and Westmoreland, but prettily ornamented with wood. A rough specimen of the country manners occurred at the inn, where, though it was Sunday, the boors were drinking, smoking, playing at cards, and quarrelling, agreeably to the delineations of Brouwer. Through Eutin and Pruz, very neat and well-built towns, on the borders of lakes, they proceeded to Kiel, which town is beautifully situate upon an inlet of the Baltic, and consists of one long handsome street, with a small square at the end of it. A visible difference began now to be observed in the countenances of the people, having lighter hair, fairer complexions, and milder aspects than the inhabitants of the more southern provinces, and generally so like the English, as frequently to be mistaken by the travellers for their own countrymen. The uni-

versity of Keil appear to possess nothing characteristic of a seat of learning, except a few rare books. The principal curiosity of the place seems to be the canal which unites the Baltic with the German Ocean. After crossing this canal, they left Holstein and entered the Duchy of Sleswick, in which the author notices again the remarkable resemblance of the natives to those of our own country.

After the passage across the Lesser and Greater Belt, the long twilight of the north began to allow of their travelling by night as well as by day. Leaving Corsoers two hours after midnight, in an open waggon, they were treated with the remarkable appearance of the sun-rise over the Baltic. It is well described by our author thus:

"The sky, at this moment, for a considerable extent near the horizon, was of a bright *green* colour; owing, possibly, to the *blue* colour of the sea, blended with the *yellow* hue of the impending atmosphere. There had been no real night: the twilight, spreading over a great part of the hemisphere above our heads, had never sunk below the horizon; and during half an hour before the sun's disk became visible, the tints of the sky exceeded any thing we had ever seen. The field of clouds above us resembled a splendid carpet, enriched by every diversity of colour. Toward the horizon, these colours were more intense and vivid; and the clouds, toward the *east*, resembled masses of burnished gold. From a vast distance behind us, in the *west*, immense heaps of vapour, and enormous columns of mist, majestically moved towards the quarter whence the *sun* was to issue, as to a focal point; when, suddenly, their concourse was interrupted, and their progress checked, by the bursting forth of the everlasting orb itself, in all its might; the floating masses instantly receding as they before advanced." (P. 60.)

Early in June, the party arrived at Copenhagen, which had risen from its ashes after the fire of 1795. The state of the arts and refinement in the capital, and, indeed, throughout the country, as far as it fell under his observation, Dr. Clarke reckons a whole century behind our own. The palace and gardens at Fredericksberg, a country-seat of the king, about two miles from Copenhagen, afforded but a poor specimen of the national taste. The gardens were formal, disposed in dusty walks, with long avenues, and Chinese bridges. The public walks in the city were equally defective in attraction to an English taste. They were, however, full of company; of the dress and appearance of whom we have no very flattering description. The same inferiority may be observed of the amusements, the literature, and manners of the people in general. The population of Copenhagen is reckoned at about 85,000 persons, and the male population of all the Danish islands, Zealand, Fionia, Laland, Langland, Moen, Falster, and Arrol, is considered as amounting only to half a million. Qf

this small population, the number of learned and intellectual men, is in a very small proportion. In every thing they do there is a characteristic littleness. Their museum is full of frivolities. We are told by Wolff, in his Northern Tour, that he went, in search of antiquities, to visit a man of virtue, who had a singular collection of keys of every description, from that of St. Peter, down to that of the most diminutive Venetian padlock. The arsenal, docks, and naval stores, were, however, every way worthy of admiration, for neatness, abundance, excellence of materials, and the order and good disposition of the vessels and stowage. Within the course of one year, nearly 4000 merchantmen had entered the port of Copenhagen, and 3870 had sailed from thence. The account of the royal review is interesting, and chiefly so by the picture it exhibits of the melancholy condition of the maniac king, and the peculiar mode of treating him.

"During the evening of *Thursday, June 15*, the *Crown Prince* reviewed 10,000 *Danish* troops. The weather was unfavourable, but we went to see the sight. The prevailing opinion among intelligent foreigners who were present was, that, notwithstanding the martial spirit of the Prince, and his passion for military affairs, his troops were awkward, and negligent of their duty. Some of the soldiers were eating in the midst of their marching manœuvres; others talking; the consequence of which was, that they were often (to use a technical term) *clubbed*, and in evident confusion. We approached very near to the royal tent, standing close to the entrance, where we had an opportunity of seeing the Royal Family. It was a melancholy sight; the poor King being allowed to walk in and out of the tent, and to exhibit the proofs of his mental derangement to all the bye-standers. A young officer, a sentinel at the door of the tent, with a drawn sword in his hand, attracted the King's notice: going up to him, his majesty made the most hideous grimaces close to his face, and poured forth, at the same time, a torrent of the lowest abuse. The conduct of this young subaltern was very commendable. Orders had been issued, that no notice should ever be taken of what the unfortunate monarch might say; nor any reply whatsoever be made to his questions: consequently, the officer stood fixed and immoveable as a statue; and, during the whole time that the King remained spluttering in his face, not a feature of his countenance was changed, but preserved the utmost firmness and gravity, as if unconscious that any person was addressing him. When the King observed that he could make no impression upon the object of his rage, his insanity took a different turn: and beginning to exhibit all sorts of antics before the different Ambassadors and Envoys who were collected before the entrance of the pavilion, he suddenly rushed into the tent. The persons present upon this occasion were, besides the King and the Crown Prince, the King's brother, who was deformed; the Princess Royal, in a riding habit; the King's nephew; the Ambassadors from France and Spain, the English Ministers, their Secretaries, and other Envoys, together with a variety of foreigners of

distinction who had been presented at the Danish Court." (P. 81, 82.)

In their way from Copenhagen, they passed a plain marble monument, which had been erected by the peasants in honour of the celebrated Count Bernstorff, prime minister of Denmark, who set the first example of emancipating his tenants from a system of feudal bondage, which was followed by the liberation of the crown tenants; till which event the farmers were scarcely above the condition of slaves.

The passage of the Sound is an affair only of half an hour, with a favourable wind. The travellers were landed on the Swedish coast in 25 minutes from their setting out. Their first remark was the inferiority of the Swedes in the point of cleanliness to the Danes, and this early impression was subsequently confirmed; but in many estimable qualities they had soon reason to give the preference greatly to the country they were now visiting. The general aspect of Sweden, as surveyed from the Baltic, is one continuous unbroken forest, of pine-trees mingled with birch and juniper. As the soil is thus overspread with wood, the population is consequently small. In the year 1776, that of all Sweden amounted only to two millions and a half. The party now pursued their journey, in little low waggons, the usual conveyance of the country, drawn by small but beautiful horses, remarkable for their speed and spirit. The roads are throughout the country the finest in the world. The dress of the female peasantry consists of a scarlet jacket placed over a sort of variegated waistcoat, short blue petticoats not reaching lower than the knees; a white handkerchief is loosely and elegantly bound over the head, and the feet are bare. The men are tall and strong, but not so stout as the Danes. The features are of one character; a long visage, with little colour, grey eyes, good teeth, and a mild expression.

The route of the travellers lay along the western coast, through a country abounding in gigantic features of woody and rocky scenery, till they reached Gotheborg or Gothenburg; whose commerce is of the highest importance to Sweden, and where the objects of trade appear to engross the attention of every individual. The place is second only to Stockholm, in extent, wealth, and population. It is fortified, has broad streets, and handsome houses, though built in general entirely of wood. The number of herrings taken in the fishery here amounts, sometimes, to the astonishing quantity of two millions of barrels in a single season, each barrel containing from 1200 to 1300. They are, for the most part, dried in smoke or consumed in making oil; 15 barrels of herrings yielding only one of oil.

"The great annual procession of the herring affords one of the

most wonderful subjects of natural history. Every year, a living tide, formed by these animals, begins to flow from the shores of *Spitzbergen*, towards the south, in one vast torrent of moving myriads; which being intercepted in its progress by the Island of *Great Britain*, separates into two great branches. One of these branches takes its course along our western shores: the other, steering down the *German Ocean*, visits with its teeming flood all the eastern side of our island, and all the western shores of *Norway*, *Sweden*, *Denmark*, &c.; bearing, wheresoever they go, and with the certainty of a returning season, the means of subsistence and employment for a very considerable portion of the human race. The fishermen of *Gothenburg* do not take them, as it is usual in most other countries, by bringing their nets to land: such is the prodigious multitude of the herrings, that having surrounded a shoal, they content themselves with dragging them near to the shore; where, contracting their nets so as to get them into as small a space as possible, the herrings are baled out with scoops. A more stupendous gift of Providence, to supply the wants of its creatures, is hardly offered to our consideration, in the history of mankind." (P. 99, 100.)

After passing through some beautiful defiles, covered with lofty pines, which reminded the travellers of the scenery of *Basle* and *Berne*, in *Switzerland*, always upon excellent roads, but in execrable post waggons, and highly taxed for bad accommodations and bad provisions, they arrived at *Trollhæta*, a town about two or three English miles out of the direct route, where the houses, being all constructed of deal planks, had the appearance of deal boxes. The cataracts or falls of this place are famous; but they did not answer the expectations which had been raised of them. That which is most worthy of attention here, is the new cut which was to effect a communication between the *Kattegat* and the *Baltic*. It consisted in the section of a rock of micaceous quartz, extending about three-eighths of a Swedish mile, in order to avoid all the cataracts.

The heat of the sun begins in this latitude to be very powerful with the earliest appearance of summer, and there is no spring. Upon the last day they were at *Gothenburg*, the 18th of June; the inhabitants said they had experienced only fifteen days of summer, the ice having thawed only on the 3d; but the mercury, in *Fahrenheit's* thermometer, in a north aspect, and in the shade, stood on that day at 74°.

The inn at *Trollhæta* is mentioned with approbation for its cleanliness and comfort; but the houses of the poorer inhabitants are dirty and disgusting, so as to affect the travellers with surprise at the health, strength, and tall athletic form of the people. The floors even of the superior houses are strewn with juniper, a practice not conducive to cleanliness; and the odour of the dying vegetables is disagreeable and unwholesome. The cottages

are roofed with planks of wood, over which fresh turf is laid, on which a quantity of grass springs up in the growing season.

From Trollhæta they proceeded to the Wener lake, one of the largest in Europe, by water, sometimes on a river and sometimes on a canal cut for completing the communication. At its southern extremity is situated the small town of Wenersburg, where they landed. The lake, though it has no very striking features, is surrounded by rocks; and being very clear and limpid, presents a beautiful combination of scenery. At Halleberg, a place at a little distance from Wenersburg, Professor Malthus and Mr. Otter parted company with Dr. Clarke and Mr. Cripps, whom they left to pursue their journey through Sweden, to the Arctic provinces of Lapland, themselves taking their departure for Norway. The route of Dr. Clarke and his companion lay along the eastern border of the lake Wener; and as they proceeded in this direction they were pleased at finding a striking difference in the condition of the cottages, which continued to improve in comfort as they proceeded. It was nine o'clock at night when they arrived at the village of Halby; and the description which the author gives of his entertainment at that place, at once reconciles us to Swedish hospitality. They could scarcely be prevailed upon to enter one of their little huts, expecting, from its external appearance, to find its interior like what they had hitherto found it in Swedish cottages; but, says the author,

"Our surprise was great, upon being immediately conducted into a neat little apartment; the floor of which, as usual, was strewn with juniper; but the table was covered with a white damask linen cloth, besides being provided with damask napkins, silver-handled knives and forks, silver spoons, and a pewter tureen, polished as bright as a mirror. In a few minutes, we had boiled fish, fresh from the lake, white soup, veal-cutlets, mutton smoked like ham, omlets, rusks, fresh butter, and many other delicacies. This repast began and ended with a dram of good French brandy and spring-water; and for the whole of our fare, our host demanded only a rix-dollar, about equal to four shillings of English money: seeming also so grateful for this payment, that, when we left the house, he bowed to the ground. The extraordinary cleanliness of this village, and the comfortable state of its tenants, may serve to confirm the remark which the author has elsewhere made, that persons dwelling upon the borders of large lakes are, generally speaking, much more cleanly in their manners, and better provided with the necessaries of life, than their more mediterranean countrymen." (P. 127, 128.)

This little incident is followed by an adventure which we are sure will entertain our readers; on that account therefore, and because it also opens to us a scene of hospitality peculiarly characteristic of this noble nation, we extract the account.

"As the day had been eventful, in the loss we had sustained of the

company of our friends, so the night proved a night of remarkable adventures. We crossed the ferry caused here by the narrow mouth of the *Denner Wiken*, which does not exceed half an *English* mile. It was now near midnight; and we entertained some doubts of the propriety of trusting ourselves to the discretion and guidance of two boys, who came yawning from the ferry-house. Taking our luggage from the carts, they hurried us on board a wretched skiff, about as long, but not so wide, as a *Thames* wherry. The wind was rather tempestuous; and the waves breaking into this narrow channel, like water boiling in a kettle, several times broke into the boat, and threatened to swallow her. Our fears increased, when we found, that, instead of crossing the narrow strait, our juvenile conductors were steering to some distant shore. We could not make them understand a word we said; so we waited the event patiently; while the two boys, evidently unable to manage the boat properly, paddled about, vainly struggling to keep their course. Presently we passed an island, and for some time meditated the probability of our being able to reach it, by swimming, if the boat should be upset. After much tedious anxiety, we at last reached the opposite shore: and here we found the *Swedish* servant whom we had hired as our interpreter, and who had gone before us to order horses, waiting our arrival. He surprised us by delivering a message from the wife of a *Swedish* officer, living near the shore, whose husband was absent from home, and who desired that we would pass the rest of the night in her house; saying, that we were not within reach of any inn, and at some distance from the public road. This polite and hospitable invitation, to persons who were perfect strangers, astonished us; but we hesitated not to accept of it; and we afterwards found, that such attention to strangers, whenever they have an opportunity of showing it, is always characteristic of the *Swedish* Gentry.

"It will be readily believed, that our surprise was not diminished, when we discovered, upon our arrival at this lady's mansion, that preparation had been already made for our coming. We entered an elegant saloon, and found lights burning before a large mirror, but saw nobody. A table, covered with such luxuries as the country afforded, appeared spread before a large sofa; and because it was known that the guests were *Englishmen*, such articles had been added as it was thought would prove gratifying to *English* palates. Accordingly, we had bottled beer, wheat-bread, milk, curds, eggs, fish, and confectionary. The whole scene reminded us of a tale often related to children, of a Prince who was served at a banquet by invisible hands; for, excepting our own servants, we saw no one; we heard no one. When supper was ended, an old Duenna made her appearance, and offered to attend us to our rooms. We were conducted to two neat apartments; when, as this respectable-looking dame was about to disappear, and making her curtsy, we expressed a desire to see the lady of the house, to whom we were indebted for the extraordinary hospitality we had received. Our request was conveyed to her; but she sent her apologies, perhaps in consequence of the absence of her husband. The next morning we were told that he had arrived from a distant journey soon after we retired to rest: we therefore rose to breakfast with him,

and to express our acknowledgments. He met us as we were leaving our rooms, gave us a hearty welcome, conducting us to the breakfast-table, and introducing us to his wife, a handsome and pleasing young woman, who invited us to take our seats; while her husband, according to the usual custom of his country, presented to each of us a dram. We then began our breakfast, at which tea was first served: this being removed, a collation followed, consisting of cold pigeons, salted salmon, pancakes, rusks, &c. Our host informed us that he was an officer in the *Swedish* service: but that he had retired, to cultivate an estate of which he became possessed by his marriage with the lady to whom we were now introduced. The name of his little settlement is *Sjoryd*: it is a village, consisting only of his own mansion, and a few cottages belonging to his peasants. His garden, extending in an easy declivity from the front of his house to the lake, contained an abundance of fruit-trees, which were in full blossom. From his windows he commanded a noble prospect of part of the *Wener*, and the objects surrounding the *Denner Bay*. He showed to us a chart of the *Wener*, published by *Marelius* of *Stockholm*, in two sheets. His wife was dressed according to the rustic fashion of *Swedish* ladies; wearing her hair parted above the forehead, and falling down on either side, in long, straight, and loose locks. In this manner, also, the *Swedish* officers generally wear their hair." (P. 128—131.)

The honest, high-spirited character of the Swede is more illustrated as the travellers extend their progress northward; all that they now saw of the society convinced them that the real *Swedish* gentleman is an honour to his country and to mankind. An uncommonly severe winter, of more than usual duration, had caused a general dearth of provisions; many of the houses and barns had been unroofed, the thatch having been torn off to supply fodder: the bones of famished cattle, which had perished during the winter, were every where visible; "Yet," says Dr. Clarke, "in what other country of the world will the houseless stranger meet with a reception like that which we experienced in the *Sjoryd*?"

On the morning of the 23d of June, the travellers rose early and left the town of *Mariestadt*, on the borders of the lake *Wener*, taking their leave of that beautiful expanse of water, its rocks, and its woods. They proceeded to *Bodarne* on the margin of the little lake of that name. Here from the windows of the post-house a scene of great beauty presented itself; the waters being interspersed with islands covered with thick embowering trees. This lake is one of the sources of a river which connects other lakes with each other and with the *Baltic Sea*. When they reached *Orebro*, it was within half an hour of midnight; "nothing, however," says the author "but the hour would have convinced us that it was night; we were able to read books printed in the smallest types by the mere twilight, which at this time shone with a gleaming radiance upon the roofs and chimneys of



all the houses in Orebro. This place is situated at the western extremity of the lake Hiernar; it is of considerable size, having, like all the Swedish towns, straight streets, a spacious market-place, and regular courses of wooden and plaster houses." The journey from Orebro to Fellingsbro exhibits a scenery of a very peculiar character.

"If the reader," says our author, "were to imagine one of the finest parks in England extending over an undulating district of hills and dales, through which a road passes to the house of some wealthy nobleman, as perfect in its nature, and made of as fine materials as the walks of Vauxhall Gardens, upon which the most delicate female, dressed for court, might walk without injury to her satin shoes, and by the side of which the noblest forest trees flourish to a prodigious height, and in the greatest luxuriance, he will have some idea of this part of our journey. In all this route, whenever any houses are seen, at this season of the year, they have the singular appearance of being covered with green meadows fit for mowing. These houses are built of whole trunks of trees, placed horizontally, one above another, with oakum and moss between them to keep out the rain; the outside is daubed over with red ochre and tar, which gives them a gay appearance, and preserves the wood from rotting."

As they approached Barkarby, on the lake Mœlar, the views became remarkably grand of the lake and its numerous islets, and of the pine trees growing among the immense rocks; a scene unequalled in the author's opinion by any thing in Europe, except that of the lake Locarno in Italy, and Loch Lomond in Scotland.

The approach to Stockholm, which is only ten English miles and a half from Barkarby, affords no idea of the vicinity of a metropolis. You enter the town without any previous view of it. As it was a great object to reach the arctic regions before the season should be too far advanced for witnessing a midnight sun, Dr. Clarke and Mr. Cripps made but a short stay at Stockholm, intending a second visit to that city on their return at the end of the autumn. But Dr. Clarke adds a note from Mr. Blomfield's manuscript journal, in which so lively a panorama is presented of the city of Stockholm, that though it is a little long, we are sure it will not be a tedious extract.

"*Barkarby* was the last stage before we arrived at *Stockholm*, and only ten *English* miles distant. The approach to the metropolis of a kingdom, through which we had travelled for a week without encountering one being who appeared civilized, one place which could remind us of the character of an ingenious and intelligent people, was the source of considerable curiosity. As we drew nearer, the country became more romantic, and yet not the less cultivated, in parts where cultivation was possible. The *Mœlar* made its appearance more fre-

quently; and lofty rocks, covered with pine, interrupted the straight course of our road. There were, however, no symptoms of that luxury and wealth which, in the neighbourhood of a metropolis, decorate the country around with villas, seats, and lodges; and convert the real enjoyments of rural retirement into the frippery and affectation of town rurality. As in other districts through which we had passed, a solitary cabin stood on the edge of a forest; a village spire enlivened the deep green of the firs; and a cart occasionally proved the existence of something like traffic. Within two miles, as we had calculated, of *Stockholm*, a long fence and a gravel-walk here and there, in a wood, gave tokens of a country-seat in the *English* taste. This we afterwards learnt was the Royal seat of the *Haga*. Whilst we were wondering at our miscalculation of the distance of the long-expected *Stockholm*, we were stopped at a wooden building; and an ill-dressed man demanded to search our boxes. We delivered up our keys; and, to our extreme astonishment, found that this was the entrance to the renowned city of *Charles the Twelfth*. Beyond, was a narrow street, if street it might be called, formed by red wooden pales on the one side, and a row of red wooden houses on the other. Trees in regular disposition, of the height of ten feet, the circumference of whose branches might be about four feet, shaded, on one side, the long avenue before us. As we proceeded, houses of plaster enlivened the long-continued red hue of the buildings, and here and there a broken window varied the uniformity. In a short time, the grand street, called, by way of eminence, *Drötnings Gatan*, or Queen Street, burst upon us. The difference between this street and those seen at *Gotthenburg* was nothing: the same regularity of the façades, the same appearance of poverty, and want of cleanliness, characterized them both. The houses were lofty; the windows flat, and even with the walls, opening like casements: no shop-windows exposing to view the goods within; no appearance of trade; no crowd in the streets. An awkward carriage or two, like an old-fashioned *English* whiskey on four wheels, conveyed a few ill-dressed females to pay their morning visits. Foot-passengers, in default of foot-pavement, were hurrying in all directions, to avoid the unbending course of the coachman; and military men, in huge round hats, towered above the rest, with feathers of portentous size. Such was our entrance into *Stockholm*. For about three-quarters of a mile, the same sort of view was presented. On a sudden, the scene changed, and we found ourselves in a spacious square, surrounded on all sides by buildings of a most magnificent description. On our right rose, above a large and rapid stream, a superb pile of architecture, connected with the square by a broad bridge of granite, and commanding at one view the innumerable buildings, streets, and avenues below it. In the centre of the square stood an equestrian colossal statue of bronze, upon a pedestal of polished granite. On each side, lofty palaces corresponded to each other; and between these and the first vast building the winding of the lake admitted an extensive view of the city, rising like an amphitheatre, and the rocks still farther in the distance. The whole *coup d'œil* was enchantment. Nothing we had ever read or seen could give an idea of the singular magnificence of such a pros-

pect..... We proceeded over the bridge, and passed at the foot of the Palace. On turning to the right, the view of innumerable shipping, and a fine broad quay, increased our admiration. On the opposite side of the water, lofty houses rose one above another; the dome of a church above them; seeming to look down upon the water and city below. It is impossible to describe the effect of the whole, at first sight;—the most romantic country imaginable, surrounding a populous city, rising amidst rocks and forests." *Blomfield's MS. Journal.* (P. 150, 151.)

Dr. Clarke, however, lets us down again from this lofty idea of architectural magnificence by informing us that, on a closer inspection it will be found that, as at Petersburg, these superb edifices are, for the most part, built of bricks, white-washed, or covered with lath and plaster, with Corinthian pillars made of wood and mortar.

As the travellers proceeded north of the capital, the country improved upon them in cultivation, cleanliness, and comfort. Dr. Clarke gives us a pleasing account of his treatment at the post-house at Yfire, a town at some distance from Upsal, once the metropolis of Sweden, and famous for its university. Health, cheerfulness, and industry, seemed every where to prevail in this part of Sweden. The forests were giving up the ground to agriculture, and large plantations of hops in a thriving state, were frequently seen. The description of the cataracts of the Dal or Dalh, which appeared to be far superior to those at Trollhæta, is very curious and interesting. The height of the fall is not above forty feet; but the whole river being precipitated among dark projecting rocks produces a very striking effect. The remarkable situation of the sawing-mills, by the different cataracts, both in Sweden and Norway, are among the most extraordinary objects in these countries. The mill which the author describes himself to have seen in this place was built with the unplanned trunks of large fir trees: the saws are fixed in sets parallel to each other, the spaces between them, in each set, being adapted to the intended thickness for the planks. A whole tree is thus divided into planks by a simultaneous operation. Ten planks, each ten feet in length, were sawed in five minutes; one set of saws working through two feet of timber in a single minute.

"A ladder, sloping from the mill into the midst of the Cataract, rested there upon a rock: which enabled us to take a station in the midst of the roaring waters. On all sides of the Cataract, close to its fall, and high above it, and far below it, and in the midst of the turbulent flood, tall pines waved their shadowy branches, wet with the rising dews. Some of these trees were actually thriving upon naked rocks, from which the dashing foam of the torrent was spreading in wide sheets of spray. Another feature in this singular scenery was presented by artificial piers, projecting from the sides of the river,

and constructed as snares for salmon; nets being attached to the piers. Among the living objects, were some of the children of the inhabitants, with their naked legs and red night-caps, perched upon the different crags over the Cataract, and calmly angling, with the utmost indifference either to the terror or the grandeur of the spectacle to which they were opposed. The bridge below the Cataract, although built entirely of timber, seemed strong, and well contrived to sustain the concussion to which it was liable. Its piers were defended by a series of treble wedges, such as we had never seen before. Many of our stone bridges in *England* have been carried away in situations where the pressure of the water has never equalled that which is here experienced, and where a similar mode of resistance might probably have saved them." (P. 181, 182.)

In their route from Gifle, the neatness of the cottages, the excellence of the roads, and above all, the beauty and singularity of the scenery, drew forth the admiration of Dr. Clarke and his companion. No turnpike roads in *England* are to be compared with the roads of Sweden; the mile-stones are elegantly formed of cast-iron, and standing on pedestals of large stones. On either side are beautiful lakes, with their islands darkly wooded with luxuriant fir trees, and with their rising shores crowned with lordly pines. The churches are no less peculiar and local in their architecture; being neither Gothic, nor Greek, nor Roman. The belfry standing apart from the building, is all of wood, covered with shingles, carved and wrought into fanciful shapes like the scales of fishes, and painted of a deep red colour.

In proportion as the traveller advances northward he finds the charges for his board and lodging diminish, until at last, in the provinces lying to the north of the Gulf of Bothnia, no demand whatever is made, and he can only remunerate his host by some trifling present of tobacco, or by a few English needles, or some other little offering made to the women of the family. Even at the commercial town of Gefle, the bill for a whole day's entertainment for four persons was only four shillings of English money. The stage from Hamranze to Skog, eighteen British miles in length, which conducted them out of the province of Gestrícia into Helsingoland, is recorded with great vivacity of description.

"The scenery," says Dr. Clarke, "was precisely similar to that which we have so recently described;—avenues through forests; extensive lakes, adorned with islands & wooden cottages; and here and there a few spots of land inclosed for cultivation, where an opening among the trees allowed of our seeing them. Judging from what we had already noticed, we considered the *North of Sweden* as being by much the finest part of the country; not only with respect to the scenery it exhibits, but to the industrious habits, the moral disposition, the cleanliness,

and the opulence, of the inhabitants. Upon the borders of the lakes, as we passed, we saw some Gentlemen's Seats. Being *Sunday*, the female peasants were lying upon the ground, by the water-side, reading their Bibles; and when we met or overtook any of them upon the road, each of them had a Bible in her hands, carefully wrapped in a clean pocket-handkerchief. At the door of every post-house, a sign is suspended; not to announce "Good entertainment for man and horse;" because this, to the utmost ability of his host, the traveller finds everywhere, as a matter of course, in this land of hospitality and benevolence: it is to give him accurate information of the distance of either of the two stages; that which he has already passed, or the next which he has to make. *D'Archenholz*, in one of the most entertaining works of the kind extant, amuses his readers by contrasting the *English* with the *Italian* people; as we have endeavoured to do, by opposing the latter to the *Swedes*, among whom many of the best characteristics of our countrymen are conspicuous. There is no other reason why they should appear in the same picture, than that the difference of national manners can in no other point of view be rendered more striking. In *Italy*, the costume varies with almost every stage of a traveller's journey; and sometimes three or four changes may be observed in the same town; merely by crossing a bridge, or by stepping out of one street into another; as it so remarkably happens in the *Neapolitan* territory. In *Sweden*, go east, west, north, or south, there can hardly be said to be any change of costume. A change of colour, indeed, sometimes distinguishes the inhabitants of one province from those of another; but the dress is, in other respects, the same everywhere. A broad-brimmed hat, with a crown made as low as possible, a black ribband being always tied round it, distinguishes the holiday-dress of the men; and this, on days of labour, is changed for a red cap. The common notions entertained of *Sweden* are, that it is a very *alpine* country; but a traveller may journey almost all over it, without seeing one of its mountains. The only part of *Sweden*, that we had yet traversed, which could with any propriety be called a *mountainous* district, occurred in our journey from *Skog* to *Söderala*: and here the mountains were not lofty; but they were so luxuriantly mantled with *fir*, *birch*, *beech*, *juniper*, *dog-wood*, and *mountain-ash* trees, and exhibited such bold declivities and varied undulations, that it surpassed every thing we had yet beheld in the country. Before our arrival at *Skale*, the noise of roaring waters again announced the vicinity of a *Cataract*. We were in the midst of a gloomy forest; but, all at once, the dark scenery of the surrounding woods opened upon such a view of the *Ljusna*, as no pen can describe: it burst upon us, in all its terrific grandeur; the whole tide collected from all its tributary lakes and rivers, throughout its course from the *Norwegian* Alps, in one vast torrent, clamorously and impetuously foaming and rushing to the *Bothnian Gulph*. A bridge, constructed of whole trunks of fir-trees, divested only of their bark, stretched across this furious torrent, to the distance of one hundred yards; presenting one of the most picturesque objects imaginable. Above this bridge, the river is a quarter of a mile broad; and growing wider as it recedes from the eye of a person

here placed, it is distantly divided by promontories, projecting from its sides until they almost meet, and covered with tall trees; thereby forming straits which connect it with other seeming lakes, equally beautiful, beyond them; and which appear more remotely terminated by a ridge of mountains, closing the prospect. But, in this amazing spectacle, all is freshness and animation; the utmost liveliness, and light, and elegance, exhibited by the distant sheets of water, combined with all the energy and tremendous force of the *cataract*, making the bridge, upon which the spectator stands, shake under his feet, as if it were rocked by an earthquake." (P. 192—195.)

A very pleasing anecdote is here related illustrative of that simple and manly honesty which, according to our author, is every where characteristic of the Swede. In paying the money to the driver, there was something over, which he was desired to keep for himself; and the travellers were driving off, when the man ran after the carriage crying out that they had not received the change: the interpreter was desired to make him understand what was intended; "I understood the gentlemen," said he, somewhat impatiently; "but is it not proper that I should give them what is due to them, and then if they think proper to bestow any thing upon me, they may act as they please." These men were always satisfied with the smallest donation. After such characteristics we are hardly surprised to be told that among this people robbery and murder are almost unknown. No instances occurred during Dr. Clarke's whole journey through Sweden of his losing any thing by theft or fraud. As they proceeded northward, new beauties of nature continued to excite their admiration. "Words," says the author, "can give no adequate idea of the changeful scenery; hills, mountains, valleys, forests, lakes, islands, rocks, rivers, cataracts; every feature of nature that the poet or painter can picture to his imagination. . . . Some of those views would call to mind the pleasing illusions, which, during a peaceful sleep, fancy may have created, but which the mind never expects to see realized." The beauty of the country increases upon them as they journey northward, and so does the happiness and prosperity of the people. The soil is not a very grateful one, but the industry of the Norrlanders has overcome its nature. The remarkable appearance of the sky in this high latitude deserves to arrest the attention of the reader.

"In our next stage, to *Gumboda*, the atmosphere exhibited a very remarkable appearance; clouds, tinged by the setting sun with hues of a glowing red, appearing, at the same moment, with other clouds coloured by his rising. The horizon was literally in a blaze, throughout the whole intervening space between the point where the sun went down, and that whence he was to re-appear; which took place at half after one, as nearly as we could determine by our watches. There was not anywhere to be discerned one sombre tint, or em-

browning shadow; all was light as noon. And as the dew had fallen so copiously when the sun disappeared, so, previously to his rising, it was again exhaled in dense vapours, ascending like smoke, white as milk, filling all the valleys, and skirting the sides of the forests." (P. 242.)

We are surprised by an account of a church at Skellefteo, on the borders of Lapland, which Dr. Clarke pronounces a beautiful structure. It is in the form of a Greek cross, and not unlike our own metropolitan church; but excelling most of our sacred edifices in the elegance and accommodation of the interior. A great number of peasants were crowding thither to prepare for the duties of the following day, which was the sabbath. When the travellers approached any of them they stood bareheaded by the side of the carriage, bowing till it was gone by.

Torneo was in sight, and the travellers were now in Swedish Lapland, elated by the successful progress of their undertaking. To their great surprise they saw houses in this remote region of two stories, with sashed windows, and painted palisades in front. They crossed the pier head, and found it covered with barrels of tar ready for exportation. The streets of the town were covered with long grass, which was reserved for mowing. Goods of various sorts were offered to sale in the shops. Each dwelling house forms a square, surrounded principally by warehouses, containing stock-fish, and rein-deer skins, the two chief articles of trade in Torneo. The other articles of exportation are iron, deal planks, tar, butter, pickled and smoked salmon, and dried meat. Their imports are corn, flour, flax, hemp, salt, woollen cloth, coarse linen, tobacco, and spices. The resident traders go regularly in the winter into Lapland to buy furs, butter, stock-fish, &c. The following particulars related in the book before us, give us a picturesque view of the Laplander's life.

"From the mountains around, the most magnificent views are exhibited of the lake and its numerous islands: those islands are covered with trees, and inhabited by *Laplanders*; the lakes of *Esara* and *Torneo* being almost the only parts of *Lapland* which they do not desert in summer for the shores of *Norway*, going there to fish. Of the *Laplanders*, those who migrate are always poor. The wealthier *Laplanders* are less vagrant in their habits; they possess from a thousand to fifteen hundred rein-deer, the only riches this people know; and the whole distinction between wealth and poverty consists in the possession or want of these animals. The poorest of all the *Laplanders* are those who betake themselves to the cultivation of land; for they never turn farmers until they are completely ruined: when such an event happens, they settle by the side of some river, and, for the first time, endeavour to gain a subsistence by clearing the soil, and cultivating little patches of land. Such efforts may be considered as the

germs of all the furs which are found upon the banks of the Arctic rivers. On the first of November, a fair begins at Enara, which lasts until the sixth; and thither the traders repair, to purchase rein-deer skins, stock-fish, and all kinds of fur. The Torneo merchants do not start upon their grand expedition towards the North, before February. It is said, that this march constitutes one of the most remarkable sights that can be imagined. Each merchant has in his service from five to six hundred rein-deer, besides thirty Laplanders, and other servants. One person is able to guide and manage about fifteen rein-deer, with their sledges. They take with them merchandize to the amount of three thousand rix-dollars. This consists of silver-plate, in the form of drinking-vessels, spoons, &c. They also carry cloth, linen, butter, brandy, and tobacco, all of which they take to Norway. Upon this occasion, they display as much magnificence as possible. The rein-deer are set off with bells and costly trappings. We saw some of their collars made of buff kerseymere, embroidered with flowers. The procession formed by a single merchant's train will extend two or three English miles. Provisions of every kind are carried with them; and, among these, their own candles. Their dealing with the Lapps is not transacted by means of money, but in the way of barter. As a preparation for the coming of these merchants, the Lapps begin to hunt the bear in the autumn, as soon as the first snow falls, by which they track him to his den. This being ascertained, a single man sets out, attended by his dog, and armed with a pole pointed with a quadrangular piece of iron. The dog assaults the bear, as soon as he is discovered; and the bear rising on his hind legs to seize the dog, is made the victim of the Laplander, who plunges the pointed pole into his heart. The route observed by the Torneo merchants differs; but the same family adheres, for years, to the same route. Some ascend the Kiemi and Aunis rivers; others go up the Torneo and Muonio. Some go as far as the North Cape; others only to the sources of the rivers; or to Enara and to Alten. The principal article of commerce with which they return, consists in rein-deer skins. Of these, they bring back thousands; to which are added bear skins, some white fox skins, and the skins of wild cats. The price of the best rein-deer skins in Torneo was a rix-dollar (three shillings English) for each skin. For a bear skin, if large, they asked twenty dollars. All articles of domestic use are dear in Torneo. Loaf-sugar sold for 3s. 4d. the pound. Tea, notwithstanding their commerce with India, was universally bad. Hyson sold for nine shillings the pound; the black teas from six to nine. Wheat flour, all round the Gulph, sold at the rate of 3s. 4d. for 20lbs. Rye was eight rix-dollars the ton: barley, four rix-dollars and sixteen sous; salt, four rix-dollars twenty-four sous. Medicines, if good for any thing, were from England; but they are often adulterated. In the list, we saw bark, opium, saline purgatives, emetic powders, &c. We paid twenty-four shillings, English, for a pound of bark: but when we came to use it, there was not a grain of genuine bark in the whole pound. The imposition, however, was not of Swedish origin: it bore this inscription, "Fine English Bark." Bookbinders are found in all the small towns of Sweden; but their charges



are high. For binding a single volume, in *Torneo*, they demanded a *rix-dollar*. The price would not have been greater in *England*." (P. 276—279.)

The town of *Torneo* consists of two principal streets, nearly half an English mile in length. The houses are all of wood. If an Englishman were suddenly transported into the midst of *Torneo*, his first impression would be, that he was surrounded by a number of faggot stacks, heaped by the water side for exportation, rather than by inhabited houses. The inn is described as being neat and comfortable.

"The dinner, which, without any previous notice, was placed before us, will show something of the manner and condition of the inhabitants. It consisted of *pickled salmon*, *chocolate milk*, by way of *soup*, *pancakes*, a kind of cakes called *diet-bread*, *rye-biscuit*, and *rein-deer cheese*. For our beverage, we had bottled *Swedish beer*, not unlike *Cambridge ale*, and *Moselle* and *Pontac wines*. Afterwards we had *tea*, served as in *England*." (P. 279, 280.)

The principal merchants of the place visited them at their inn, and bade them welcome. There is nothing in their costume very different from our own. The number of inhabitants amounts to about six or seven hundred. The churches appear to be well filled, and the duty of the sabbath is never neglected. The church of Sweden knows neither heresy nor schism, and the whole inhabitants appear to live in great harmony and friendship.

They now set out on their journey to the interior of Lapland, accompanied by Mr. Pipping, son of one of the *Torneo* merchants, who had been accustomed to attend the annual expeditions to the North Cape, and who volunteered his services as an interpreter, for which they were to pay him half a crown, English, a day. Their beds were a portable kind of frame work, on which might be laid a couple of rein-deer skins. Soon after leaving *Torneo* they passed a small fishery, consisting only of an inclosure made by driving a palisade of stakes into a shallow part of the river near the shore. Within the palisade draught nets are used, by means of which the owners sometimes take from 1000 to 1200 salmon in a single night. The cataracts were the next feature that attracted their notice; the rivers that fall into the north gulph of Bothnia being full of rapids, up which the boatmen force their vessels with long poles in a surprising manner. Their journey was now entirely by the rivers and lakes. The only food of the inhabitants consisted of rye, biscuit, salted fish, and a mixture of fermented sour milk and water, which the Laplanders call *pima*, and of which they are extremely fond. The picture which Dr. Clarke gives us of these simple, hardy, and contented people reverses all the ideas we have been used to

entertain of them. It is impossible to peruse his narrative without a strong desire to pursue his track; were we not driven from any such purpose by the formidable account which is given us of the incessant attacks of the mosquitos, which to an impressible skin leaves no interval of quiet night or day.

At three o'clock, on the 15th of July, 1799, Dr. Clarke and his companions passed the boundary of the temperate and frigid zones, latitude  $66^{\circ} 30'$ , and Fahrenheit's thermometer stood as high as  $68^{\circ}$  in the most shaded situation. The number of mosquitos swarming in the forests actually spread a mist before their eyes. To avoid their assaults it was necessary to wear veils. The country, however, continued to cheer them with prospects beautiful and sublime, and the air was every where scented with the fragrance of the *Linnæa borealis*, with their blossoms protected by myriads of these insects. The author speaks highly of their little white cows, no bigger than sucking calves, but yielding milk of the greatest excellence in quality. The account of the sledges, and that most useful animal the rein deer, is worthy of being presented to our readers.

"Here we dined, at a little farm called *Kartenjemi*; one of the neatest and cleanliest houses that can be conceived. The tables, walls, doors, ceilings, and floors, were quite polished with the daily scrubbing they underwent; and being all of white deal, nothing could look more purely neat. Here we saw the winter-sledges, lying in readiness for the *Torneo* trade; fifty of them belonging to our *Lapland* interpreter's father, Mr. *Pipping*. These sledges are all drawn by rein-deer; but so tractable is this animal, that a single person in the foremost sledge guides fifteen following at the same time. With these sledges were also the sort of skates used very generally throughout *Lapland* and *Finmark*, which are called *skiders*. The *skiders* are made of wood: those which we measured here were seven feet and a half in length, and four inches broad. It is said, that, using these *skiders*, they will overtake bears, and even wolves, in full flight. There is no difficulty of conceiving a practicability of descending hills, or of moving over plains, with such instruments: the only thing that puzzled us was, to account for the facility with which they also ascend any steep acclivity: and as we never saw the *skiders* in use, we are unable to explain it. There is an engraved representation of the manner of using them in the very rare work of *Canute Leems*; but in that plate the *Laplanders* are figured as descending from the summit of a mountain. The same author has given an account of their surprising address in using them, and of the velocity with which they make their way over the tops of mountains. They are mentioned also by *Scheffer*, and by *Olaus Rudbeck* the younger; the last of whom says, "that, with these skates, the *Laplanders* will overtake the swiftest wild-beasts, as *elks*, *rein-deer*, *stags*, and *bears*." A much more copious account is given of them by *Scheffer*; together with a curious wood-cut, representing a *Laplander* with these skates upon his feet, bearing in his left hand a

cross-bow, and in his right hand a pole, by which he pushes himself along. *Scheffer's* account is too long for insertion here, even in a note; but as it relates to the most important hunting-instruments of a people who may be said to live by hunting, it may be well to refer to the work. He says, he has seen them ascend the summits of the mountains. The same thing is observed by *Saxo-Grammaticus*; who describes them as leaving the valleys, and, by a tortuous ascent, scaling the very tops of the Norwegian Alps. All *Laplanders* are not equally skilful in using *skiders*: those of *Umeo Lapmark*, for example, are considered as more dexterous than the *Laplanders* of *Luleo*. A curious circumstance is related by *Olaus Magnus*: he says that they cover the *skiders* with the skins of young rein-deer, which obstruct a retrograde movement, by acting like bristles against the snow; the roots pointing towards the fore part of the skate, and thus preventing their slipping back. The same thing was mentioned to us here; although, being summer time, the *skiders* were destitute of their hairy coating. Mr. *Pipping* said that he could skate with them; but that a *Laplander* would laugh at his awkwardness, if he were to exhibit such a proof of his skill. The use of the *skiders* gave rise to the appellation of *Skrifinni*, by which the Antients designated the people using these skates; called *Skrüda* by the *Swedes*: the same people are named *Scriefinni* by *Saxo-Grammaticus*. In pursuit of the bear, by means of these instruments, the sole object of the huntsman is to get before the animal, and then, with a short pole, which he carries, to strike him a violent blow upon the nose; when he is easily secured. So violent is this exercise, and such the rapidity of the motion, that, during the most rigorous season of the year, the *Laplander*, when earnestly engaged in the chase, will divest himself of his furs, and appear almost naked." (P. 315—318.)

Their method of killing the bear is thus described:

"July 17.—Here we saw the instrument used by the natives in killing bears. Our host had destroyed twelve with his own hand. This weapon is nothing more than a pole, with a stout quadrangular iron pike at one end, and a small wheel at the other to prevent its sinking in the snow. The hunter, upon the first fall of snow, tracks the bear to his den; which is generally nothing more than a hollow bank, with a few overhanging boughs covered with snow, beneath which canopy the bear sleeps. A dog is then employed to attack the bear; barking and teasing the animal, until he rises upon his hinder feet to seize his adversary; at which critical juncture, the huntsman, who all this while has stood concealing the iron point of his pole beneath his left thigh, suddenly advances, and plunges the pike in his heart. It is a most desperate and dangerous enterprize: the slightest failure, either as to the direction of the blow, or the force with which it is administered, would be followed by a cruel death. Our worthy host, now advanced in years, took off his clothes, to show us the horrid scars upon his back and left shoulder, where the flesh had once been torn from his bones during an attack of this kind: in his struggle with the enormous bear, he would have been infallibly torn to pieces, if his

brother had not fortunately hastened to his assistance. Generally, in bear-hunting, there is only a single person with his dog; as it is necessary that the dog should altogether engross the animal's attention, until the blow is given. The object of hunting the bear is to supply the *Torneo* merchants with skins when they arrive, during their annual expedition to *North Cape*." (P. 322, 323.)

The travellers were now in a latitude in which, if they could have attained any height above the level of the trees, there was every reason to believe they would have beheld the sun above the horizon at midnight; but the general flatness of the country, and its uninterrupted forests, prevented them. Its beams were, however, perceivable at every hour of the night upon the tops of the trees. The only proper indication of its being night was a sensible diminution of temperature, and an abundant fall of dew. All the flowers were blooming around them, and the continual piping of the beccasine was heard through the night as if it were day in all its glory. The author gives us an account of a visit by him and his companions to the tugurium of a nomade Laplander, living in his wild uncultivated state, which is extremely entertaining.

"Upon the top of this hill stood a single tent of the Laplanders, constructed as before described. By the side of it, hanging to dry, were cakes of cheese, newly made; and hard by, penned within several folds, two or three hundred rein-deer; whose grunting, as we drew near to them, exactly resembled that of so many hogs. The Lapland boy had before requested that we would allow him to run forward, and advertise his father of our coming, that he might, as he literally expressed it, be dressed to receive us: but we forbade it, desiring to see his family in their usual state of living. We now advanced, and threw open the door of the tent: it was full of inmates, about seven persons in all, two men and two women, besides children. We presented them with the two offerings most likely to ensure a welcome; namely, brandy and tobacco; the women swallowing the former as greedily as the men, who, as it is well known, will almost part with life itself for the gratification of dram-drinking. We now seated ourselves with them in their tent. They had dark hair and tawny skins, but there was no appearance of filthiness. Their shirts were made of leather; their scull-caps, either of woollen-cloth, or of black plush; their shoes, seldom worn in summer, were of the same nature as the *labkas* of the Russians, made of matted birch-bark. The outer garments of men and women, resembling a Capuchin's cowl, fastened round the waist with a sash. This outer covering is only worn when they are abroad; and then they carry provisions in the large pouch which the bosom affords: this is, moreover, their summer dress. After we had sate for some time, a girl came in, who had been tending the rein-deer; her father being on the outside, in close conversation with Mr. Pipping, our Lapland interpreter. We had previously given to this man the remainder of our brandy, about a pint, thinking he would husband it

with great care; and we had seen him place it behind him, upon his bed, near the skirting of the tent. As soon as the girl entered, we called to Mr. *Pipping*, desiring him to prevail upon the father to allow his daughter a taste of the *brandy*, as she had lost her share by being absent. The old man made no answer; but, upon our repeating the request, he silyly crept round the outside of the tent, until he came to the spot where the *brandy* was; when, thrusting his arm silently beneath the skirting, he drew it out, and swallowed the whole contents of the bottle at a draught. We now offered to buy some *rein-deer* cheese, which is white, and not unlike the *Cottenham* cheese made near *Cambridge*; he said he would supply us with any quantity for *brandy*, but refused money. Another *Lapp* brought us some of the cheese, as a present, hoping to get a dram; but our stock of spirituous liquor was already consumed. The *brandy* seemed, moreover, to have taken effect; for the chief, looking very wise, began to sing. We begged for a *Lapland* song, and it was granted. With both his fists clenched, and thrusting his face close to that of Mr. *Pipping*, as if threatening to bite him, he uttered a most fearful yell: it was the usual howl of the *Laplanders*, consisting of five or six words repeated over and over, which, when translated, occur in this order:

Let us drive the Wolves!  
 Let us drive the Wolves!  
 See they run!  
 The Wolves run!

The boy also, our former guide, sang the same ditty. During their singing, they strained their lungs so as to cause a kind of spasmodic convulsion of the chest, which produced a noise like the braying of an ass. In all this noise there was not a single note that could be called musical; and it is very remarkable, that the *Laplanders* have not the smallest notion of music. *Acerbi*, than whom, perhaps, there does not exist in *Europe* a better judge of music, was forced to stop his ears with his fingers when he heard a *Laplander* attempting to sing. "If the wolf," said he, "be within hearing when they sing, it is no wonder that he should be frightened away." Neither have they any national dance; being entirely strangers to an exercise which, with the exception of this singular people, seems to be common to the whole human race, and from the practice of which even brute animals are not exempted. The tent, excepting as to its form, which was conical, hardly differed from the common tent of our *English* Gipsies. We have described the manner of its construction, upon a former occasion. In the centre was the fire-place; over which two chains, fastened above, to two transverse bars of wood, served to suspend their kettles. These *nomade Laplanders* devour more animal food than those who dwell in settled habitations, and cultivate the soil: with them, also, the means of subsistence are always abundant; but they are a pigmy swarthy race, of stunted growth and most diminutive stature, and by no means to be compared in strength or size with those of their countrymen who work harder and fare worse. When they lie down to sleep, they contract their limbs together, and huddle round their hearth, covered by a rug; each individual hardly occupying

more space than a dog. We had been for some time in this little tent, when, observing something move among the rein-deer skins upon which we sate, we discovered a woman sleeping close to us, of whose presence we were before ignorant: yet the diameter of this conical tent, at its base, did not measure more than six feet; and its whole circumference, of course, did not exceed eighteen feet, which is the usual size of the Lapland *tugurium*, both in summer and winter; although in winter they be better fenced against the inclemency of the climate. Over our heads were suspended a number of pots and wooden bowls. To form the entrance of one of those tents, a part of the hanging (about eighteen inches wide at the bottom, terminating upwards in a point) is made to turn back, as upon hinges. Such are the dwellings of those among the *Laplanders* who are called wealthy, and who sometimes possess very considerable property." (P. 349—353.)

Their interview with the minister at Enontekis is very interesting. This place is situated at the source of the Muonio. On their landing, the log-houses and wooden church of this place appeared before them; the church occupying the highest point, and the minister's house being at the bottom of the hill. The buildings belong either to the Torneo merchants, who come to Enontekis during the fair; or to the Laplanders, who periodically resort hither to attend the church and receive the sacrament; but at other times these buildings are without occupiers. As they proceeded towards the house of the minister, they perceived him approaching them, followed by half a dozen dogs and two tame pigs, dressed in a long frock of black bombazeen reaching to his feet, and smoking his tobacco pipe. Mr. Pipping, their Lapland interpreter, introduced him to the travellers by the name of Pastor Eric Grape. By this kind and reverend missionary they were cordially invited to make his house their own, and the invitation was accepted. They were here entertained for several days with the most interesting hospitality and goodness, and had the happiness of finding themselves in the middle of a very agreeable family, of whom the head was a man of letters and general information, and had distinguished himself in the public academical disputations at the university of Upsal. Here an expedition was undertaken by Mr. Cripps and the rest of the party, to the mountains on the north of this place, to see the midnight sun, in which unfortunately Dr. Clarke was unable to participate, owing to the dangerous state of his health. Mr. Cripps gained the summit of the mountain about half past eleven, when he saw the sun's disk coming out of a cloud, and apparently about a diameter above the horizon. It continued thus visible until half past twelve, seeming to move in a straight line parallel to the horizon, being of a red colour and somewhat dim; but its brightness was soon greatly augmented, and it continued

rising. Mr. Grape informed them, that during three weeks in every year, he was able to light his pipe at midnight with a common burning glass. The aurora borealis is in this region a spectacle of extraordinary magnificence, and serves to illuminate their dark skies in the long nights of winter.

According to Dr. Clarke, the whole race of Laplanders are very diminutive, and of their persons, especially those of the women, he gives us a most repelling picture. Skin shrivelled and of copper colour, little sore eyes, high cheek bones, wide mouth, and flat nose. The service of Mr. Grape's church, and the behaviour of the congregation, composed of persons assembled from all parts, are portrayed with Dr. Clarke's usual graphic vigour and vivacity of sentiment.

"The whole church was crowded, and even the gallery full: many of the wild nomade *Laplanders* being present in their strange dresses. The sermon appeared to us the most remarkable part of the ceremony. According to the custom of the country, it was an extemporaneous harangue; but delivered in a tone of voice so elevated, that the worthy pastor seemed to labour as if he would burst a blood-vessel. He continued exerting his lungs in this manner during one hour and twenty minutes, as if his audience had been stationed upon the top of a distant mountain. Afterwards, he was so hoarse he could hardly articulate another syllable. One would have thought it impossible to doze during a discourse that made our ears ring; yet some of the *Lapps* were fast asleep, and would have snored, but that a sexton, habited like themselves, walked about with a long and stout pole, with which he continued to strike the floor; and if this did not rouse them, he drove it forcibly against their ribs, or suffered it to fall with all its weight upon their skulls. After the sermon, singing again commenced: it consisted of a selection of some verses from the Psalms, which, notwithstanding what has been said of the vocal music of *Lapland*, were devoutly and harmoniously chanted. It was impossible to listen to the loud and full chorus of a savage people thus celebrating the triumph of Religion over the most wretched ignorance and superstition, without calling to mind the sublime language of antient prophecy: 'THE WILDERNESS AND THE SOLITARY PLACE SHALL BE GLAD: THE DESERT SHALL REJOICE AND BLOSSOM AS THE ROSE, IT SHALL BLOSSOM ABUNDANTLY, AND REJOICE EVEN WITH JOY AND SINGING.' As we accompanied the Minister to his house, we ventured to ask the reason of the very loud tone of voice he had used in preaching. He said he was aware that it must appear extraordinary to a stranger; but that if he were to address the *Laplanders* in a lower key, they would consider him as a feeble and impotent missionary, wholly unfit for his office, and would never come to church; that the merit and abilities of the preacher are always estimated, both among the *Colonists* and *Lapps*, by the strength and power of his voice." (P. 392—394.)

The Laplanders have no manufactures but what contribute to

their daily exigencies. The men make sledges, skais, ladles, horn-spoons, troughs, and porringers; the women manufacture the different articles of male and female apparel: science had as yet found no place among them: their daily food consists in winter of the fattest rein-deer venison made into broth; in summer, of cheese and rein-deer milk. One common character belongs to all this people,—a mild and pacific disposition; even when in a state of inebriation, their behaviour, though wild, is perfectly free from violence, malice, or cruelty. The rein-deer is a fit companion to this harmless race of men, being itself the most gentle of quadrupeds. Even the wild deer, when taken, and led by a slight leathern cord, is quiet, and suffers its conductor to put his hand into its mouth.

Enontekis was the term of our author's journey northward. They now (on the 30th of July) prepared for their departure towards the south, but not without feelings of affectionate regret at leaving the house of their worthy and benevolent entertainer, the Rev. Mr. Grape. On the 31st they left Enontekis, attended by Mr. Grape and his family to the water side. The parting was an affecting scene. "The little children hung about our knees," says this warm and spirited writer, "and as we parted, many tears were shed on all sides. In the last view we caught of them, we saw the venerable missionary, surrounded by his relatives, waving his hat in the air in token of his adieu. And at this distance of time, notwithstanding all the subsequent images which have filled the mind, under other impressions of grief and gladness, the sight we had of this affecting groupe remains as fresh upon the memory as when it was actually beheld." The arctic circle has been fixed exactly at the junction of the Aunis with the Kiomi. As the travellers passed this point of confluence, on their return from the country of the Lapps, they naturally exulted in the successful termination of their bold expedition into the frigid zone. Notwithstanding their toils, they looked back with regret upon a country, where they had seen so much to interest the heart, and which they were to see no more. They were leaving a land of solitude, but they were also leaving a land of gentleness and peace. They had not visited it, however, in the season most favourable to the character and impressions of Lapland scenery and manners. "Winter," as Dr. Clarke observes, "is the festival time in all these northern latitudes. It is then, he continues, that Laplanders may be said to fly upon the wings of the wind. Then an intercourse takes place between the nomade and the agricultural families. Then the fairs are held; and even the absence of the sun's rays is greatly compensated by serene and cloudless skies, in which the other luminaries shine with a lustre unknown in other latitudes, and among these the aurora borealis, aided by reflections from the surface of the glittering snow."



The route of the travellers lay again through Torneo. At the time of this second visit the inhabitants were making hay in the streets of the town. We have now an account of a dinner given by them to the Torneo merchants, which as it opens to us something of an interior view of the best Lapland society, we will invite our readers also to the dinner.

"Upon one of the days after our return, we invited the Merchants of Torneo to dine with us; and our room not being large enough to hold them, we had borrowed the apartment of a *Danish* gentleman for their accommodation. This gave rise to rather a ludicrous embarrassment: after the dinner ended, we sat waiting, in vain, to have coffee served, as usual. At last the mistress of the house entered; and a good deal of whispering taking place, we asked the cause of it; when it came out, that she did not dare to serve coffee in any room but that which we had ourselves hired: and why? because coffee, being a prohibited beverage, there ought to be at least ground for a pretext that we had brought this article with us to Torneo. We then adjourned to our own apartment; but some of the elder merchants were so scrupulous in observing the prohibition, that they would not touch a drop of the coffee when it was brought in. One respectable old gentleman said, that "no *Swede* who loved his country would ever taste or encourage the exportation of an article which had contributed so largely to its ruin." *Tea*, or *tea-water*, as they call it, is generally used as a substitute. The *Swedes* do not sit, as we do, after dinner: the custom is, to rise from table, and walk about the room, smoking a pipe of tobacco. In the north of Sweden, as in Norway, they smoke tobacco lying in their beds; and during the whole day, carry about with them a huge tobacco-pipe, the bowl of which is as big as a man's fist, while the tube is seen sticking out of the pocket, or swinging about in the hand. Intoxication is not less frequent, in consequence of the short time they remain at their meals: it is, in fact, the prevalent and almost the only vice of the inhabitants of Torneo. Drunkenness seems to pervade all ranks of people in the place;—but here the story of their vices begins and ends; it goes no further;—no thefts, no rapine, no murders. Great crimes are unknown among them." (P. 481—483.)

From Torneo they passed into that part of Finland which lies at the extremity of the gulph; a nation, in which the opposite extremes of character are found; impetuous and arrogant in prosperity, abject and spiritless in adversity; in all things given to excess, whether on the brighter or the darker side: so that, as has been observed of the lower part of the Irish, each individual has two characters." Their route was now to Kiemi; and on the evening of their departure Dr. Clarke relates a very singular appearance of the moon. After observing that the horizontal moon in these northern regions may be deemed as great a curiosity as the solstitial sun, he states that the size of the orb was at this juncture, as large as the fore-wheel of a common chariot. At first, half

the periphery was visible on the horizon, like an arch of fire, with the most brilliant indentations. Soon afterwards the upper part of this semi-orb seemed separated from its truncated segment below, and remained suspended over it, like a lambent flame over an expiring lamp; the band of vapours which separated the two parts, forming a line perfectly straight, and parallel to the horizon, and having the same hue as the rest of the atmosphere; the planet itself, being separated into two parts, which receded from each other. Another circumstance, yet more remarkable, attended this rise of the moon: the upper part of the periphery seemed rather the segment of an ellipse than of a circle, resting on its major axis. Presently all doubt was removed: when the whole orb had cleared the horizon, owing to the very great rarefaction of the lower stratum, "we saw," says our traveller, "the moon, perfectly elliptical as to its form, like a vast egg resting upon rolling clouds. The ancient mythological fable of the egg of night resting upon chaos may have owed its origin to a similar appearance.

They arrived at Uleaborg, the approach to which by water is picturesque, having two churches, as have most of the towns in this part of the country, one for the people of the town, and one for the peasants. The houses of the merchants do not form the most agreeable part of the scene, being like so many large deal boxes by the water's edge. The trade of this place consists in the exportation of tar, dried fish, tallow and pitch. Vessels sail from thence to London in six weeks. From the province of Ulea they entered that of Wasa, the road continuing as even as the walks in an English nobleman's pleasure-ground, being composed of very fine gravel. The whole country of Ostero-Bothnia may be reckoned the most fertile part of the Swedish dominions. The land had the appearance of a garden, being laid out in borders into which the seed was drilled. It was covered with excellent crops when the travellers passed through it. The mixture in the towns of the Fins with the Swedes, and with the natives of other countries, made it difficult to predicate any thing generally of the manners and customs of the people; but as far as it could be done, the author has given us a well discriminated picture. Hardly any traces of literature could be said to exist north of the Abo. In their journey to Wasa, the country for many miles presented an appearance of great industry and prosperity. Wasa on the coast is romantically situated among rocks and trees; with seventeen streets at right angles, and of great breadth. The number of families in the place amount to about five hundred. From this place they embarked for the opposite coast; their plan being now to cross the Gulph of

Bothnia; and after visiting the mountainous parts of Sweden, to traverse the whole of Norway. In the course of their passage, they visited the little Isle of Björkö, or Birch Island, whose village and only habitable spot, is about an English mile and half from the shore, and whose riches consist in the nets, fishing tackle, and salted fish, laid up in their repositories. The inhabitants had but lately begun to extract any produce from the soil, but were now proceeding vigorously with their improvements. It is impossible to withhold from our readers the delightful little history of the family, with whom the author and his party were lodged.

"This man, to whose dwelling we were invited, was the younger of two sons of a native of Björkö, who possessed a considerable estate, in cows, horses, corn-land, &c.; and had a large house, with a good stock of household furniture. Upon his father's death, the elder son succeeded to all this property. Soon afterwards, the younger brother married: upon which, the elder made him this offer:—'Brother,' said he, 'you are now married, and will have need of what I possess, for the maintenance of your wife and family: take the estate, and the house, and all that our father left: I intend to lead a single life; only let me live with you, work when I please, and, if illness befall me, sit quiet at home, and look after the children.' This proposal was accepted with the same simplicity in which it was made; the younger brother becoming the head and representative of the family. At the time of our coming, he had fourteen children; and we had the happiness of seeing, towards evening, his elder brother, who had made this sacrifice, now far advanced in years, after a day of very hard labour in the fields. He was seated upon the ground, with a wooden bowl before him, in which, with a long upright pole, he was economically grinding tobacco-leaves and wood-ashes together, to make some cheap snuff. The little children of his brother's family, capering for joy to see their old playmate and benefactor returned from his work, were pulling his white locks, and dancing around him. Another of the children, not ten years of age, had a remarkable genius for music: a peasant of the island, with singular ingenuity, had made for him a deal fiddle, upon which, in his rude way, he was performing the rumbling air adapted by the Swedes to their national dance. Afterwards he played several *Psalm* tunes, which he accompanied with his voice; unmindful, at the same time, that the shepherd son of Jesse, whose strains he so rudely carolled, 'the greatest musician, the noblest poet, and the most consummate hero of all antiquity,' had himself sung of that blessedness which descendeth 'AS THE DEWS OF HERMON AND OF SION, UPON BRETHREN WHO DWELL TOGETHER IN UNITY.'" (P. 526, 527.)

The party crossed the gulph and landed safe at Umea, where the unbounded hospitality of the Swedes displayed itself in such an excess as to be overwhelming, and furnishes Dr. Clarke with an humorous story or two, which we should have been glad to have extracted if our room had allowed.

Sundswall to Dilsbo, they appear to have passed through some of the finest country in the world; and Dr. Clarke has done it ample justice by the elegance and spirit of his description. It seems to combine all the rich beauties of agriculture with the wild magnificence of uncultivated nature, rendered particularly delightful, at the moment, by the busy scene of the harvest, the crimson splendour of the sun setting behind the distant mountains, and the melodies of the peasants' pipes. It must strike an English ear as something very strange, that throughout the whole of Sweden not a single beggar was seen by our travellers. The inhabitants seem all to be well provided with the necessaries of life, and to be healthy and content.

The passage of the Norwegian Alps, and the last farewell of Sweden, where so much had been witnessed of what does honour to human nature, is interestingly and pathetically described by the author. The route was extremely difficult, and but for their guides, the whole company must have been lost. It seems that at the time of this passage, the policy of the two nations made it expedient not to promote an intercourse between the opposite sides of this barrier. The cleanliness of the cottages on the Norwegian side of the mountains, and the resemblance of the habits and customs of this people to those of England, made amends for the toil which had been encountered. The first considerable town in the Norwegian territory visited by the author was Roraas, the streets of which were large, and the houses well built; and which, if it were not for the turf roofs, would have resembled a town in Holland. They were lodged in the house of a worthy old apothecary with more comfort than they had experienced since leaving England. Here in the *livre des etrangers*, they found, to their great joy, the names of their two friends, Otter and Maltus, from whom they had parted on the Wener Lake; and who had visited a Lapland colony in the neighbourhood, which was the most northern point of their journey. Dr. Clarke and his companion explored the famous copper mines of Roraas, an account of which we are sorry to be obliged to omit. In their route from this town in the direction of Trönjëm, they entered the dark umbrage of the Norwegian defiles, affording the wildest aspect of bold and sublime scenery. "We could not," says Dr. Clarke, "call it alpine, though it had a great resemblance to some of the finest parts of Switzerland, because it possessed something of richness and beauty, belonging to no other alpine country; in fact it was Norwegian, and it is the peculiar character of the Norwegian mountains to combine the grandeur of alpine scenery with the dark solemnity of the groves of Sweden, and the luxuriant softness of the vales of Italy." We were sorry to be informed,

that the condition of the poor and the state of morality among the lower orders in Norway, will not bear a comparison with Sweden. At the village of Hoff, and other places, they were followed and importuned by a crowd of mendicants, in a disgusting state of squalidity. Intoxication, too, is common in Norway. In Sweden seldom any thing was demanded for their accommodations on the road, and whatever was bestowed was sure to give content. In Norway they found their hosts coarse and covetous in their expectations. But though this people are less virtuous than their neighbours the Swedes, they are represented as lively, and as possessing many amiable and estimable qualities. What is remarked of their inferiority to the people of the adjoining state applies, indeed, principally to the lower ranks: the upper society of Norway abounds in the noblest characteristics; among the gentry the travellers found themselves treated with the kindest and most disinterested hospitality. As they drew near to Trönjëm, the country became less woody, and more cultivated. Gentlemen's country seats filled the prospect in every direction.

"Having ascended," says the author, "a steep eminence, and turning suddenly round the corner of a rock, the glorious prospect of the City of Trönjëm, covering a peninsula in the finest bay the eye ever beheld, appeared far below us. Its rising spires and white glittering edifices immediately reminded the author of the city and beautiful Bay of Naples, to which it is somewhat similar. In the latter, the grandeur of *Vesuvius*, the cliffs and hanging vineyards of *Sorrento*, the shining heights and shores of *Capri*, with all the orange-groves of *Baia*, the rocks and caverns of *Posilipo*, possess, besides their natural beauties, a variety of local attractions, which, for the delights they afford, place them above every thing else in *Europe*: but, considered only in point of picturesque beauty, the Bay of Trönjëm does not yield to the Bay of Naples. It is everywhere land-locked by mountains, which resemble, as to their height and distance from the eye, those which surround the Bay of Naples; *Vesuvius* alone excepted. The *Castel del' Uovo*, so distinguished a feature of the *Neapolitan* Bay, is eclipsed by the appearance of the isle and fortress of *Munkholm*, opposite the town of Trönjëm. Up and down, in every direction near the town, appear the villas of the merchants; and riding at anchor in the bay, ships of all burden, and boats passing and repassing. Among these, the boats of the natives are distinguished by the peculiarity of their construction, because they are always rigged with a large square sail, and have a single mast: in these vessels they venture to any part of the coast. The town itself is fortified, and the works are in the best condition; the ramparts and fosse being covered with a smooth green turf, kept in the finest order." (P. 623, 624.)

The accommodations at this place are stated to be of the best kind; and, besides the comforts of the inns, the houses of the inhabitants are thrown open to strangers who bring with them the

proper accreditation, with the most generous hospitality. It is not a little pleasing to learn that while the Norwegian has no tie of affinity or friendship with the Dane or the Swede, desiring nothing so much as to be politically separated from both, the English are in high estimation among them, and that a great proportion of the people learn our language, and speak it with ease. The population of Trönjém is about 10,000 persons, and of these 1200 are said to receive assistance from charitable funds. The soil in the vicinity of this town is represented as peculiarly fertile. Some of the farms afford sometimes two crops of barley in a single year, and it is not uncommon for it to be reaped in six weeks after it is sown. The commerce of Trönjém is chiefly carried on with Ireland, and it is to the Irish that the strange names of Dronton and Drontheim, as applied to this city, are to be attributed. Of the public edifices in this place, the author gives us a detailed account, as well as of the various institutions by which it is adorned and distinguished, with some explanation of their judiciary forms of procedure, and provisions for general education; but this article has already exceeded its bounds; and we must end with recommending this portion of Dr. Clarke's travels as the most entertaining and instructive of his very entertaining and instructive tours; a preference, however, that may possibly arise in our minds only from the charm of that sovereign impression which is sure to be the effect of whatever we last read of this writer's productions.

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ART. VI.—*Memoir of the Rev. Henry Martyn, B. D. late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Chaplain to the Honourable East India Company.* 8vo. pp. 537. Hatchard. London, 1819.

WE have sometimes wondered that it has not occurred to the advocates of our great charitable societies, to enumerate among their incidental advantages, the benefits which such institutions often confer upon science. We need not go back so far as to the time of the crusades in illustration of the fact, that religious efforts have often increased the sphere of human knowledge; or even to the labours of the Jesuits and other Roman Catholic emissaries, to whom we are indebted for our earliest and most authentic knowledge of many of the most remote nations of the world. Nor need we advert to the inhospitable shores of the North, for our knowledge of some parts of which we are chiefly indebted to the missions of the United Brethren. Within our own time, and since the commencement of the current century, it is quite astonish-

ing to see what a mass of geographical, scientific, statistical, and literary information, has been accumulated from similar sources. Several most interesting narratives of voyages and travels have appeared from the pens of persons employed in missionary services. The Moravians in Greenland, the Edinburgh missionaries in Tartary and its neighbourhood, those of the Church Missionary Society in Western Africa and New Zealand, to which several other societies might be added, have thrown more light upon those countries than would have been otherwise obtained in many years. Several most enterprising and successful travellers have been persons connected with these or similar institutions; who have collected a vast body of information on points of great interest to the moral observer, but which had been cursorily passed over by ordinary travellers. Our Bible Institutions have been peculiarly fortunate in the benefits which they have conferred upon literature and science. To say nothing of the spirit of general investigation which has every where attended in their train, of the information which they have concentrated relative to the moral wants and dispositions of almost every nation in the world, of the stimulus which they have afforded to literary researches, and by which many manuscripts and works of great interest, connected with their objects, have been recovered from oblivion—it is well known that they have been the means of extending the benefits of printing to languages which had hitherto neither a grammar nor regular character; and have thus bestowed the elements of knowledge upon nations which were hitherto as destitute of literature as of religion. It is gratifying to the philanthropist, the philosopher, and the scholar, even setting aside religious considerations, to observe barbarous dialects assuming the rank of regular languages, and converted into vehicles of moral, literary, religious, and political improvement; but we need not proceed with an argument so obvious,—an argument which the annals of literature and the records of benevolence are every day confirming by new exemplifications.

The connexion of these remarks with the name of Henry Martyn will be sufficiently evident, at least to those who have been in the habit of observing the moral transactions of the last ten or twenty years. We conceive, therefore, that our readers will not be unwilling to follow with us the track of this Christian luminary through his short, but eventful course.

Henry Martyn was born at Truro in Cornwall, on the 18th of February, 1781; and appears to have been of a remarkably delicate constitution; as indeed were all his brothers and sisters, several of them having died at early years before their brother Henry, and the remaining four having survived him only a short time. His father was originally a labourer in the Cornish mines,

where he was in the habit of working with a cousin of the name of Malachi Hitchins, whose talents and application to science were so great, as to have elevated him from this menial station to the priesthood, and to have gained him his subsequent celebrity as a mathematician. Mr. Martyn was less successful in life than his cousin; he, however, contrived by his exertions and good conduct to raise himself to comparative ease and respectability, as principal clerk to a merchant at Truro, in which station he lived and died with a pious and unblemished character.

In his eighth year Henry was placed under the tuition of Dr. Cardew, the master of the grammar school in his native town; who took great pains for his improvement, and augured favourably of his talents. Though a better classic than most of his school-fellows, his volatility and indolence prevented his making the progress he might otherwise have ensured. One of his school-fellows remarks "that he seemed to learn his lessons by intuition." Poor Martyn seems to have suffered his full share of that oppression which a boy of delicate health, considerable softness of spirit, and inferior bodily strength, is so often destined to meet with among his youthful companions. He does not indeed appear to have had his spirits entirely broken down for life, like the sensitive Cowper; yet there can be little doubt but that he must have suffered much from the juvenile tyranny to which he appears to have been exposed.

Under the excellent tuition of Dr. Cardew, "little Henry Martyn," for that was the name by which he usually went, made such progress, that it was thought advisable to send him to Oxford in his fifteenth year, as a candidate for a vacant scholarship at Corpus Christi College. In this he failed, though not without giving strong indications of his literary powers. Returning to Truro, he remained two years longer with Dr. Cardew, till in June, 1797, he entered at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he commenced residence in October following. He certainly at this time had no great predilection for the mathematics; for we find him devoting the autumn before he went to Cambridge to "shooting, and Lord Chesterfield's Letters, and books of Travels," instead of the sciences. He began his mathematical career in a somewhat singular manner, by attempting to commit *Euclid to memory*; a sufficient proof that hitherto he had been more accustomed to depend upon the powers of his recollection than of his understanding in the acquisition of knowledge. That he now began to employ his time with due assiduity may be gathered from the fact, that at the public examination of his college in December he obtained a place in the first class, and at the next public examination in the succeeding summer, he reached the *second* station in the same class.



From this time academical honours flowed in thickly upon him. About this period the death of his father, whom he chiefly wished to please by his progress, bore severely upon his tender spirit, and for a time somewhat repressed his literary ardour. We soon, however, find his name *first upon the list* of his college; and the eyes of the University fixed upon him as likely to do both himself and his college great honour at his examination for his degree. How fully he answered these high expectations is well remembered at Cambridge. He became Senior Wrangler, and that in a year eminently distinguished by candidates of extraordinary ability. It should be added, that at this period he had not quite completed the twentieth year of his age. In March, 1802, he was chosen a fellow of his college, and shortly after gained the *first* bachelor's prize for Latin prose; a distinction the more honourable to his talents, as his time at the University had been almost exclusively devoted to mathematical pursuits.

Such is the brief outline of his early literary proceedings; but the period of his life over which we have just glanced was still more conspicuous for a moral revolution, which greatly affected his future views, and stamped his character with those deep impressions of ardent and affectionate piety for which his memory is so highly distinguished. It would not be correct to suppose, that he had been hitherto profligate in his conduct, or open to censure for flagitious manners. Yet his ideas had by no means been formed by the elevated standard of Christian truth; his temper was uncontrolled, his mind was devoted exclusively to the perishable objects of human ambition; the importance of a future state had obtained scarcely any place in his thoughts; and, in a word, he had lived, to use the energetic language of inspiration, "*without God in the world.*" The idea of inspecting his secret motives, and measuring his conduct by a higher standard than that of human opinion, seems never to have entered his mind.

A visit to his relations in Cornwall, in the summer of 1799, afforded an opportunity to his sister, who possessed far more correct and practical views of Christianity than her brother, to endeavour to impress him with the importance of religion. He seems, however, to have paid very little attention to her affectionate efforts, and indeed to have received them with a degree of irritation which augured no very favourable issue. He speaks in high terms of the patience and mildness of his father upon this occasion; and adverting from an earthly to a heavenly parent, exclaims, "O my God and Father, why is not my heart doubly agonized at the remembrance of my great transgressions against Thee." Returning to college, he promised his sister that he would read the Scriptures for himself; but "Newton," he adds, "soon engaged all my thoughts."

Such was his character when the death of his father, and other circumstances, tended to excite him to more serious reflection upon the subject of religion. The distress which he suffered at that event having deprived him, for the time, of all taste for his usual studies, he took up the Bible, as thinking it "rather suitable to that solemn time;" and, by the advice of a friend, he determined to improve the occasion for serious reflection upon religion. His advances in piety, from this period, though by no means uniform, appear to have been generally progressive. At first, as he himself states, his reflections, though tinged by a general seriousness, had no particular object, and his prayers were offered rather from a vague terror of a Superior Being than from any other cause. At length he began to attend more diligently, and with considerable delight, to the New Testament; and on reading the Christian offers of pardon and mercy, he very earnestly prayed for the blessings there promised. His religion now began to occupy the affections of his heart no less than the powers of his understanding. The emotions of love to God, joy, gratitude, and intense adoration, became the predominant feelings of his soul. He complains indeed frequently and bitterly, as what Christian does not? of the numerous defects of his religious character; and particularly laments that the almost undivided attention of his mind to mathematical studies prevented his making that progress in the science and practice of religion which he felt to be so eminently desirable, and after which he most earnestly laboured. Nor perhaps was his confession unfounded; for, on another visit to Cornwall, we find, mixed with the joyful congratulations of his friends at his academical triumphs, a few tender remonstrances from his affectionate sister, who perceived that his zeal for religion had somewhat relaxed in the bright sunshine of literary fame. She earnestly entreated him to elevate his standard, and to aim at nothing short of Christian perfection.

On his return to college he spent a long vacation in great retirement, which furnished him with a favourable opportunity of advancing in that religious culture which he had now so decidedly commenced. Some friendships also which he formed about this time greatly conduced to his improvement, and turned his attention to the Christian ministry, to which he now resolved to devote his future life. The peculiar department which he selected was that of a missionary among the heathen, an office at no time of much worldly repute, but perhaps at that period involved in even greater odium than usual. This excellent man did not live, as *we* have done, to see the duty and policy of Christian missions very generally acknowledged, and the character of the missionary redeemed from those unjust reproaches under which it had so long suffered.

Mr. Martyn's resolution was the more remarkable from the circumstances under which it was formed. He had not made trial of other schemes with mortifying ill success, or was willing to devote the dregs of life, the last slumbering embers of frustrated hope, in any service which might ensure him a decent competence. On the contrary, he was young and naturally ambitious; his prospects were unclouded, his character unsullied, and the direct road to honour and emolument lay open before him. To form such a resolution, at such a time, was no slight proof of the vigour of his religious principle, and of the disinterested zeal and ardent devotion which influenced his conduct.

Mr. Martyn was ordained at Ely, October 22, 1803, and commenced the exercise of his ministerial functions as curate of Trinity Church, Cambridge, and Lolworth, a small village in the neighbourhood. His journal, from which the compiler of his memoirs has selected the most interesting of his materials, forcibly indicates how greatly his acquaintance with his own heart had by this time increased, and how completely religion had become the master-feeling of his soul. He repeatedly expresses the dread he felt lest flattery, of which it may readily be conceived a young man, circumstanced as was Henry Martyn, must have received his full share, should injure his principles, and inflate him with self-importance. He was anxious only to live to the glory of God and the good of man; and every thing that seemed to interfere with this high resolve, or that had not a very ascertainable tendency to promote it, appeared to him not only worthless, but dangerous. The world, even in its most creditable, and certainly its not least fascinating shapes, was an enemy against whose inroads he constantly shielded himself, by the triple barrier of vigilance, humility, and prayer.

It is highly to Mr. Martyn's honour, both as a divine and a private Christian, that notwithstanding his uncommon warmth and energy of character, we find no approach, in the volume before us, towards those offensive modes of exhibiting sacred truth, and those vagrant reveries of an unbalanced imagination, which we have sometimes had occasion to condemn. Mr. Martyn appears indeed to have commenced his ministerial career with great ardour, but it was an ardour arising from deep and legitimate conviction of the importance of his office, and the nature of the trust committed to his charge. His enthusiasm, for that he was an enthusiast in the best sense of the term is certain, arose from a fixed and increasing impression of the truth, the value, and the unspeakable importance of the Gospel, for the present and future welfare of mankind, united with the most active affections and the tenderest wishes for all his fellow creatures. He could literally say with an apostle, that "the love of Christ constrained him, because he thus judged, that if Christ died for all,

then were all dead;" while he evidenced in his whole conduct how powerfully he felt the truth of the apostle's conclusion, that "he died, that we who live through him, should no longer live to ourselves, but to him who loved us, and gave himself for us."

Towards the close of the year 1803, Mr. Martyn was appointed one of the public examiners in his college, the duties of which office he prepared for with the greatest diligence, and discharged in a manner which gave the highest satisfaction to his college. His own conscience was, however, too susceptible to allow of his being satisfied with himself. He lamented that the studies in which, as classical examiner, he thought it his duty to engage, had too fascinating an effect on his mind, and tended to check that exalted tone of devotion to which he was anxious to rise, and which he considered peculiarly suited to, and, indeed, indispensable, in one who had devoted himself, not only as a minister, but a missionary, to the service of his Redeemer.

The commencement of the year 1804 was marked by an afflictive event, by which he lost the whole of his slender patrimony. This circumstance was the more painful to him, as it seemed to cloud his prospect of becoming a missionary; for with his high feelings of relative duty and affection, he could not see it right to leave his youngest sister, who was involved in the same calamity, destitute and dependant, while by his presence in England he could alleviate her wants. In order to consult with some of his friends in this emergency he proceeded to London. On his first adoption of the plan of becoming a missionary he had offered himself to the Church Missionary Society, to proceed wherever they might think fit; but the situation of a chaplain to the East India Company had appeared to many of those who were interested in his proceedings, a more eligible station, and the change which had taken place in his circumstances excited an increased anxiety to procure him such an appointment. Insuperable obstacles, however, at this moment intervened; a cloud was cast over his future proceedings, and he returned to Cambridge with a heavy heart, but with an edifying patience under his disappointment. The distresses of his family, affecting as they did his sister's happiness and his own destination, pressed on him with a weight, which no considerations regarding himself alone could have caused. Still the business of his sacred office was not neglected: on the contrary, his attention to the poor, the sick, and the aged, his public ministrations, and his general deportment, evidenced more fully than ever how ardently he loved, and how highly he estimated, the duties of his profession. With his anxiety for others, his severe scrutiny into his own character seems to have increased; he pressed on towards perfection, fearful "lest having preached to others, he himself should be a cast-away."

Among his other afflictions, we are sorry we must add, what however may be readily anticipated, the reproach of men who could not do justice to the nature of his principles, and who consequently resolved his unusual warmth of piety into causes which implied either an obliquity of understanding, or hypocrisy of heart. Mr. Martyn seems to have borne his share of "persecution" with great patience and forbearance, committing his cause to Him who knew the integrity of his intentions, and endeavouring "by patient continuance in well-doing to put to silence the ignorance of foolish men."

About this period, his friends having at length succeeded in gaining for him the appointment of a chaplainship in the East India Company's service, for which he was to set sail for India in the ensuing spring, he determined, after having a second time discharged the important duty of public examiner in his college, to revisit the scenes of his infancy and childhood, which he was now shortly to leave with the full determination of never returning. For Mr. Martyn had resolved to live and die in the scene of his projected labours. Having devoted himself for the service of a Christian missionary, he emulated that great apostle who "counted not his life dear to himself, so that he might finish his course with joy, and the ministry which he had received, to testify the gospel of the grace of God."

This resolution, it may be readily supposed, added new interest to his visit to Cornwall, and gave still keener point to the pangs of separation from his relatives, to whom he was equally endearing and endeared. His biographer also intimates, that there existed in his breast a friendship of a still more tender nature, and which, doubtless, laid the foundation for much of that poignant grief to which the subsequent pages of this volume bear record. Of the subject of this attachment, the author only remarks, that "she was worthy of him;" and scarcely any light is thrown upon this delicate part of his history. We conjecture, however, that Mr. Martyn was persuaded by some of his friends to think marriage under his peculiar circumstances an inexpedient step; and that for this reason he determined to overcome his attachment. If this were the case, we think the advice given to him was as inexpedient as it was unkind; for the annals of missionary history have amply testified the great importance of attaching females to a mission, their assistance being of incalculable value for the instruction of children, for the tender offices of attention to the sick, the poor, and the aged, and especially for setting an example to the heathen of the nature and duties of Christian society, and all the enviable virtues and blessings of domestic life. Some of the best and most unwearied missionaries now living are married men; and the im-

portance of their being so begins more than ever to be recognized by the friends of our missionary institutions. If therefore Mr. Martyn was dissuaded from marriage on *this* account, we think his advisers far more zealous than wise in their counsel; especially when we consider the affectionate spirit of this young man, and how eminently he was calculated to adorn the duties and enjoy the amenities of domestic life. We mention the subject more particularly, as to this cause, though not much noticed by his biographer, must evidently be ascribed much of that settled melancholy, interspersed indeed with frequent corruscations of cheerfulness, and even of gaiety, which seems to have tinged his future life. It would be unfair to take Mr. Martyn's affliction in leaving England as an average exemplification of a missionary's sacrifices, since, to say nothing of his settled resolution *never* to return, much of his grief was doubtless of a nature wholly unconnected with his missionary exertions; and we mention the fact in order that the sombre picture sketched in the memoir before us, may not have the unintended effect of deterring other persons of kindred character from similar employments. It was, however, a new and most forcible proof of Mr. Martyn's self devotion, that he was able thus to sacrifice even a laudable and passionate attachment for the great object to which he had deliberately dedicated his future life.

After taking a most affectionate, and what he considered at the time as probably a final farewell of his connexions in the west of England, he returned to Cambridge, where we find him again devoting himself, and with renewed ardour and perseverance, to the public and private duties of his sacred vocation.

The year 1804 closed with his being elected a third time one of the examiners of his college; to the discharge of which, as of every other office, he seems to have carried all the vigour of his religious affections; for we find him speaking of "his soul drawing nigh to God," and of his being elevated by the poetical images of Virgil to sacred contemplations. Indeed so intensely was his mind fixed on one great object, that every thing led him to a train of kindred reflections; by a happy chemistry he extracted something ethereal from the grossest elements; and could indeed

" Find texts in trees, books in the living brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

On new year's day, 1805, we find Mr. Martyn recording in his journal, for his own future inspection, that it was now about five years since "God had stopped him in the career of worldliness, and turned him from the paths of sin;" three years and a half since he had become *decidedly* religious, and a little more than

two since he had devoted himself to the service of a missionary; and that every successive year and week had been happier than the former. He foresees it to be "the beginning of a critical year" to him, but reposes in the goodness and mercy of God; adding, "I see no business before me in life but the work of Christ; neither do I desire any employment to all eternity but his service."

Mr. Martyn was ordained priest, in St. James's Chapel, London, in the succeeding March, after which the degree of Bachelor of Divinity was conferred upon him by a mandate from the University, when nothing remained to detain him longer at Cambridge. On the 3d of April he preached his valedictory discourse to his deeply afflicted charge, and came to London, where he employed two months in studying Hindostanne, taking lessons in elocution, and assisting his clerical friends. On the 8th of July he quitted London for Portsmouth; and such was the acuteness of his feelings, that "he fainted and fell into a convulsion fit at the inn where he slept upon the road;" a painful intimation of the poignancy of that grief which he endeavoured, though in vain, to conceal. At Portsmouth he found a silver compass, which had been sent him as a parting memorial of affection and esteem from his beloved flock. On the 17th of July he set sail in the *Union*, which, coming to an anchor in the port of Falmouth, unexpectedly introduced him once more to his connexions, and renewed all his suppressed sorrows. At length, they again sailed; and the receding shores of Cornwall, connected with a thousand hopeless remembrances, affected him with an almost intolerable weight of grief. We meet with several such exclamations as the following in his memoirs: "England has disappeared, and with it all my peace;" "the pains of memory were all I felt." His grief, however, did not prevent his exerting himself on the voyage for the religious benefit of his fellow passengers and the ship's crew. In these efforts, we are sorry to say, he does not appear to have obtained any striking success; indeed, his manners and habits of life, fostered in far other scenes, were probably but ill calculated to cope with the proverbially hard character of sailors. If, however, he was not as successful as might be wished, he certainly displayed a conduct the most patient and conciliating, and continued regularly to read prayers and preach, and perform every other religious office when permitted, amidst the taunts and insults of the majority of the officers and crew, though not without encouragement on the part of some, to whom his exertions appear to have been highly beneficial. In addition to these engagements, and his own studies and devotions, he taught some of the cadets mathematics, and a passenger French, and exerted himself in every practicable way

to do good among his fellow voyagers. At Funchal and St. Salvador, where they touched, he was equally active, and his conversations with the monks at the latter place were particularly interesting. The prevalence of an epidemic disorder in the ship gave him a painful opportunity of administering religious instruction to the sick and dying; and even while suffering himself from the common malady, his anxiety for others remained undiminished.

But the circumstance which most stimulated Mr. Martyn's exertion was the finding, upon the opening of the dispatches at sea, that the soldiers on board the vessel were destined for the capture of the Cape of Good Hope. The sight of so many human beings, many of whom were about to be suddenly precipitated into an eternity for which they were perhaps but ill prepared, could not but deeply affect so pious and benevolent a mind. Immediately after the action, which our readers remember was eminently favourable to the British arms, Mr. Martyn attached himself to a party of troops which had been ordered to repair to the field of battle to bring away the wounded, and marched with them six miles over a soft burning sand till they reached the fatal spot. How deeply he felt, and how affectingly he moralized over such a scene, may be readily conjectured, as well as his anxiety, in passing, to administer any spiritual consolation which it might be in his power to bestow.

After a short stay at the Cape, we find him again on the wide waste of waters, and exposed, as before, to opposition and the most supercilious contempt from his fellow voyagers. On the 19th of April, 1806, Ceylon was discovered; and after a tedious voyage of nine months, and much languor and indisposition, his eyes were greeted on the 21st of April with a sight of India. His labours for impressing the natives with a sense of religion commenced with his arrival, and were continued with all that ardour which was his natural characteristic, and which was now turned into one all-absorbing channel. For some time he resided at Aldeen, near Calcutta, under the roof of the Rev. David Brown, a man of views and spirit congenial to his own. Here he was soon attacked with a severe fever, from which he with difficulty recovered. The society he now enjoyed endeared the spot to him, and his friends were extremely anxious to retain him where he was, as his talents might prove eminently serviceable to religion in Calcutta; but he had long decided to be a missionary, and, as was said of him by Dr. Buchanan, "he had a spirit to follow the steps of Brainard and Swartz," so that "to be prevented going to the heathen," he himself remarked, "would almost have broken his heart." In the mean time he diligently cultivated the Hindostanne language, and assisted in the clerical duties of the new church at Calcutta.



On the 15th of September he received his appointment for Dinapore; for which place he quitted his friends at Aldeen, and sailing up the Ganges, arrived there on the 26th of November. His voyage was actively employed in studying the vernacular languages, distributing Testaments and religious tracts at the places at which they landed, and conversing with the natives on the great subject which lay so near his heart.

At Dinapore, among the immediate objects of his attention, were the establishment of schools for the native children, and the translation of the Scriptures and useful tracts into the current dialects of the country. He devoted much attention to the Hindostanne language, with a view, among other objects, to preach in it, in which he afterwards obtained very great success. He immediately began a translation of the Gospels and other parts of Sacred Writ into four dialects, for the province of Bahar. He also devoted much of his time to a little work on the parables of our Lord, in Hindostanne; in which language he had likewise the great satisfaction of translating the Prayers of that church which he so ardently loved, and of which he was so bright an ornament. This work will long perpetuate his name in the East as a benefactor to mankind. But a still more important work, which he had the felicity of completing, was a translation of the New Testament into the same language; which was considered on all hands as a version of singular merit and great utility.

In addition to his Hindostanne labours, we find him devoting himself eagerly to the Sanscrit, Persian, Arabic, and Hebrew languages, and to a variety of other literary toils necessary for discharging the high duties which he had enjoined upon his conscience. His zeal in these studies was so great, that his feeble frame rapidly wasted beneath the vigour of his mind. We find him absorbed whole nights in philological pursuits, and unable to tear himself from his favourite employments. Yet he could enjoy nothing with avidity that did not lead him to higher objects: he constantly laments the power of intellectual avocations in drawing his mind from that exalted pitch of devotion which he was anxious to preserve. To witness an illiterate enthusiast railing against studies for which he has never felt a relish, and which he is wholly unqualified to enjoy, is not an unusual spectacle; but it is really edifying to see such a man as Henry Martyn consecrating all his high attainments to the cross of his Redeemer, and exclaiming of his beloved pursuits, "Whether there be tongues, they shall cease—whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away; but charity never faileth."

It is surely unnecessary to remark that such a man would not be found inattentive to the more immediate duties of his official

station. On the contrary, his regular and voluntary labours, especially on the Sunday, were very great, and far beyond what his feeble frame was calculated to support. His diligence in visiting, instructing, reproving, and consoling persons of every class in his vicinity, was indefatigable; and in not a few instances drew upon him a degree of odium which greatly oppressed his spirits, though it did not diminish his anxiety for the welfare even of those who were his bitterest opposers.

Among his daily troubles, the ignorance and idolatry of the natives were not the least. His distress would have been really a morbid feeling, if any feeling of pain *could* have been morbid which sprang from so just a cause. He describes the morals of the Hindoos, as many others have before and since described them, as at almost the lowest possible pitch of degradation, and his anxiety and exertion were proportioned to the estimate which he had formed. He would go amongst them without his palanquin, in the most sultry weather, to instruct them; and, though he met with no slight degree of abuse and disappointment, he seems never to have been betrayed into irritation or despair. With his Moonshee and Pundit, his conversations respecting the truth and importance of the Gospel were almost incessant. From both these persons he sometimes experienced much poignant grief, as their scornful objections against the God and Saviour, whom he so devoutly loved and so intensely adored, could not but deeply affect a heart so susceptible of impression.

With a zeal so ardent, it would not have been surprising to have found united a proportionate degree of hastiness and indiscretion. Such, however, does not appear to have been the fact; indeed, several instances are related in which his prudent caution was not less conspicuous than his more striking qualifications. When, for example, having established no less than five schools near Dinapore, at his own sole expense, he found so strong an alarm excited that the children were taken away by their parents, he contrived, by his prudent conduct, to regain them; and had the happiness ultimately so far to conciliate their good opinion as to succeed in introducing, in place of a Hindoo book, a translation of our Lord's sermon on the Mount. His long continued abstinence from public preaching to the heathen, which lasted all the time he was at Dinapore, was a similar proof that his zeal, however impetuous, was not unbridled. Fearful of exciting alarm, he confined his efforts for their welfare to the more private acts of instruction; and never preached professedly to a heathen audience, till afterwards, at Cawnpore, a favourable opportunity occurred of doing so without incurring the dangers which he had hitherto dreaded. This occasion, as

it is highly honourable to his liberality, ought not to be unnoticed. He had been in the habit of distributing alms to several hundred mendicants, whom at length he found prepared to receive his instructions with some degree of attention, and for whom he began to exert himself with as much zeal as he was accustomed to display on other occasions. This congregation gradually increased, and received a constant share of his attention till he finally quitted India.

Mr. Martyn, both during his residence at Dinapore, and afterwards at Cawnpore, whither he was removed in April, 1809, found many drawbacks on his studies and more immediate pursuits. He was several times summoned to distances of fifty or a hundred miles to perform the marriage ceremony. This practice seems to have disconcerted him not a little, not so much from his want of inclination for travelling among jungles and jackalls, though, in the burning climate of India, as because it occupied much of the time which he wished to devote to the conversion of the heathen. His continued and increasing ill-health was also another severe drawback upon his benevolent projects. It is impossible to read this part of his history without the deepest pain. Though but in his twenty-fifth year, he was suffering in a manner the most acute from the effects of the climate, and mental and bodily fatigue, upon a frame weak by nature, and rendered still more so by mental anxiety and incessant application to study.

The death of his eldest sister was one of his most severe afflictions during his residence at Dinapore. His heart seemed completely broken. "Oh, my heart! my heart!" he exclaimed, "is it, *can* it be true that she has been lying so many months in the cold grave? would that I could always remember it, or always forget it! but to think for a moment of other things, and then to feel the remembrance of it come as if for the first time, rends my heart asunder. When I look round upon the creation, and think that her eyes see it not, but have closed upon it for ever; that I lie down in my bed, but that she has lain down in her grave—Oh! is it possible? I wonder to find myself still in life—that the same tie that united us in life had not brought death at the same moment to both." Yet amidst all his grief he derived solace from the only source of true repose. "Oh, great and gracious God," he adds, "what should I do without THEE? But now thou art manifesting thyself to my soul as the God of all consolation. Never was I so near thee—I stand on the brink of eternity; and long to take my flight. There is not a thing in the world for which I could wish to live, except because it may please God to appoint me some work." Intense as was his grief on this occasion, he omitted his studies and pursuits only one day; not thinking it allowable to intermit, for any private cause

whatever, the great public duties in which he had engaged for the glory of God and the welfare of his fellow-creatures.

To this affliction was added, shortly after, another of a peculiarly painful nature. Such strong representations had been made to him respecting the dreariness of a distant station in India and the evils of solitude, that he thought it his duty, as it certainly had ever been his inclination, to make proposals of marriage to the lady already mentioned. His affection had increased by absence. After waiting with great anxiety the arrival from England of a reply to his letter, he had the unhappiness to find his overture declined, for reasons which afterwards fully satisfied Mr. Martyn's own judgment. Want of attachment does not appear on either side to have been among the number. From this, as from every adverse occurrence, he contrived to derive religious benefit to his mind. "Oh, my God," exclaimed he, "since this last desire of my heart is also withheld, may I turn away for ever from the world, and henceforth live forgetful of all but God. With *Thee*, oh, my God, is no disappointment! I shall never have to regret that I have loved *THEE* too well!" Again he adds, "After this last lesson from God on the vanity of the world, I feel desirous to be nothing—to have nothing—to ask for nothing, but what he gives."

It was not long after this that another letter reached him, announcing the death of his youngest sister, who had been so particularly useful to him in turning his attention to religion. This, like former events, had a happy tendency towards elevating his mind to God, and fitting him for bearing those succeeding perturbations and calamities which issued in his early, we will not say untimely, death.

We have already mentioned Mr. Martyn's extreme ill health. His body was weakness itself, and seemed supported only by the æthereal spirit which animated it to exertions which it was but ill qualified to sustain. His journey to Cawnpore was peculiarly distressing on this account. A lady, whose husband received him at that place (Mrs. Sherwood, since well known for her interesting little publications for children), states that he travelled from Chunar to Cawnpore, about four hundred miles, in one of the most dreadful months for travelling throughout the year, and when, as she particularly remembers, "the air was as hot and dry as she has often felt it at the mouth of a large oven, without one friendly cloud or blade of grass to relieve the eye from the glare of the rays of the sun pouring on the sandy plains of the Ganges." Under these circumstances he travelled night and day, till he reached Cawnpore, where he fainted, from exhaustion, as soon as he entered his friend's house. When charged with his extreme rashness, he had but one excuse—his anxiety for

the great work in which he had engaged. It is sufficiently obvious that such an excuse was not valid, and that the path of duty lay in husbanding his resources, and employing them in a more frugal manner; yet who can refrain from admiring the intense purity and disinterestedness of the man, while we lament that he had not a friend at hand who could have moderated his ardour, and checked a rashness, which doubtless laid the first stone of his early tomb? Few men are, like Henry Martyn, born constantly to breathe oxygen gas; and nature is too frail to support, for any length of time, so rapid a combustion. His friend, the Rev. Mr. Corrie (a name well known in missionary annals), who visited him at Dinapore, and saw his ardour, and who corresponded with him on the topics of their common avocations, compared him to lighted phosphorus, and, with the sad presentiment that he could not last long, was obliged at length to give him liberty to exert his unquenchable ardour in the way which appeared to him to be most beneficial to the world.

Mr. Martyn's new station at Cawnpore was not altogether a pleasant arrangement to him. He was at a greater distance from Calcutta and his dear friend Mr. Corrie; he had new acquaintances to form, and he was obliged to quit the church which with great difficulty he had procured to be erected, for a spot where none of the conveniencies, and much less the decencies and solemnities of public worship, were visible. Here, among other labours, we find him often preaching to a thousand soldiers, drawn up in a hollow square, in an atmosphere of so high a temperature that many of his auditory dropped down unable to support it. His remonstrances at length procured a church to be built at this station also, though not till his health was too much shaken to allow of his profiting by the accomplishment of his desire.

The cause of his quitting Cawnpore was as follows: his Hindostanne Testament, as we have seen, was highly approved; but the Persian version of Sabat, which he had taken the greatest pains to collate and correct, was still found deficient in the vernacular idiom of the country. Struck with the importance of this work, as well as of an Arabic version then in hand, he determined to go to Persia himself, in order to correct his translation at the fountain head of Persian literature. He preached his farewell sermon at Cawnpore, at the opening of the new church which he had procured to be erected. Mrs. Sherwood remarks: "He began in a weak and faint voice, but gathering strength as he proceeded, he seemed like one inspired from on high. Never was an audience more affected." The next day he left Cawnpore; none of his friends ever expecting to see him again, till they should meet him in a world where fluctuation and uncertainty find no place.

After spending a short time with his friends in Calcutta, from whom he had now been separated about four years, he quitted that city, January 7, 1811, never to return. The occurrences of his voyage and journey from the mouth of the Hoogly to his arrival at Shiraz, occupy five months. He landed at Bushire, May 22, and after passing a week in an Armenian family, he set off, May 30, for Shiraz, arrayed in the Persian costume. His stockings and shoes were in one; next to which was a pair of large blue trowsers, then a shirt, then a tunic, and above it a coat, both of chintz, and a great coat, with an enormous cone on the head made of the skin of the black Tartar sheep, with the wool on. He had suffered his beard and mustachios to vegetate undisturbed, ever since he left India, and had acquired the indispensable accomplishments of sitting on a Persian carpet, without chair or table, and burying his hand in the dish without waiting for spoon or plate. The *cafila* consisted chiefly of mules with a few horses, and after a due degree of flourishing, trumpeting, jostling, and recalcitrating, the whole party were arranged in their proper places, and left the city in good order. They soon found themselves on a vast plain, in a fine moon-light night. As the night advanced, the *cafila* became quiet, while one of the muleteers sang, with a deeply plaintive voice, in Persian :

“ Think not that e’er my heart can dwell  
Contented far from thee;  
How can the fresh-caught nightingale  
Enjoy tranquillity?  
Forsake not then thy friend for aught  
That slanderous tongues can say;  
The heart that fixeth where it ought  
No power can rend away.”

So far the journey was sufficiently agreeable; but the succeeding day the thermometer gradually rose to 112 (fever heat), and thence to 126. “ With what pleasure,” says Mr. Martyn, “ did we hear of its sinking in the evening to 120°, 118°, &c.” Our traveller judiciously wrapt himself in a blanket, and all the warm clothing he could find, to defend himself from the external air, which, being above the temperature of the human body, gave, instead of subtracting, caloric. Exhausted and restless, deprived of sleep, and unable to eat, and, as he himself says, “ more dead than alive,” he recommenced his journey at sun-set. The next day was equally sultry, and our traveller thought would have proved fatal to him, but for the expedient of a large wet towel, with which he kept himself constantly muffled up. On a succeeding night the cold was so piercing, that with all the clothes they could collect, they could not keep from constant shivering. On his arrival at Carzeroon, Mr. Martyn appears to

have been in a state of high fever: he could not sleep; "there seemed," he says, "to be a fire within my head; my skin was like a cinder, and my pulse violent." At length they arrived in the vale of Dustarjan, and pitched their tents near a pellucid stream, on the banks of which they observed the clover and golden crop. The whole valley was one green field, on which large herds were browsing. The temperature was that of the spring in England. Here a few hours' sleep recovered him from the stupor under which he had laboured for several days. He awoke with a light heart, and exclaimed, "He knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are but dust. He redeemeth our life from destruction, and crowneth us with loving kindness and tender mercies. He maketh us to lie down in the green pastures, and leadeth us beside the still waters. And when we have left this vale of tears, there is no more sorrow, nor sighing, nor any pain. The sun shall not light on thee, nor any heat, but the Lamb shall lead thee to living fountains of waters."

Arriving at Shiraz early in June, he immediately commenced his labours. The opinion expressed at Calcutta respecting Sabat's translation being found correct, he instantly set about a new version, with the assistance of Mirza Seed Ali Khan, a member of a numerous and increasing community in Persia, whose tenets consist of a refined mysticism of the most latitudinarian complexion. Mr. Martyn soon found that he had become "the town's talk;" and it was shrewdly conjectured, and even asserted, that he had come to Shiraz to be a Mussulman, and "would then bring five thousand men under the same pretence, but in reality to take the city." His time was soon much occupied by the learned natives, who resorted to him to confute his opinions, and establish their own. In these conversations, which were conducted on their part with much intemperance, and not a little subtlety, Mr. Martyn seems to have been singularly happy. Avoiding the knotty metaphysical questions in which they wished to engage him, he urged a few leading principles of the Gospel, and refuted the false religion of Mohammed with an effect which has left no slight impression in Shiraz. A book was soon written against him, and he was invited to a public disputation with the moojtuhid, or professor of Mohammedan law. After much ceremony, the professor spoke for a full hour with great fluency and clearness, and with a manner sufficiently confident and imposing, about the soul and God; after which followed another discourse, not at all connected with the real points of investigation to which Mr. Martyn in vain endeavoured to confine his attention. In fact, he evidently invited the conference in order to display his own learning and eloquence, and would not allow Mr. Martyn to reason over the

subject with him. "He preferred the easier task of dogmatising, magisterially, to disputing fairly and temperately."

The work which the "Preceptor of all the Moollahs" thought it his duty to write, in order to calm the alarms and repress the investigations which had begun to take place in consequence of Mr. Martyn's conferences, appears to have cost its author considerable time and labour, and soon obtained the credit of surpassing all former treatises upon their religion. It is acknowledged to have been tolerably calm and candid. The chief argument employed in it is, that the Coran itself is a perpetual miracle. The work was addressed immediately to Mr. Martyn, who thought it his duty to write a reply, which appears to have been much to the purpose. A man of the name of Aga Achber wrote a rejoinder, but was prevailed on by his friends to suppress it, as it did him no great credit.

In the mean time the principal persons of the city, whether for rank or literature, were accustomed to assemble at Mr. Martyn's residence, to see and hear these new doctrines. The fundamental tenet of our Lord's Divinity was that which most exposed him to the contempt of the learned Mahomedans. He however sustained all their insults, as well as the "brick bats" of the boys in the streets, with exemplary patience; rejoicing that he was found worthy to suffer in so good a cause. "The more," said he, "they wish me to give up one point, the Divinity of Christ, the more I seem to feel the necessity of it, and rejoice and glory in it. Indeed, I trust, I would sooner give up my life than surrender it."

It is impossible for us to give even a specimen of the numerous and interesting conversations which passed between him and his Persian antagonists. For these, as well as for other particulars, we refer our readers to the volume itself. His disputations were sometimes connected with science as well as religion. The before-mentioned Aga Achber attacked him before a large crowd of persons in the prime minister's hall, about the European philosophy, and brought objections against the world's motion "with as much spleen as if he had an estate which he was afraid would run away from him." It was impossible to convince him without diagrams; and when the scribe in waiting produced his implements for drawing them, Mr. Martyn tried to show him first the sections of a cone, and how a body revolves in an ellipse round the sun in one focus, &c. It soon proved, as Mr. Martyn suspected, that the objector knew nothing of mathematics, so that it was useless to proceed with the dispute. Mirza Seid Ali was more tractable, and though obliged to take a variety of preliminary points for granted, he contrived to see that the hypothesis of a force varying inversely as the square of the distance



was sufficient to account for every phenomenon, and that therefore a more complex hypothesis was not to be admitted. Mr. Martyn had similar trouble to explain to Mirza and another Persian, why all bodies must fall through the same space in the same time in an exhausted receiver; why a light body ascends in a fluid, &c.

It could hardly be expected that Mr. Martyn, though so deeply engaged with higher subjects as to place every thing merely literary or curious quite in the shades, should reside so long in the neighbourhood of Persepolis, without a visit to its celebrated ruins. Procuring two horsemen, as guards, from the minister, he set off one evening two hours before sun-set, passing through a dismal country till midnight, when he entered a vast plain, and crossed the Araxes by a bridge of three arches before day. He arrived at these relics of ancient grandeur as the sun rose, and his guards and servants, who had no curiosity to see ruins, immediately mounted the terrace and composed themselves to sleep. The Persians cannot imagine why Europeans come to see these ruins. One of the attendants said to our traveller, "A nice place, good air, and a fine garden; *you may carry brandy and drink there at leisure.*" Such, remarks Mr. Martyn, was his idea of happiness; the European enjoyment of drinking, and the Persian one of strait walks with cypress trees and muddy water in a square cistern. Mr. Martyn was disappointed with the ruins, on account of the clumsiness of the architecture, which is more oriental than Grecian. The chapters of the columns he mentions as being almost as long as the shafts, though not so represented in Niebwhr's plate. The architectural taste of the orientals has scarcely changed in three thousand years.

Yet our author, though disappointed in some measure, could not but recollect that it was there that Alexander and his Greeks passed and repassed; that there they sat, and sang, and revelled. "But now," he adds, "all is silence—generation on generation lie mingled with the dust of their mouldering edifices." Resuming his meditations as he recrossed the Araxes, "I thought," said he, "of the multitudes who once pursued their pleasures and their labours on its banks. Twenty-one centuries have passed away since they lived: how short, in comparison, must be the remainder of *my* days! Well—let the moments pass, they will waft us sooner over the tempestuous sea of life, and land us on the shore of a blessed eternity."

The year 1812, his last, was ushered in with a strain of singular pathos and piety. He looks back at the past as a remarkable year, on account chiefly of his Persian Testament. "The present year," he remarks, "will probably be a perilous one; but my life is of little consequence, whether I live to finish the Per-

sian New Testament or not." "I look back," he adds, "with pity and shame upon my former self, when I attached importance to my life and labours. The more I see of my works, the more I am ashamed of them. Coarseness and clumsiness mar all the works of man. I am sick when I look at man, and his wisdom, and his doings, and am relieved only by reflecting, that we have a city whose builder and maker is God. The least of *His* works here it is refreshing to look at. A dried leaf, or a straw, makes me feel myself in good company: complacency and admiration take place of disgust."

On the 4th of the succeeding February, he finished the last sheet of his Persian Testament; and on the 15th of March, his translation of the Psalms into the same language. "Six weary moons," said he "have waxed and waned since I begun it, but this sweet employment has made them pass unnoticed."

We have mentioned Mr. Martyn's polemic talents; it should, however, be added, that he greatly disliked disputation, and never would be entangled in it except for some laudable purpose. We have already alluded to his conference with the chief professor of Mahomedan law; and he was some time after led into one still more decided with Mirza Ibraheem. The scene was a court in the palace of one of the Persian princes. The room was lined with Moollahs on both sides and at the top; yet Mr. Martyn fearlessly maintained his faith, and asserted the Divinity of Christ, and that he was not a creature but the Creator. "The Moollahs," he adds, "looked at one another. Such a confession had never before been heard among Mahomedan doctors."

On the 24th of May (one year after entering Persia) Mr. Martyn left Shiraz, in company with an English clergyman, in order to present his Persian New Testament to the king. Finding, however, that he could not be admitted to the royal presence without a letter of introduction from the British ambassador, he determined to proceed to Tebriz where Sir Gore Ouseley then resided. Owing to the difficulty of procuring conveyances, added to the sickness of himself and his companion, this journey, including a week spent at Tsfahan, and a few days at the king's camp, occupied two months. The former part was not unpleasant, but the latter was a season of extreme suffering to our traveller. Circumstances taking him to the king's camp, he held interesting disputations with some of the chief persons in the place; but their imbecility, dogmatism, and ignorance, rendered his efforts apparently abortive. Still they served to excite attention, and the good which has been produced by means of Martyn's labours is in *this* respect incalculable. Mirza Ali Seid gave strong evidences of a most hopeful change of character, in consequence of his intercourse with Mr. Martyn; and a very

general curiosity began to be excited respecting the truth and the nature of the Christian religion.

The ignorance and bigotry of some of those with whom our traveller came in contact was quite ludicrous. One man with whom he chanced to meet near the king's camp, and who invited conversation, gravely told him that the Mahomedans formerly conquered all Europe, and still exact and receive a tax for permitting us to live; that the mother of Mehdi was said to be the daughter of Simon Peter, or Plato, he could not tell which, but he rather thought it was Constantine, Emperor of Rome. Though he had travelled much, he could not possibly understand how Europe should be on one side of Persia and India on the other; an excusable ignorance, adds Mr. Martyn, when it is considered that even the Moollahs, and probably the ministers of state, do not know the relative situations of the provinces of their own kingdom.

Finding it impossible to gain an interview with the king, Mr. Martyn proceeded in his journey to Sir Gore Ouseley at Tebriz. The weather was delightful, and quite European; but both Mr. Martyn and his companion Mr. C., were soon attacked with a fever, which rendered them wholly unfit for their journey. At one place where they were obliged to drag through a miserable day, their money was exhausted, and no one would advance them a piastre; so that they must have literally starved, had not a poor muleteer, arriving from Tebriz, become security for them to the amount of five *tomans*. They had now eaten nothing for two days. "My mind," says Mr. Martyn, "was much disordered from head-ache and giddiness, from which I was seldom free; but my heart, I trust, was with Christ and his saints. To live much longer in this world of sickness and pain seemed no way desirable; the most favourite prospects of my heart appeared poor and childish, and cheerfully would I have exchanged them for an unfading inheritance."

The incessant head-ache and fever now rendered him nearly frantic; he at times almost lost his recollection, and what little he was able to remember of England or India served only to embitter his present situation. At length he reached Tebriz, and feebly asked for a person to show him the way to the British ambassador's. At this place he lay two months confined with a severe fever, though mitigated as far as possible by the humane and incessant attentions of Sir Gore and Lady Ouseley.

The state of his health now rendered his return to his native country an indispensable duty. Leaving therefore to Sir Gore Ouseley the office of presenting his Testament to the king of Persia, he set off in ten days after his recovery on the last and most toilsome, yet to him the most joyful journey he ever un-

dertook. The piety and tenderness of his last letter, written to a friend in Cambridge before quitting Tebriz, evidenced how well he was prepared for, and how little he dreaded, any change.

From Tebriz to Constantinople, towards which he directed his efforts, is about 1300 miles. At first, as in his former journey, he felt in high spirits, and the charms of creation led him in sacred thought to the God of all his mercies. But the heat and want of suitable accommodation soon brought on the well-known symptoms. His attendants also gave him much trouble by their indolence and obstinacy. With his characteristic piety he remarks on this subject in his journal: "I have to mourn over my impatient temper with my servants; there is nothing that disturbs my peace so much."—Yet this was the man who had been accused both in Cambridge and Calcutta of setting up faith against good works.

The party consisted of himself, and two Armenian servants, Antoine the groom, and Sergius who was to accompany him all the way to Constantinople, as professing to speak both Persian and Turkish, of the latter of which languages Mr. Martyn was ignorant. After a week's travelling they saw (September 7,) mount Ararat, as well as the Araxes which they had occasion to cross several times in their journey; and Mr. Martyn's classical and Biblical enthusiasm at these spectacles may readily be conjectured. The tediousness of the journey was beguiled by religious meditations and by philological speculations connected with the Hebrew Scriptures. The letters of introduction which Sir Gore Ouseley had procured for him gained him facilities of access to some of the principal persons and places on his route. At Erivan he was entertained at the governor's palace (September 11), and on the following day proceeded to Ech-Miazin (Three Churches), a place celebrated for an Armenian college, the residence of a patriarch, two bishops, and a large establishment of monks, &c. In this society Mr. Martyn passed two or three not unpleasant days, diligently occupied in stimulating these rich and powerful ecclesiastics to greater diligence in their sacred profession. He found them remarkably kind and attentive to his wishes; and one of them in particular, a monk of the name of Serope, who had studied eight years in Rome, and been invited to Ech-Miazin to conduct the education of the Armenian youth for the ministry, appeared to be a person of much intelligence, and warmly bent upon a reformation of the existing system.

Mr. Martyn had here the mortification of finding—a mortification common enough to travellers—that the expensive preparations which he had made in Tebriz for his journey would only prove an incumbrance in Turkey, and must be left behind. He therefore exchanged his trunks for bags; and relinquished his

portable table and chair, several of his books, his supplies of sugar, &c. His equipments now appearing too mean for his station, Serope gave him an English bridle and saddle, and others supplied him with a sword to defend himself against the robbers which infest Turkey. His Armenian servant was to be armed with a sword and gun; but being thought unfit for the journey, a brave and trusty man of the monastery, who spoke nothing but Turkish, was appointed in his stead.

On the 19th they arrived at the borders of Persia; and as the neighbourhood was reputed very dangerous on account of the vicinity of "the famous Cara Beg," three armed attendants were added to the party. Here Mr. Martyn obtained from one spot a view of Russia, Turkey, and Persia. Soon, not a Persian cap was to be seen, nor any thing but what was strictly Turkish. Our traveller now began to find his accommodation sufficiently mean and sordid, being obliged to lodge in a stable-room among horses, cows, buffaloes, and sheep. On the 22d we find him with a Tartar for his guide, who showed his nature by flogging the baggage-horse till it fell prostrate with its load. This fellow was a great man at the inns, and very modestly sat himself down to share Mr. Martyn's seat. He procured the best place for himself, and a dinner of four or five dishes; while his master met with scarcely any attention. "When I asked for eggs," says Mr. Martyn, "they brought me rotten ones, and for butter they brought me *ghee*." Avoiding as much as possible the society of such companions, by riding onward during the journey, and getting in stables or elsewhere at the inns, he managed as well as could be expected till about the 29th, when he was attacked with fever and ague. The next day he says "I took nothing but tea all day,—greatly depressed, yet my soul rests on Him who is an anchor of the soul sure and steadfast." October the 1st we find him nearly fainting from sickness; and receiving the gloomy intelligence that the plague was raging at Constantinople, and that at Tocat, towards which he was directly proceeding, it was so virulent that the inhabitants were flying from the place. "Thus," he says, "I am passing inevitably into imminent danger. O Lord, thy will be done—living or dying, remember me." The next day the ague and fever returned, and Mr. Martyn being summoned in the night to proceed was unable to remove. The Tartar finding him still in bed at the dawn, began to storm furiously, but our traveller let him spend his anger without reply. The Tartar, as if determined to make up for the delay, galloped over hill and vale till they came to a place where they changed horses. Thence they travelled the rest of the day and all night, amidst incessant rain, which, after sun-set, rendered Mr. Martyn's ague more than ever

insupportable. About that time a village was at hand; but Hasan had no mercy, and went on. At one in the morning they found two men under a wain with a good fire: they could not keep the rain out, but their fire was acceptable. Mr. Martyn dried his feet, and, drinking a large draught of water to allay the fever, which had now returned with violence, proceeded on his journey. The road was so dark that he could not see his horse's feet; but he adds, "God being mercifully pleased to alleviate my bodily sufferings, I went on contentedly to the *munzil*, where we arrived at break of day." After sleeping three or four hours, he set off towards a village which the Tartar said was but four hours distant, and which was all Mr. Martyn, in his exhausted state, could perform. Instead, however, of stopping at it, Hasan galloped furiously from village to village, till night coming on, Mr. Martyn, quite exhausted, was obliged to dismount and sit upon the ground, and patiently bear the storming of his guide; till perceiving a light, he determined to hasten towards it, leaving the Tartar to follow or not as he pleased. Hasan condescended to bring in the party, but would not exert himself to procure a place for our traveller. At length Sergius inquired for a place where his master might be alone. This gave extreme offence: "And why must he be alone?" they exclaimed, ascribing his wish to pride. Tempted, however, by money, they complied with the request of Sergius, and brought Mr. Martyn to a stable-room, where Hasan the Tartar and a number of other persons immediately planted themselves with him. Here the fever greatly increased; the fire was insupportable; Mr. Martyn entreated it might be put out, or that he might be carried to the open air; both of which wishes were disregarded. "At last," he says, "I pushed my head in among the luggage, and lodged it on the damp ground, and slept."

He lived to see the next morning, October 5th. The sleep had somewhat refreshed him, but he was greatly shaken; yet the merciless Hasan hurried him off. At night the cold fit was worse than ever. Two Persians, whom he casually met, seeing his distress, offered to render him assistance, while Hasan sat with indifference ruminating on the delay which this was likely to occasion. At night the fever was higher than ever, and prevented sleep.

The last passage in Mr. Martyn's journal is dated the next day, October 6th. "No horses being to be had, I had an unexpected repose. I sat in the orchard and thought with secret comfort and peace of my God; in solitude, my company, my friend, my comforter. Oh when shall time give place to eternity? When shall appear that new heaven and new earth

wherein dwelleth righteousness? There there shall in no wise enter in any thing that defileth; none of that wickedness which has made men worse than wild beasts—none of those corruptions that add still more to the miseries of mortality, shall be seen or heard of any more."

These are the last words which are known to have fallen from his pen. It is indeed wonderful that he could keep up his journal so long amidst the fatigues, and sickness, and interruptions, to which he was subject; and we could almost feel inclined to ascribe it to the peculiar Providence of the Almighty, who intended these last sad records to be a memorial of the power of religion, and an example of its support to his afflicted servants. How does every thing earthly sink into less than nothing at such moments as those in which this thrice happy man breathed these last effusions of his soul!

All that is ascertained with certainty relative to Mr. Martyn's last hours is, that he expired at, or near, Tocat (a place in Asiatic Turkey), a few days after the last date in his journal, namely, on or about the 16th of the month of October, 1812. He had not yet completed his thirty-second year; yet, if we measure life by attainments in learning, by advancements in piety, or by benefits conferred upon mankind, where shall we find a man who has lived longer or to more purpose?

The length to which we have drawn out this narrative precludes our giving vent to a variety of reflections which are ready to burst from us, as we close up the affecting scene. We know not how sufficiently to admire the eminent talents and pre-eminent devotion, the complete disinterestedness and extraordinary resignation, of this excellent young man. Cambridge still rings with his honours; yet that fame, great as at one time it appeared, is little indeed compared with the higher celebrity he afterwards acquired as a servant, we had almost said, an apostle and martyr—of Jesus Christ. *His* was, indeed, "the fame that follows, and is not run after." Yet, where had been his fame, and what the benefit of his talents, if he had lived and died without having found the proper vent for his natural impetuosity? We cannot conceive to ourselves a more pitiable object than Henry Martyn would have been, if surrounded with academic honours, and rising to a few short years of celebrity on this transient stage, he had neglected "the one thing needful," had died "a laborious trifler." We may seem wandering from our province thus to forget the critic in the Christian moralist; but who can avoid moralising over *such* a tomb?

Of the work from which we have chiefly derived our materials for the foregoing sketch, it will not now be necessary to say much.

It consists, in a great degree, of extracts from Mr. Martyn's own journals, and will well reward the reader for a perusal, even after the copious abstract which we have given of its contents. We would advise the author in a new edition,\* to divide it into chapters, and endeavour to render the dates and order of events more lucid, which might be done without much trouble. He might also add other important testimonies to Mr. Martyn's character; particularly that of Mr. Morison, the traveller, &c. The whole work is eminently calculated to interest the affections, to improve the heart, and to induce its readers to follow its amiable and pious subject, in those paths which lead to a better peace than earth can give or take away.

We were about to add a few concluding remarks on the general character of Mr. Martyn (whom, as Mr. Morier informs us, the Persians themselves, struck with his humility and resignation, denominated "*a man of God*,")—but we forbear. One subject, however, has forcibly occurred to us while writing, on which we cannot refrain from offering one or two remarks—we mean the great object to which Mr. Martyn's life was devoted, the promotion of Christianity in the East. In *his* time how few were the labourers, and how slight the encouragement! The missionary office was not only ridiculed, but considered as dangerous to the peace of nations. To it were traced up mutinies and revolts; and the entire alienation of India from this country was predicted in case missionaries were allowed, at the renewal of the Company's charter, to settle in the East. These fears have now subsided, and the hearts of not a few among us are expanded with the best wishes for the promotion of Christianity, by every honourable and judicious means, among our Oriental fellow-subjects. An ecclesiastical establishment has been appointed for the European inhabitants, while missionaries and teachers, assisted and countenanced, in very many instances, by the Company's chaplains, and the local governments, are obtaining extensive access to the natives, and are widely extending the benefits of religion and morality among them. Schools are every where multiplying, and the natives themselves are beginning to shake off their apathy, and to take an interest in the great work of their own moral improvement. The bishop of Calcutta, after wisely and prudently examining for himself into the character of the natives, and allowing himself a sufficient interval to ascertain the exact bearings of the question, does not scruple to encourage such prudent attempts for enlightening the natives, and preparing the way for the Gospel, as some few years ago would

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\* While this sheet is passing through our hands, a second edition has appeared, in which the Rev. John Sergeant is announced as the author.



have been considered as experiments of the most dangerous nature. With the sum of 5000*l.* entrusted to him by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, to which equal sums have been lately added by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge and the Church Missionary Society, he has projected a college at Calcutta for translating the Scriptures and the Liturgy of the Anglican church into the numerous languages of India, for educating native teachers, for qualifying missionaries, and similar purposes. The effect of these measures cannot yet be calculated; and still less the benefits likely to arise from the extension of a similar zeal at home; a zeal suggested and encouraged by the Royal Letter of last February, authorising subscriptions for the Society for Propagating the Gospel to be devoted to the express object of extending the blessings of Christianity in the East. The subscriptions which have poured in are very large, and evidence the feelings entertained by the religious and benevolent part of the public on this great subject. How would Henry Martyn have rejoiced to have heard intelligence like this! It is but about eight years since he preached at Calcutta a sermon, which was afterwards printed, entitled, "An appeal on behalf of nine hundred thousand *Christians* in India, who want the Bible." Now the Scriptures, not for a comparatively few *Christians* only, but in a variety of dialects for the Heathen, are in a course of supply, while piety, and liberality, and learning, are engaged in adding new versions and new impressions to "saturate," as it has been strongly expressed, the whole world with the waters of life. Martyn's own labours have given the New Testament and part of the English Liturgy in a language spoken from Delhi to Cape Comorin; while his Persian Psalms and New Testament are receiving a still more extensive diffusion, in a language familiar from the very borders of India to the confines of Europe. We can only add, as we very sincerely do, our most earnest wishes for the success of these plans; and shall simply remark in conclusion, by way of apology, if apology be necessary, for detaining our readers on a subject like this, that the time is not distant when, both to them and to us, the hours devoted to such works as the memoirs of Martyn, if duly improved, will leave a satisfaction far above all the speculations of mere literature and science.

ART. VII.—MODERN SCEPTICISM, AS CONNECTED WITH ORGANIZATION AND LIFE.

1. *Sketches of the Philosophy of Life.* By Sir T. C. Morgan, M. D. 8vo. pp. 466. London, 1819.
2. *Remarks on Scepticism, especially as it is connected with the Subjects of Organization and Life: being an Answer to the Views of M. Bichat, Sir T. C. Morgan, and Mr. Lawrence, upon those Points.* By the Rev. Thomas Rennell, A. M. 3d edit. 8vo. pp. 141. London, 1819.
3. *A Review of a Work entitled Remarks on Scepticism, by the Rev. T. Rennell, A. M.* By Do Wylke Edwingsford, Esq. of Caermarthenshire. 8vo. pp. 148. London, 1819.
4. *A Letter to the Rev. Thomas Rennell, concerning his Remarks on Scepticism; from a Graduate in Medicine, of the University of Oxford.* 8vo. pp. 60. London, 1819.

IT is somewhat curious to observe the revolutions of scepticism, and mark the dexterity with which it suits itself to the temper of the times, and adopts the tone of the reigning philosophy. During the greater part of the last century, abstruse metaphysical discussions were the more prevailing pursuits of the learned: accordingly, the infidel writers of that period, in their attempts to sap the foundations of human belief, argued against the credibility of the senses, and of those intuitive convictions, which, by the law of our minds, constitute the ultimate tests of truth, whether in action or speculation. From premises apparently unexceptionable, Hume and his followers deduced the monstrous conclusion, that what we see around us has no existence but in our own minds,—that all the phenomena of the material world are unrealities, and that, however in appearance substantial, they are resolvable at last into nothing but a vast collection of impressions and ideas!

Of late years, the amazing progress of the physical sciences has given a new direction to the philosophical spirit; and a narrow observer must have discovered the slow and silent gradations by which the rising importance of these sciences has abated the eagerness for metaphysical studies. Our modern sceptics have therefore found it expedient entirely to abandon the ground of their predecessors. The evidence of the senses, formerly so unjustly depreciated, they now choose to extol as perfectly adequate and infallible. Matter is held up as at once the object and end of inquiry, and the existence of any other essence is peculiarly denied. It formerly suited the purpose of infidelity to

spiritualize matter, and now it seeks to gain its object by materializing spirit !

But to bring forward anew the old and hackneyed doctrine of materialism, a doctrine which has gained but few proselytes since its triumphant refutation by *Des Cartes*; our sceptics know would be of very little avail to their cause. They have therefore artfully brought it forward under the mask of physiology; and have given their tenets an air of novelty by connecting them with the imposing details of a science necessarily little understood by the great bulk of mankind. Yet very slender penetration is requisite to see through this thin disguise; for, after all, there is nothing conveyed in their boasted disquisitions about organization and function, save the trite and exploded axiom that "matter, peculiarly arranged, may think."

The belief that mind is different from matter; or, in other words, that the higher intellectual and moral powers of our nature (denominated, in the language of religion, 'the reasonable soul') \* do not perish with the perishing body, has been entertained in every epoch of man's history. Nor has it been simply admitted as a cold tenet of philosophy; it has been cherished as an inborn and spontaneous aspiration of the heart. Indeed, the doctrine is not merely a point of nice speculation, fitted to exercise the acuteness of professed inquirers, or to gratify the taste of refined scholars, but comes home to the business and feelings of common bosoms, and involves the highest interests, wishes, and hopes, of the whole species. Its importance, even in a human point of view, is incalculable; and we could scarcely conceive a catastrophe more fatal to civilization and happiness, than such a degree of scepticism as should, by weakening the evidence of this

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\* Though it may seem almost superfluous, we think it best to state, that we cannot admit any distinction between the mind and the soul. These we hold to be, in a great measure, synonymous terms. The word *mind*, in a general way, is used to denote the faculties and feelings concerned with the external world; whereas *soul* is applied to our superior moral and reflecting powers. But these different faculties, it is evident, are merely different attributes or powers of one thinking being, namely, the immaterial agent, "*qui cogitat, aut cogitare potest*," as Dr. Hutcheson has well defined it. To argue the reverse is not only contrary to the logical axiom, "*omne ens est unum*," but goes to revive the old Pagan distinction betwixt the *animus* and the *anima*.

The vagueness of men's ideas on this subject is astonishing; some imagine the soul to be a distinct being from the mind, and that the latter perishes with the body, while the former is immortal. To say nothing of the impropriety of assuming two immaterial principles in man, what natural evidence can there be for the immortality of the soul, if the mind, which they themselves grant to be equally immaterial, dies with the body?—Others imagine, that though mind is immortal, some of its powers are not; and quote the fragility of memory, and the failure of some of the other powers, in old age, as proofs of their opinion. But this apparent decay of the mental faculties is always owing to the brain, through which the soul acts, becoming clouded by the incipient failure of age: this we shall prove in the progress of our article.

sublime doctrine, render it inoperative upon the conduct of mankind.

We, therefore, view with concern, deep and unaffected, the rapid advance of Deism and Materialism at the present juncture. And we think it high time to take the alarm, when we find individuals of no mean note, teaching in their prelections and writings, that man, *rational* and *immortal* man, is originally but a secretion from the vessels of his female parent, that his mind is nothing but a phenomenon or function of the organic texture of his body; and that, when the latter is laid down in the dust, the former is annihilated with it. On the susceptible minds of the young, to whom chiefly such dogmas are addressed, the stamp of this pernicious error is likely to be deep, if not indelible: it behoves, therefore, every friend to the great interests of faith and morals, to come forward in refutation of opinions enforced with such art, ability, and authority. Is it fit that our schools of medicine should be converted into seminaries of infidelity? or that the chair of an anatomical professor should become "the seat of the scorner?" For our part, we shall resist the unhallowed attempt to set up *Physiology* against *Theology*, or to tarnish, with the 'blood and filth of the dissecting-room,' those enduring principles that are the beauty and the support of the moral world.

Perhaps it may be said that the theories of medical free-thinkers are not of sufficient importance to be made the subject of public discussion: or it may be urged that, although unquestionably dangerous, their absurdity and technicality will prove a sufficient safe-guard against their general adoption. And certainly if the opinions here condemned were maintained only by a few sciolists, intoxicated with the vanity of a little learning, and anxious to distinguish themselves, in this scribbling generation, by daring paradoxes, or coarse, arrogant, and irreligious *brochures*, we should not have selected them from the kindred trash which the press is almost daily inflicting upon us. But it is well known that the propagators of the new scepticism are men of the first eminence in physiology—men to whom the medical profession, and the world in general, are accustomed to look up. Surely this circumstance alone entitles the doctrine to an attention, which its intrinsic weight, in point of argument, could not otherwise claim.

Moreover, before we admit that such speculations should be treated with contempt, it may be well to recollect what an immensity of suffering to society might probably have been prevented, but for this supine and lukewarm forbearance, falsely styled *liberality*. The French Revolution—that astounding event, which, after five-and-twenty years of terror and carnage, and an

amount of crime almost unexampled in the history of our race, has yet but scarcely passed away, was not the result of causes purely political. Neither the profusion of the court, the vexations of the *gabelle*, nor the privileged tyranny of a licentious noblesse, would have been sufficient to bring it about, had not the elements of the mighty conspiracy been prepared and organized by the writings of deists, naturalists, encyclopædists, and illuminati.\* These able, but cold-hearted and regardless persons, by deliberately mingling infidelity with science, and artfully covering hatred of religion under the veil of love for liberty, succeeded in kindling a flame that ultimately involved the throne and the altar in one common destruction.

Let us, then, borrow wisdom from the past. The sceptics of our day teach doctrines equally hostile to religion and morals with those that paved the way for the French Revolution. Will they prove less dangerous now than they did then? We fear not. It is our duty, therefore, to prevent this danger by exposing and opposing it. Mr. Rennell has already given the alarm; and has conferred an obligation on society by braving the unpleasantness of controversy, and stepping forward with such promptitude and ability in the good cause. We also, in our humbler province, are anxious to aid in putting down principles that appear to us no less irreconcilable with true philosophy than with sound faith.

But before proceeding to criticise the opinions in question, it is incumbent upon us to give a short account of their nature and scope, and of the reasonings on which they rest. This we do, not only from motives of fairness, but because we are convinced that a great portion of our readers know little or nothing about the precise tenets of this rising sect. In presenting this condensed view, we shall, for the most part, employ our own illustrations, because, were we to quote those of the authors, we should extend our article beyond all reasonable limits. However, we shall take due pains neither to misconceive nor misrepresent them.

These modern physiologists, then, profess to divest themselves of all the prejudices of education, and of every bias, save an unlimited love of truth. They study man purely as an object of natural history—as one of the *species* in the animal department of creation;—and view all the manifestations of his being, whether physical or intellectual, as an aggregation of functions, each of which is to be investigated by the laws of experimental philosophy, without any reference to causes, either metaphysical

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\* “The geometricians and the chemists bring, the one from the dry bones of their diagrams, and the other from the soot of their furnaces, dispositions that make them worse than indifferent about those feelings and habitudes without which the world could not go on.” *Burke*.

or final. Life, they contend, is an inherent quality of organized substances, and mind inseparable from a sound brain, since we never see either the one or the other, except in entire dependance upon material organs. When organization begins, life begins; and as the structure of the brain becomes perfect, the faculties of the mind appear. In these, as in other physical phenomena, we see nothing but a constant conjunction of events, from which we are bound to infer causation. Life therefore presupposes organization, and intellect brain, just as motion presupposes matter. Hence it follows that all that has been said about an immaterial adjunct exercising the powers of volition, memory, and judgment, is nought but a chimera invented by poets, theologians, and metaphysicians, and without a shadow of evidence from nature or observation. They assert that the operations of intellect, so various, so boundless, are the simple results of "organic impulse,"\* and are to be regarded as "changes impressed upon the substance of the brain, by the impact of bodies external to its tissue."† They refer us to nature, and triumphantly ask "where is the mind of the fœtus? where that of the child just born? Is it not actually "*built up*" before our eyes by the actions of the five external senses? Is it not traced advancing by slow degrees, through infancy and childhood, to the perfect expansion of its faculties in the adult; annihilated for a time by a blow on the head, or the shedding of a little blood within the brain in apoplexy; and decaying as the body declines in old age?" "Where (say they) shall we find proofs of the mind's immateriality? of that mind, which, like the corporeal frame, is infantile in the child, manly in the adult, sick and debilitated in disease, frenzied in the drunkard, melancholy in the madman, enfeebled in the decline of life, doting in decrepitude, and annihilated by death."

Such is a brief summary of their doctrine, and of the kind of reasoning by which they expect to convince the world that there is no such thing as an immortal principle in man's nature, but that his mind is a mere abstraction, a kind of *tertium quid* generated by the action of objects external to the senses, and the reaction of the brain upon those objects; that, in short, it is a pure product of the animal apparatus, in its nature *homoi-ousian* if not *homo-ousian* with matter. Now, our readers will easily perceive, that, if affections of the brain constitute thought (though this is no more true than that affections of the senses of sight, smell, or hearing, constitute ideas of vision, smell, or sound), then it unavoidably follows that the brain is mind. The doctrine inevitably comes to this; nay, this conclusion is openly stated both by Mr. Lawrence and Sir T. C. Morgan: the former in an able

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\* Sir T. C. Morgan, p. 321.

† Sir T. C. Morgan, p. 220.

and laborious essay, published (in the *Medico-Chirug. Transactions*) a few years ago, tells us that "the brain perceives, reflects, and wills;" \* and the latter asserts that "thoughts and desires are but modifications of those parts through whose operation they are engendered; and moral motives, like physical stimuli, derive their power from the condition of the structure on which they act." (*Philosophy of Life*, p. 6.) Surely no one can complain that they do not speak plainly!

This, then, is the new modification of materialism, and we hesitate not to say (what we trust to prove in due time), that, even abstracting from its fatal consequences, and viewing it merely as a theory, it is as regardless of logic in its reasonings, and as gratuitous in its conclusions, as any speculation ever obtruded on the scientific world. It affords a notable example of the influence of strong impressions and inveterate associations: for it is to these, and to the difficulty of conceiving (enslaved as we are by objects of sense) how any thing connected with the animal economy can survive the cessation of animal life, that materialism owes its firm hold on the belief of its votaries. But (as Cicero has well observed),† "*Magni ingenii est, revocare mentem a sensibus, et cogitationem a consuetudine abducere.*"—What, then, must we think of *philosophers* that submit implicitly to these prejudices of association, and mistake the strength of an impression for a proof of its truth?

But, though they all coincide in the fundamental error of considering mind the offspring of matter, the persons whose opinions we are examining do not all carry their scepticism to a length equally culpable. On the contrary, we can plainly distinguish two classes of freethinkers; and having stated in what they agree, we shall next state in what they differ. The first and most numerous class, whom, for distinction's sake, we shall style *ultra-materialists*, maintain that mind and body by death are annihilated for ever, and, consequently, that there can be no future state of rewards and punishments. They also hold that we are the creatures of a despotic necessity; that we think and act by laws as mechanical and unavoidable as those that regulate the movements of matter; that the moral character of every human being is produced by causes beyond his own controul; that these causes are certain organic processes in his bodily system, just as the colour, taste, and smell, of a vegetable are the result of an occult but unintelligent agency in its roots and leaves; that crimes bear the same reference to morality that unwholesomeness or disease does to medicine, i. e. they are nought but disorders of function. The corollary from all this is, that it must be

\* See Mr. Lawrence's paper;—*Medico-Chir. Transact.* vol. v. p. 217.

† Cicero *Tuscul. Quest.* 1.

highly unphilosophical to punish the actions of men, or to impose creeds, whether religious or political. For since actions (say they) result from motives, and these again depend upon 'organic impulse,' and since moral distinctions are merely arbitrary, and general principles purely conventional, it is as unreasonable to expect similarity in men's modes of thinking, feeling, and acting, as to expect similarity in any other part or function of their organization! This order of sceptics, notwithstanding their opinions are subversive of morals and of liberty, admit the existence of a Deity—or rather (as they express it) of a 'First Cause:' but they despise the idea of revelation and of a Providence, deride the Sacred Scriptures, and step forward the unblushing champions of sheer Deism. In this order are comprised the French physiologists and most of their admirers in this country, from the knightly Sir T. C. Morgan, with his octavo of impiety and medical mysticism, down to that coarse and scornful pamphleteer *Do Wylke Edwinsford*, who, like a second Paine, may be said to be coated over with confluent great and small blasphemies.\*

The second class, or *moderate materialists*, profess to admit the evidence and authority of revelation, and to obey the precepts which it inculcates. They contend, however, that the mind or soul is not an immaterial essence, but necessarily dies with the body, and continues annihilated as long as the latter is a tenant of the grave: but that, at the resurrection, when the brain revives, the mind (its function) will, of course, revive along with it, and flourish in its wonted dependance upon organization. This class profess to believe a resurrection and a future state *solely* because these truths are stated by revelation, a revelation which, they say, commands their implicit belief, by the evidences of its Divine origin. They reject the dictates of reason on such sublime points, and argue that the belief of the soul's immortality, and of the truths connected with it, is sufficiently secured by the express declarations of Christianity.†

\* We presume the feigned name of this virulent reviler can deceive nobody.

† Were we not prepared for every kind of quibbling and inconsistency in the opinions of this order of persons, we should feel some wonder at the amazing contradiction of their pretending to believe revelation, so many texts of which unequivocally assert a doctrine pointedly the reverse of the one they espouse. If the mind dies with the body, and revives not till the general resurrection, what meaning must we attach to such passages as the following?

"Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it." Ecclesiastes, chap. xii. ver. 7.

"And fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul." St. Matthew, chap. x. ver. 28.

"And Jesus said unto him, verily I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." St. Luke, chap. xxiii. ver. 43. These were the dying words of our Saviour to the malefactor on the cross. He did not say "thou shalt be with me in Paradise at the resurrection," but *to-day*: evidently implying that death is



This doctrine was advanced so far back as the year 1702, by Dr. Coward, a physician, who wrote, expressly upon the subject, an elaborate work, entitled "Thoughts on the Human Soul." But its most eminent supporter in modern times is Dr. Priestley (who sought to maintain by it his favourite Socinianism), and it has been embraced by a considerable proportion of the sceptics whose tenets we are now discussing.

Though this form of materialism seems at first sight less obnoxious than the other, we have little doubt that it is scarcely less pernicious. Nay, many might be seduced by the insidious respect it professes for Christianity who would recoil from the avowed Deism and universal freethinking of the first sort with horror—we shall therefore subject it to a few comments.—In the first place, we greatly suspect that many of the supporters of this heresy, when once, by their arguments, they have made out the annihilation of the soul, will be very well satisfied to have mankind believe (notwithstanding their professed respect for Christianity) that it remains annihilated for ever. But, be this as it may, even the least culpable votaries of the doctrine must admit that it rejects or destroys all those strong proofs and presumptions of the soul's immortality which are derived from, or appreciated by, reason. For instance, it takes no account of that inextinguishable dread of annihilation, and that undefined "longing after immortality," which, in every age, have possessed the heart of man, and led him to an ennobling belief of the celestial destination of his nature: nor does it take into account those intimations of a future state obtained from comparing the almost unlimited extent of our intellectual powers and the improveableness of our moral capacities with the narrow sphere of the present life and its affairs. The contrast betwixt these is very great; and if any reliance is to be placed on the argument from *final causes*, the very nature of our faculties is a sufficient proof that they are designed for another and a better world. Were it not so, the higher powers of our moral constitution would be as little in unison with the aim and end of our being as wings to the mole, that is doomed to dwell under ground; and as great a contradiction as a speculative taste for colours to a person born blind.

In the second place, this doctrine is subversive of natural re-

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strictly *dissolution*, that is, a destruction of our compound being, and a commencement of the soul's existence in a state of separation from its corporeal adjunct.

We might also quote what is stated (St. Luke, chap. xvi.) about the rich man "being in torment" after death, and looking up and seeing Lazarus "in Abraham's bosom;" as also the dying words of St. Stephen (Acts, chap. vii. ver. 59), and many expressions of St. Paul in various parts of his Epistles: but our limits preclude such detail. We may, however, refer to I. Coriath. chap. xv. *passim*. At verse 44, in particular, the separate essence of the soul is distinctly announced.

ligion—for are not those convictions of a future and immortal life deduced from the light of reason, leading principles in the religion of nature? Consequently, to impair these convictions—to throw discredit upon that natural understanding with which a beneficent Creator has gifted us—to deface “the law written on our hearts” by the finger of God, is to destroy the substratum of all moral virtue. Indeed, it is doing a fatal injury to revelation itself; for revelation undoubtedly looks to natural religion as its firm ally. Human reason is applied to Christianity as to all other truth: it examines the whole, judges the whole, and, when it finds the doctrines conformable to reason (as far as reason can apprehend them), it adopts the whole as credible, and faith is the result. But faith, it is evident, must fundamentally lean upon reason, in all its external evidences; or else it is a contradiction in terms to say ‘we believe.’

From all these considerations, we are anxious to oppose our adversaries *in limine*, and feel the utmost reluctance to give up a single tittle of that evidence for the immortality of mind which unassisted reason furnishes; because we are convinced that if we surrender these ground-works and natural fences of our Divine faith, faith itself must speedily fall under the attack of its enemies. If our materialists succeed in establishing that there is no natural proof—no reasonable presumption of a future existence; if they succeed in convincing the common sense of mankind that mind is only a quality of organization, and that its separate existence is impossible, the religion which teaches that it is a separate essence, and that it survives the body, will be thought to teach an impossibility, and will itself, in no long time, be accounted the production of folly or imposture!

Before going further, it may be useful to point out some of the causes which have favoured the growth of materialism.

At the head of these causes deserve to be placed those despotic associations which we before hinted at as arising in early life, and adhering to every subsequent operation of the understanding; and from which nothing can deliver us but a rare and difficult habit of abstraction.

Next in order, and allied to these, may be mentioned the imperfection both of human intellect and language,\* and the consequent difficulty that attends every attempt to form a conception of an immaterial being. Mind we only know by its properties: of its ultimate nature we are entirely ignorant, as it is not cog-

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\* We refer our readers to Lord Bacon for a luminous exposition of those false judgements that spring, 1. from the narrowness of man's understanding; 2. from early prejudices and associations; and 3. from the vagueness of language. He treats of them under the quaint titles of *Idola tribus*, *Idola speciei*, and *Idola fori*. Novum Organon. Aphor. 38, 39, 41, 42, 52, 53.

nizable by any of our senses. We can see in a glass our corporeal self, and acquire an idea of its form and parts; but we are possessed of no mirror to reflect our intellectual image. Since mind, therefore, is invisible and inappreciable, we may cease to wonder that it should now and then be treated as a non-entity.

The language, again, in which we speak of mind or soul, tends to induce a false conception of its nature, inasmuch as it is borrowed from those *material* objects with which our senses are conversant. Thus, we give it the appellation of *πνευμα*—*spirit*;—but *spirit* means air, or breath, which is as much a material substance as any of the grosser and more tangible objects in nature. No doubt a very short effort of reflection is sufficient to convince us that mind has as little real similitude to air as to earth,—to the most attenuated as to the most condensed forms of matter; and yet such is the imperfection of language, and the proneness to accept words in lieu of knowledge, that men have often apprehended literally a term entirely figurative, and have supposed the power of cogitation to depend upon some subtle *aura* or spirit, analogous to oxygen, electricity, galvanism, or the like. This conjecture is occasionally thrown out by Sir T. C. Morgan and his compeers, probably for the purpose of increasing the difficulty of our side of the question: but if the subtle ether here supposed has any existence, it cannot aid the arguments for materialism; unless it can be shown that imponderable substances, *out of the body*, possess inherent powers of intellection. It is evident, however, that this never has been, and never can be shown: on the contrary, the phenomena of electricity, caloric, galvanism, light, &c. are all as remote from those peculiar actions that constitute thought as the phenomena of denser and more inert matter. Consequently the assumption of this ether is only a proof of the narrowness of our faculties, and explains nothing: for (if it really exists—which we by no means believe,) it can only be subservient to the thinking principle, and not itself the principle that thinks.

Another cause, perhaps, is the undue predilection for natural studies in the present age. After an intellectual darkness of almost two thousand years, the philosophy of Bacon broke upon the world, and gave to the human mind a direction totally new. The good it has effected has doubtless been very conspicuous; yet we think it just as clear that the abuses of the new philosophy threaten to rival the theoretic absurdities of the old. This is particularly the case in physiology. There is not a crude speculation, whether of British or foreign growth, that does not now-a-days boast of being founded on experiment and observation. The new doctrine is first puffed into a system by the assiduity of its inventor; he then scrutinizes the whole of nature for

what are called analogies in its favour, and, by an abusive stretch of Lord Bacon's authority, and by quoting a few common-places from the *Novum Organon*, he is speedily enabled to dis-course of "the broad basis of induction," according to the statute-phrase in such cases made and provided!

This kind of philosophy, by producing an exclusive contemplation of physical causes, an over-reliance on experimental deductions, and a notion of the constancy of nature that leaves out nature's God,—seems to quench the sensibility to moral evidence, and sets at naught those *higher inquiries*, which, in spite of Sir T. C. Morgan, we take to be the true '*philosophy of life*.'

The next cause will be found to exist in a quarter where, we believe, it has been little suspected; namely, in the prevailing philosophy on the subject of mind. The doctrine taught in the schools, and laid down in the productions of our most esteemed ethical writers, has almost uniformly been, that nothing exists in the mind except what comes from without, through the in-lets of the five senses; that the understanding is a mere blank until it is furnished with materials from the external world; and that special sensations, and our reflections upon those sensations, are the only sources of our ideas. Now, many, by the use of such language, have been betrayed into the error of supposing that, whilst thus explaining the operations of mind, they have been giving an account of the formation of mind itself. Their statements have thus scarcely differed from those of the physiologists under our notice at present, who talk of "*building up*" the mind by the five senses. Both fall into one common error; namely, that of supposing mind to be *made by material* circumstances; or, in other words, to derive its existence, and its powers, from causes not intrinsically belonging to its own essence? \* This last assertion is verified by the similarity of the tenets that support their two systems, and the identity of the terminations to which they lead. 'All our ideas and thoughts come from sensation and reflection,' say the metaphysicians: our physiological materialists concur in the same thing, adding, that "sensation is only the impact upon the brain of objects external to its tissue; and reflection merely the re-action of the brain upon those objects." Again, the philosophers believe that our moral judgments, including the knowledge of good and evil; right and wrong, true and false, together with benevolence, sympathy, and the other virtuous affections, are all factitious,

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\* "Though *sensible* objects may be the destined medium to awaken the dormant energies of man's understanding, yet are those energies themselves no more contained in *sense*, than the explosion of a cannon in the spark which gave it fire."—Harris's *Hermes*, 2d Edit. p. 392.

i. e. acquired; the physiologists say the same, although in terms somewhat different. In short, their first principles, as well as their conclusions, are more nearly identified than they themselves seem to be aware of.\*

We shall not enlarge further on the causes of materialism, as those of a more general nature have been ably developed by Mr. Rennell, to whose work we refer. We shall, therefore, proceed to the main business of our article, and attack the doctrine of our opponents: 1st, By general reasonings; and, 2dly, By opposing to their arguments, founded on Physiology, counter-arguments, both physiological and moral.

We begin with remarking, that there is no natural presumption, either from reason or facts, against mind being, *as to its nature*, totally distinct from, and independent of matter; for is not the Deity possessed of infinite intelligence, as displayed in his works of creation? and surely the most thorough materialists will not be daring enough to argue, that intelligence is in him the result of an animal organization; for (as organization necessarily implies creation) it would be tantamount to maintaining the contradiction, that "the first cause" has been created! To the second class of materialists that profess to believe Christianity, angelic natures (whose existence is every where declared in the Gospel) must furnish examples of disembodied spirit—examples quite incompatible with their doctrine, that mind is *inseparable* from organization.

When we compare together the phenomena of mind and those of matter, they appear so different, so contrasted, so completely heterogeneous, that we cannot, without absurdity, without doing violence to the laws of judgment, believe them to be the results of one and the same efficient cause. It would be less irrational to maintain, that heat and cold spring from the same cause, than that thought and cohesion, memory and impenetrability, are products of the same essence. Matter, so far as we are acquainted with it, always acts by fixed laws, with which the choice and spontaneity inherent, † in mind, are plainly inconsistent. Mind, therefore, must in itself be as different from matter as the

\* Locke was the great supporter of the above philosophy; and he also, unhappily, maintained the factitious nature of the moral principles. Now, although we do not mean to reproach him for the evil consequences deduced from his doctrine, any more than we would reproach Bacon for the abuses of his philosophy in modern times, still duty required of us to point out, in the one case as well as in the other, the dexterity with which materialists have made their opinions coalesce with systems hitherto received as incontrovertible by the greater part of mankind.

† "Motus enim voluntarius eam naturam in seipso continet, ut sit in nostra potestate, nobisque pareat."—Cicer. *De Fato*.

properties and modes of the one are different from the properties and modes of the other.

We feel it to be impossible, from the native constitution of our understanding, to conceive sensation and thought, without being irresistibly carried on to the notion of a sentient and thinking being. In fact, the latter is implied by the former: for perception, thought, volition, &c. are not in themselves the mind, they are merely acts or exertions of the mind; just as light and heat are not the sun, but operations or effects of the sun. As voluntary motion, then, cannot exist without a something that has the power of motion, so cogitation cannot exist without a cogitative principle. But, on the other hand, as a power of moving may exist without any exercise of actual motion, so mind may exist without any present cogitation; that is to say, its powers may be in a state of quiescence \* just as life exists in the seed, or intellect in a person buried in profound sleep, though the manifestations of intellect or of life are, under such circumstances, in abeyance. Upon the whole, we are as little authorized to conclude that the mind ceases to be, when it ceases to act, as that matter ceases to be matter when it is no longer in motion. And this we take to be a sufficient argument against the assumption of materialists that the mind is annihilated by death. Death indeed destroys the composition of our mortal body, and resolves it into its ultimate elements; but the destruction of matter cannot affect that which is *not* matter; the soul is secure of immortality by reason of its immateriality.

To be sure, the ultimate essence of mind we do not, and never can know; but our certainty of its being immaterial does not depend upon any such knowledge; we obtain that certainty by a contemplation of its attributes or manifestations. Yet, after all, can any just argument be grounded on our ignorance of its essence? Are we not equally ignorant of the ultimate substance of matter? Are we not totally unacquainted with the shape, size, &c. of the elements of ordinary bodies, and with the mode in which they sometimes act chemically upon each other? Yet would any one be justified in denying altogether the existence of matter, on account of this ignorance? Surely not; and as little can we infer the non-existence of mind as a distinct and separate entity, from our present ignorance of what it actually is.

We insist the more upon this point, because, from our ignorance of the soul's intimate nature, Spinoza has been hardy enough to put forth a proposition, that matter is the only thing that exists; that it is possessed of an infinite number of properties; and that cogitation, like extension, hardness, and so forth, is merely one

\* This accords with Hutcheson's concise and masterly definition, formerly quoted: "*cogitat, aut cogitare potest.*"

of these properties. This proposition is so contrary to all we know of matter, that it is quite impossible to give credit to it for a moment.

It has also been argued, that since the *substratum* of the properties of matter and spirit are unknown, they may, for aught we know to the contrary, be the same. But surely this conjectural mode of speaking carries no weight with it; for when we argue about the latent or unknown qualities of any object, we ought invariably to bear in mind, and argue from the manifest qualities belonging to that object; accordingly, in the present case, we are warranted to conclude, that, as all the known properties of mind and matter differ so widely, their unknown nature, or essence, must differ just as widely.

Mr. Locke\* has casually observed that "there is no absurdity in supposing Divine power to have superadded to the other qualities of matter, the faculty of thinking;" and this remark has been eagerly grasped at by materialists. But, if cogitation depend upon *something* superadded to matter, then it is no longer matter that thinks—which is just the thing we are contending for. But, we consider it highly ridiculous and improper to speculate, in this manner, about the *possibility* of the Deity's giving to matter a power of sensation and perception; when we *know*, from all we see of the creation, that he has not thought proper so to do. The unintelligence of matter seems to be one of the fundamental laws of the world: and is the Deity, who is perfect wisdom and unchangeableness, to act in direct opposition to laws which he himself has appointed? Can he make falsehood truth, or wrong right? Can he be guilty of an absurdity? Can he constitute 2 and 2 equal to 10? or, can he make matter *think*?—In all cases, the power of the Most High is not a blind energy, but an attribute that harmonizes with his wisdom and holiness.

One of the radical errors of materialism is, that it regards every phenomenon of the mind as a purely passive result of certain preceding movements, just as the produce of a mill results from the motion of the machinery of which it is composed. Thus, we have, first, the *impact* of external objects on the texture of the brain; next, *movements* excited in the cerebral substance by this impact; and, in the third place, we have the medullary tissue excited to *reaction* by those movements; and this reaction, we are told, is reflection, memory, or volition, just as the case may be; all which are represented as the *necessary* effects of their organic causes.—But that the mind is entirely passive is contradicted by a thousand obvious phenomena. Have

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\* It is to be lamented that a philosopher of Mr. Locke's piety and profoundness should have thrown out so dangerous a speculation.

we not the faculty of originating a train of thought, and pursuing one chain of associations in preference to another? Can we not direct our faculties to one object, to the exclusion of all others? This capability in the mind is called *attention*, and it affords *direct* proof that our powers are not the slavish results of organization; in fact, the feeling of intellectual liberty and spontaneity, is too strong and instinctive to be rooted out by any sceptical reasonings whatever.

That the mind is an active, as well as a passive being, is proved by the concurrent sense of all mankind; nor is this universal opinion to be rashly set at nought; for the world at large, however they may err on points of speculation, in matters of fact are never entirely in the wrong. Thus, in every age, the distinction between the active and passive state of the sentient part of our constitution has been noticed, and marked by corresponding *variations of language*: for example, "*I see*," "*I hear*," "*I feel*," &c. express the state of consciousness merely passive; but "*I look*," "*I listen*," "*I touch*," denote the active state of that inward sense. Again, in sensation the mind is a passive recipient of the impressions from without; but, during reflection, it is actively employed in classing, comparing, and combining these impressions. Memory, also, has an active and passive form. When we studiously endeavour to recollect former impressions, we are said to employ memory—the active form of the power; but, at other times, recollections come unsought for across the mind, and this involuntary reminiscence constitutes the passive form. In short, every power of the mind has an active, as well as a passive state; and this activity—an activity springing from within, and belonging to the understanding itself, appears to us next to demonstrative proof that the mind of man is a primary *ens* anterior to, and presiding over, the movements of organization, and not subservient to, or consequent upon, any bodily process.\*

We have purposely abstained from noticing any of the speculations of the older metaphysical writers on the intimate nature of the soul, because we conceive the inquiry to be placed totally beyond the reach of our present faculties. Our

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\* We would here ask how, on the principles of materialism, is the new-born infant enabled to suck, to swallow, or to perform the other motions usually termed instinctive? Is it by the *impact* of external bodies on the brain? We answer, No! because the external senses, for several days after birth, are very imperfectly developed, and the brain, their common centre, still more so, being nothing but a pulpy mass, almost without distinction of parts. These actions appear to us wholly inexplicable, unless they are referred to the nascent activity of an immaterial principle; for we doubt not they are accompanied and regulated by an inward consciousness on the part of the infant, more or less clear. This is proved by the cries and other voluntary efforts at change of posture which the infants make when in pain, as well as by many similar circumstances.



only object has been to bring forward those arguments for the mind's immateriality, which are discoverable by the eye of reason, and to place them on the footing of other abstract truths. But we shall not pursue the subject any further. To such of our readers as wish to go more deeply into the discussion, we recommend a careful perusal of Cudworth's "Intellectual System," the admirable treatise of Dr. Samuel Clark, on the "Being and Attributes of God;" and the chapter "On a Future Life," in Bishop Butler's "Analogy."

But, after all, the immateriality of mind stands in little need of laborious proofs, as our convictions on the subject result, perhaps, less from abstruse argumentation, than from an exact and unprejudiced examination of our ideas and consciousness; it is this self-examination which carries with it the force of an intuitive belief.\*

We now proceed to the physiological department of the subject, and we shall bestow upon it the greater attention, as modern materialists seem to count upon Physiology as their strong hold.

The proposition that contains the sum total of their arguments is simply this: that mind is, in no respects, different from any other vital action; that it is the function of the brain, just as digestion is the function of the stomach, secretion that of the liver, circulation that of the heart, or contraction that of the muscles. This axiom is repeated incessantly, though in different words, throughout the whole compass of their works; and the unavoidable conclusion from it (of which, by the bye, they take care often enough to remind us) is, that it would be just as reasonable to expect digestion, respiration, circulation, secretion, and so forth, to survive the death of the body, as to expect mind to survive that event. Besides, as the vitality of the brain is derived from the blood, it follows, on their principles, that its function (*mind*) must also be derived intermediately from the blood. We shall not here stop to notice the shortness and con-

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\* "Puisque l'existence des corps n'est pour nous que la permanence d'êtres dont les propriétés repondent à un certain ordre de nos sensations, il en résulte, qu'elle n'a rien de plus certain, que celle d'autres êtres, qui se manifestent également par leurs effets sur nous; et puisque nos observations sur nos propres facultés, confirmées par celles que nous faisons sur les êtres pensants, qui animent aussi des corps, ne nous montrent aucune analogie entre l'être qui sent, ou qui pense, et l'être qui nous offre le phénomène de l'étendue, ou de l'impenetrabilité, il n'y a aucune raison de croire ces êtres de la même nature. Ainsi la spiritualité de l'âme n'est pas une opinion qui ait besoin de preuves, mais le resultat simple et naturel d'une analyse exacte de nos idées, et de nos facultés." (Vie de M. Turgot, par M. Condorcet, quoted by Professor Stewart, in his Dissertation prefixed to the Supplement of the Encyclopædia Britannica.)

In the last sentence (says Mr. Stewart) substitute for *spirituality* the word *immateriality*, and the observation becomes equally just and important." (Prelim. Dissert. p. 161.)

fusion of their views in confounding the principle of intellection with the principle of vitality, and in classing together phenomena so diametrically opposite as those of mind and of mere organic or vegetative life. These points we shall touch upon by and by; in the mean time, we go on to remark the dangerous conclusion to which the above notion leads. If the whole operations of intellect, and the brain in which they take place, are derived, like other parts of the body, from the blood, it follows, that our motives, like our limbs, must depend on the quality of that fluid; and that crimes in morality are neither sinful nor shameful, but only *peculiarities* of constitution: thus, according to Sir T. C. Morgan,—

“Although, for the general purposes of society, a coarse and approximating system of justice dispenses rewards and punishments with sufficient accuracy, yet strictly and morally speaking, there exists not in the human breast a criterion for appreciating the actions of others. Each animal forms within itself a little republic.” &c. &c. (P. 290.)

Hence it appears, that not only the religious, but the juridical institutions of our country are to be swept away by the new philosophy: for if men have no souls, what need have we of bishops or churches? and if crimes are merely irregularities in the physical constitution, what mean those ugly edifices entitled Newgate and Bridewell? Our philosophic knight wotteth not why men should be immured therein on account of the dark complexion of their lives, any more than the dark complexion of their skins; nor why the summary remedy of a *halter* should be resorted to for a forgery or a larceny, any more than for a heart-burn or a headache!!

Another of their conclusions (which by the by seems rather laughable than dangerous) is, that man excels a maggot or a mite solely by the superior perfection of his brain; that it depends on the coarseness or fineness of texture in this organ, whether an individual shall be a fool or a philosopher; and that “a Newton or a Shakspeare only excels other mortals by a more ample developement of the anterior cerebral lobes; by having an extra inch of brain in the right place.”

Now all this is very wonderful, but we rather suspect we have heard it before: it sounds very like the theory of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim,\* those celebrated ‘men of skulls,’ who teach the new art of estimating man’s inward propensities by his outward protuberances, and of deducing the solidity of his understanding from the solid contents of his head-piece; nay, it coincides with an

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\* Although we treat with some levity the new hypothesis invented by these gentlemen, we willingly allow their claims to attention as anatomists. Their discoveries in the structure of the brain, and their superior skill in demonstrating that organ, have acquired them great and merited reputation.

hypothesis more ancient still, and fully as respectable, we mean the far-famed *Shandean system*! For our part, although we cannot boast of being adepts in the art of scalp-measuring, or of having sacrificed much time to the investigation of talent, as *coincident* with the developement of the brain in this or that direction, we can pronounce, *from observation*, that genius is not necessarily connected with any given configuration of the head. We have as often witnessed excellent natural abilities in persons with small heads as in others of a contrary size: and we have, on the other hand, found many goodly and promising foreheads, foreheads rivalling in capaciousness those even of Bacon or of Shakspeare, either tenantless quite, or tenanted only by dulness, which amounts to the same thing. Therefore, we are constrained to say, that this doctrine, backed though it be by the high authority of Mr. *Shandy*, is altogether visionary and ridiculous; a decision which will no doubt cause our adversaries to declare that we are totally destitute of the needful "*inch of brain in the right place*."

All this absurdity, however, teaches an important lesson: it shows to what preposterous lengths some men will go for the sake of an hypothesis. Would it not be far more consentaneous to reason and nature to believe that the Creator has made one man's mind to surpass that of another in native vigour and acuteness, just as he has made one man's body to exceed that of another in physical strength. And do we not collect from revelation\* that these differences exist in the mind itself, and not in the material apparatus through which it acts?

But, with respect to the main proposition of our antagonists, a very little reflection must make it appear, that Mind differs widely from secretion, digestion, circulation, and the other organic functions with which they have chosen to class it. For instance, every one must feel that we have no voluntary power over the latter operations, and often, not even a consciousness, however obscure, that they exist. But of Mind and its operations we are strictly conscious, and can at all times direct and controul them, almost as implicitly as we do the motions of the body. Is there any parallel to this in the organic functions? What man is sensible that his liver is secreting bile, or that his lacteal vessels are absorbing the nutritious part of the food? Can any one of us, by an exertion of the will, cause our stomach to digest only vegetable food, and not to act upon animal substances, or *vice versa*? Is there an active and passive state of the digestive

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\* We allude particularly to the parable of the talents. St. Matthew xxv. 14, et seq. "Unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required." St. Luke, chap. xii. ver. 48. See also 1 Cor. chap. xii. ver. 4, et seq.

and secreting functions, similar to what we have proved to exist in the mind? In strict terms, what real or reasonable analogy is there betwixt these functions and that of the understanding.

Besides, the functions above specified differ radically, *in their very nature*, from the phenomena of intellect. In the former, *the causes and effects are invariably of the same kind*. For example, when the heart causes the blood to circulate, it is one motion producing another motion: when the stomach converts the food into nourishment, it is the heat, moisture, gastric juice, and gradual compression of its muscular coat, that unite to produce a trituration, solution, and conversion, greater or less, according to the strength of the organ, and the nature of the food: again, when secretion takes place, the fluid formed is not a new *creation*, but only a new combination of certain elements pre-existing in the blood; which, by a delicate and inimitable play of affinities, are selected and separated by the secreting apparatus.

The phenomena of the mind, however, are of a totally different order. The causes and effects are neither the same nor even similar. For instance, an outward object makes an impression on the organs of sense; this impression is transmitted on to the brain, and an idea is, in the sequel, formed by the mind. But this idea bears no more *actual* similitude \* to the outward object that gave rise to it, than red colour does to the sound of a trumpet. The metaphysical hypothesis of Hume and others, that asserted ideas to be the images or impressions of their objects (just as an impression on wax is the image of the seal), has long since passed away. When we conceive the idea of a house or a horse, is there in our mind, or in our brain, any picture, any spectral representation, of these objects? The supposition is gratuitous and absurd. In fact, our ideas and sensations are more analogous to *arbitrary signs* than to any stamps, pictures, or images whatever.

Upon the whole, it plainly appears, that though cogitation *follows* certain impressions produced by outward objects on the senses, and on the brain, as the centre of the senses, still these impressions are the instruments, not the agents; the *occasions*, not the *efficient causes*, of thought. Succession does not prove, or even necessarily imply, causation: we must not argue from the "*post hoc, ergo propter hoc*:" or, in other words, we must

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\* If it did, then a green object ought to excite a green idea, or a black object a black one: which would be resolving the mind into a mere *camera obscura*. This applies to the sense of sight; but in the case of touch, smell, &c. we ought to have a round or square idea, a rough or smooth, hard or soft, fragrant or fœtid one, just according to the qualities of the bodies which are the subjects of perception.

not, in this case, mistake a sequence for a consequence. All the organic movements of the brain, and of the nervous system connected with it, are but of secondary account, being in every respect subservient to the immaterial principle, which employs them as its *unintelligent* instruments.

But, for argument's sake, let us grant, for a moment, that the analogy betwixt mind as the function of the brain, and digestion as the function of the stomach, is complete and conclusive: what would our materialists gain by the admission? We shall see.—They themselves will not pretend that digestion and nutrition are, in *their nature*, any thing else than the *appropriation* and *conversion* of external matter into another form, and the *assimilation* of it to the texture of the body. Therefore it follows, on *their own* principles, that the brain, in the process of intellection, must *appropriate* and *convert* external objects into its own substance! At this rate, cogitation becomes a phenomenon purely chemical, and all our knowledge must consist of innumerable atoms,—the fragments and component elements of things contemplated by the senses! At this rate also, the wonder expressed of Goldsmith's schoolmaster, "that one small head could carry all he knew," would be increased ten thousand fold: for, we suspect, the ordinary dimensions of the human cranium could not contain a single week's series of these *appropriations*, *conversions*, and *assimilations*!

It thus is manifest, that the boasted argument from analogy, in which our opponents put their chief trust, is calculated, like an elephant in battle, to cause infinitely more confusion and annoyance to their own ranks, than to us whom it was meant to overthrow.

For the sake of not embarrassing the discussion by urging too many objections at once, we have hitherto argued the question as if those *movements* in the substance of the brain, those *impacts* and *reactions*, which our adversaries continually take for granted, were real and substantial existences. It is now, however, high time to declare that we regard them as no better than a *physiological fiction*, borrowed from the exploded Hartleyan hypothesis of *vibrations*, for the sake of propping up this new-fashioned system. It is indeed somewhat inconsistent in men, who talk so constantly of their doctrines being founded on the firm basis of *fact* and *observation*, to assume the very thing they ought to prove; but we apprehend those who have looked even a little into the logic of materialism, will not feel surprise, whatever else they may feel, at the inconsistency and unfairness of its conclusions. That a soft medullary pulp like the brain, shut up in a bony casement, *which it accurately fills*, and confined down by its appropriate membranes, should possess that

intestine play—that facility of action and re-action which this theory supposes, is certainly, from the reason of the thing, sufficiently improbable. But if these movements are real, we have still to learn how, when, and by whom, they have been proved—by what set of *experiments* they have been demonstrated. We confidently pronounce that there has not been even an attempt at proof upon this point, and we challenge our adversaries to show the contrary. This is one of the fundamental positions of materialism, and consequently a great deal must hinge upon its being proved true or false. It would be too much to hope that the unsupported opinion of an obscure reviewer should carry sufficient weight to counterbalance the fame and credit of some who range themselves in the ranks of our opponents; we shall therefore quote in our favour the sentiments of Dr. Gregory, one of the highest authorities in medical science at the present day—one too who is of equal authority as a physician and metaphysician. His words are, “Nec desunt philosophi et medici non parvi nominis, qui negant ullam in mente mutationem vel cogitationem fieri, quam certa, et quæ eidem respondet, cerebri mutatio non comitetur. Res parum certa, parum utilis, neque facile ad experimentum reducenda. Tantum enim abest, ut ullam mutationem quæ in cerebro fiunt, vel modi quo variæ ejus partes operantur, dum memoria, imaginatio, judicium exercentur, scientiam habeamus, ut ne quidem sana de his rebus conjectura hactenus fuerit prolata.”—*Conspectus Med. Theoret. Auctore Jac. Gregory, M. D. in Acad. Edinburg. Medicinæ Prax. Profess. Aphor. 293.* It may be well to add the opinion of this modern Celsus on the general question: speaking of the phenomena of mind, he observes, “Omnes hæ facultates *tam purè mentis sunt*, ut primo intuitu haud quicquam *corporei* iis inesse videatur.”—*Ibid. Aphor. 128 et 293.*

But granting, what seems probable enough, that certain *changes* (whether of the nature of movements or not, we pretend not to say) precede sensation and thought, this fact will not augment the probability of materialism, for all such changes or actions in the brain are nothing but *modes* of that organ; and since the mode is not really distinct from the substance modified, it follows that the organic theory must be false, unless we admit that the brain is itself the *ipsissimum sentiens*. Now, that matter, whether cerebral or any other, can *think*, we have before shown to be an impossibility and a contradiction in terms. Even were the proposition incontrovertible in point of logic, which it is not, it would nevertheless be incredible in practice; for we feel an instinctive and indestructible belief that mental phenomena are not modes of matter.

Indeed the very nature of many of our ideas testifies by in-

ternal evidence that they cannot have originated in organization: for although ordinary knowledge comes by the senses, still our moral perceptions (those intuitive excitements to virtue, which are so interesting to human happiness) certainly do not come through the same channel. This is proved by the great attainments of many persons blind from their birth, and by the moral and intellectual capabilities of the deaf and dumb; whose instruction has been so astonishingly improved of late years. Though placed immeasurably behind their fellow-creatures, these persons have evinced themselves to possess all the inward faculties of responsible beings. Now if mind is not distinct in itself and paramount to organization, but a simple product of the five senses acting upon the cerebral structure, we have a right to inquire how organization can possibly teach what it is not conversant with—what, in truth, is infinitely beyond it? Whence also, we may ask, came the mind of the boy *Mitchell*,\* who, although blind as well as deaf and dumb from birth, displayed an active understanding, a tenacious memory, considerable reasoning powers, and strong affections?

The efficacy of education and religious instruction furnishes an additional argument for the immateriality of mind. It is evident that on the theory of materialism these could be of no avail; for who could hope, by means of essays and sermons, to improve the organic texture of the brain, any more than the organic texture of the liver, the muscular power of the stomach, or the physical activity of the limbs? The mind, however, is a being *sui generis*, and has its appropriate means of improvement: it is invigorated by education, enriched by experience, and enlarged by study, just as the body is nourished by sustenance and aggrandized by time, care, and the growth of parts.

Again: were the understanding not a separate principle, how are we to account for those sudden transitions in the moral character of individuals, which repentance and amendment frequently exhibit—do they arise from a complete change of the organization?—that is impossible. The suddenness of the event is incompatible with such a cause. As little can they be ascribed to alterations of diet, climate, or other circumstances purely physical, influencing the nervous system; for experience proves that they generally follow moral considerations, addressed to, and acting upon, the mind *as mind*. There are also more gradual transitions than those we have mentioned, that have just as little reference to organization. For instance, let any one analyze

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\* See the "History of James Mitchell, a boy born blind and deaf, By J. Wardrop, F. R. S. London, 1813."—For a good summary of this interesting tract we may refer to the "Edinb. Med. and Surg. Journal," vol. ix. p. 473.

the opinions he now happens to hold on many subjects of importance; and compare them with those he entertained on the same points twelve or twenty years ago, he will find that, slowly and almost unconsciously, they have undergone the greatest alterations and amendments, while the size and structure of the brain, like that of the rest of the body, remains (as far as rational evidence goes) in every respect as before. In short, these, and a thousand analogous phenomena, prove unequivocally the existence of an intelligent and improveable principle in man, wholly distinct from matter, and not deriving its powers and capacities from that source.

We shall only urge one more argument, and that a physiological one. The earliest phenomena of ordinary death are, the departure of sensation and consciousness, and the cessation of breathing. These, however, constitute only the first stage of that event; because, for a considerable time afterwards, the nerves are found to retain their excitability, the heart its irritability, and the muscles and smaller blood-vessels their contractility.\* These vital properties are only lost by slow degrees, after the power of feeling and thinking has ceased to be present. For hours after this last power has disappeared, if the nerves are treated with appropriate stimuli, they resume, to a certain extent, their functions. This proves them still capable of conveying impressions to the mind, or of executing the mind's volitions in return; but neither sensation, perception, nor volition, now takes place, because the *percipient* is gone. It thus would seem that the immaterial principle, placed at the head of the living machine, is the first to leave its tenement, and that the subordinate functions, essential to the life of the body, die as it were only consecutively or by implication. We pretend not to know the exact point of time (after the cessation of respiration) when the soul finally quits the mortal fabric. That its departure is not always instantaneous is sufficiently proved by the phenomena of swooning, and by the fact of persons having been restored after apparent death from drowning. Perhaps the time differs in different individuals, according to the previous state of the constitution and the external cause which produces death. But every thing observed on the subject teaches us that the time is very limited—perhaps not exceeding an hour in any case, and very seldom equalling half that space. One thing is certain, viz. that the mind is gone *beyond recall* long before the functions of our merely vegetative existence have entirely ceased. That a really vital action remains in the stomach for a length, of

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\* For a proof of this see Dr. Wilson Philip's "Experiments on the Vital Functions," p. 210.



time after visible death, was long ago ascertained by the celebrated John Hunter; and recent experiments, performed on the bodies of criminals a few hours after they have undergone the sentence of the law, prove that every limb may be thrown into action by the stimulus of the voltaic pile. The muscles, by means of galvanism, are made to perform vehement contractions; but these movements, besides being transient, are quite *involuntary* and *unconscious*. By the aid of galvanism also, a secreting organ has been made to secrete, or the stomach to digest for a short time, and, by artificial respiration, the heart has been made to beat after the spirit has fled: but galvanism never produced consciousness, or thought, or memory;—no artificial process has yet been able to imitate the actions of the immaterial part of our constitution.

These facts, besides contradicting the position about the identity of mind and organization, tend to show still more clearly the wide difference (which we lately endeavoured to prove by other arguments) betwixt the intellectual and organic functions.

The new school of materialists affirms that life, as well as mind, is the result of organization; but though this is an error of great magnitude, our limits will not permit us to enter upon it. Indeed, to do so would be almost superfluous, as it has already been ably accomplished by Mr. Rennell. Perhaps that will be thought the most successful part of his book where he exposes the bad reasonings of his opponents on this point. These reasonings are inconsistent and contradictory,—an undoubted sign that the authors had not made up their minds either what to affirm or what to deny with regard to life. Upon the whole, we consider it evident that life is not the result, but rather the principle that animates organization. Of course, we now speak of mere organic or vegetative life. Yet we may observe that, however peculiar and inexplicable the powers of this occult principle may appear, they are, in their nature, as remote from cogitation as elasticity, gravitation, or any other of the subordinate powers superadded to matter. Vegetables possess life as much as we do; but vegetables do not think, remember, will, or move.\*

The animal functions (which include all the mental powers, high or low, together with the capacity of locomotion) have only been observed in those classes of living beings that have a nervous system; and hence has arisen the opinion that this system, and the brain as its centre, is the essential organ of animal life.

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\* Some facts about the mobility of the sensitive and other plants may seem to form an exception to this last observation. But in these instances, the motion is wholly involuntary, and may result from *irritability*: or, it may follow the cause that excites it, just as the motion of the needle follows the approach of the magnet.

On this account, the brain has been zealously studied in every age; for although the notion, that it "thinks, judges, and wills," is a new doctrine, the belief that all intellectual phenomena are, to a certain extent, *dependant* upon it for their actual manifestations, is sufficiently ancient. Democritus of Abdera dissected this organ almost three thousand years ago; and Haller, Vicq. D'Azyr, Reil, Monro, Cuvier, together with hundreds of other anatomists, have investigated it in more modern times; yet without throwing the least light on its functions.

The causes of this want of success are very apparent; the brain is a complete anomaly in our physical structure, as it presents the mysterious union of an immaterial *something* that reasons, reflects, and feels, with a material part obeying the usual laws of our organization. The nature of this union is obviously calculated to baffle all inquiry: and even were this primary obstacle overcome, we are immediately met by another equally formidable: namely, the difficulty of conceiving how any traces on the brain can be perceived by the mind, or furnish it with ideas. These difficulties always have existed and always will exist: the longer we reflect upon them, the more do we feel that they are beyond the limits of our faculties. We do not see any possibility of their ever being known; for, as Lord Bacon sagaciously observes, "*Homo tantum facit et intelligit quantum revel mente observaverit; nec amplius scit aut potest.*"\* We need not, therefore, dwell on the speculations of different philosophers who have attempted to explain this union and to assign localities to the soul;—of Des Cartes, for instance, who enthroned it on the pineal gland, or of others who made it an inmate of the ventricles, or interwove it in the texture of the cerebellum. Though all these notions are equally crude and fanciful, one broad truth seems undeniable, viz. that, in the arrangements of the Supreme Being, the brain is the destined medium, by which, during the present life, the mind holds communication with the external world.

The obscurity of this subject has been turned to very singular account by the materialists of the present day. Feeling, like all others, the impossibility of understanding the mode of connexion between an immaterial and corporeal being, they have hastily denied the former altogether, and assigned the phenomena it produces to the mere brain. But as well might they say that the humours, tunics, and blood-vessels of the eye, *by themselves*, can constitute ideas of vision, as that the substance of the brain, medullary or cineritious, and the play of its veins and arteries, can by themselves originate thought. To maintain that the

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\* *Novum Organ.* lib. 1. aphor. 1.

brain is the efficient cause of intellect, solely because, by the law of nature, the former reveals the operations of the latter, is highly illogical; for we ought to recollect that a law of nature is not in itself a *cause*, it is only the rule according to which an efficient cause acts. As Cicero justly observes, “non sic causa intelligi debet ut quod cuique antecedit id et causa sit, sed quod cuique efficienter antecedit.”

Every physiologist knows that very considerable portions of the cerebral substance have, in various instances, been lost by outward injuries, and yet the person has recovered and enjoyed all his faculties. In other instances, portions of the organ have been destroyed by inward suppuration, or displaced, and ultimately absorbed, by the gradual accumulation of water within the ventricles; and yet no corresponding loss of the mental powers has accompanied such disorganization. The records of surgery abound in cases of this description; and though some of them may be inaccurate, and others wholly fabulous, the remainder are sufficiently authenticated\* to carry conviction of the fact to every unprejudiced understanding. Now, we would remark that *one case* of this kind, well observed, is fatal to the entire hypothesis of our antagonists: for if the mind is simply the function of the brain, must it not follow in every case, that the loss of any part of its substance should carry away with it an aliquot part of the understanding? If a portion of the stomach is destroyed or removed, can digestion any longer be performed? If the chest is distended with a dropsical collection of water, will not respiration be at first laborious, and in the end totally impracticable? or, if there is an abscess in a joint, will not the motions of that joint be greatly impaired?

In order to get rid of this difficulty, they have recourse to a great deal of evasion. In the first place, they allege that, in hydrocephalus, there is merely an unfolding of the convolutions of the brain, but no absorption, and consequently no loss of its substance: and that, of course, the mental functions must needs remain while the brain remains. Now, in opposition to this we may state that all unbiassed observers admit the fact of occasional absorption: but even if it never took place, the *displacement* which this unfolding of the convolutions implies, must disturb the relative situation of parts, and consequently (on their own way of arguing) disturb the relative manifestations of the function. Thus the mind ought to be nearly as distant from its sound state in this case as in that of real absorption, or loss of brain.

In the second place, they suppose that the brain is a double organ, and that one hemisphere can upon some occasions do

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\* See Baron Haller's *Elementa Physiologicæ*, tom. i.

the office of both: just as we continue to see with one eye when the other is extinct, to feel with one hand when the other is cut off, or to breathe with the lung of one side, when the other is wounded, or has its structure destroyed by consumption. This, however, is all exceedingly inconclusive, and exhibits another example of that loose and vicious analogy which we have already had to complain of in the reasonings of our materialists. Where is the PROOF that the brain is a double organ? \* or were its duplicity admitted, how do they show that one of its halves can do the office of both? The heart will furnish an example in point: it is a double organ, and its two sides, joined together by a septum, are equally destined to propel the blood. But what physiologist will contend that one of its sides can perform the office of both? We might also ask where has been an instance of one lung being wounded, or seriously injured, and the other going quietly on with the function of respiration, just as if nothing were the matter? Really these speculations are so exceedingly gratuitous, that we ought perhaps to apologize to our readers for wasting so much time in their confutation.

Though the cases of the loss of brain without any corresponding loss of faculties, overthrow the doctrine we are opposing, it would not be legitimate to infer from them, that mind is totally independent of that organ. On the contrary, many familiar facts, both in health and disease, prove a close connexion between them. All we wish to deduce from the cases in question is, that the *degree* as well as the *nature* of this connexion is wholly unknown; and that whatever *hypotheses* may be advanced on the subject, no rational *theory* can at present be hoped for. Indeed, so little do we understand of the relation of brain to intellect, that it is impossible to say beforehand what shall be the effect of any given injury, or disease of the cerebral structure. In some cases the loss of faculties is considerable or complete; and in others, from a similar injury or disease, there is little or no loss either of sensibility or any other mental power.

Upon the whole, the truth we wish to convey is, that the mind is distinct and independent in its essence, and only dependant upon the organs of the body for its present exercise: the brain, therefore, is no more the cause of thought than the tongue is of speech, or the hand the cause of the letters and ideas we are at this moment tracing upon the page before us. From the mere

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\* Granting that the brain is double, can they, with the least degree of reason, say the same thing of the spinal chord, which by the experiments of Dr. W. Philip ("On the Vital Functions," p. 209, Expt. 72) has been proved to be the seat of sensation, as well as the brain. The superficial fissure running down the anterior part of this cord can surely never be considered as dividing it into two halves, for very plain reasons; but as these are strictly anatomical, we need not trouble our readers with them.

reason of the thing, we esteem it far more likely that the mind, as the primary mover, should influence the soft and plastic brain, than that the latter should *spontaneously* commence those intestine changes which are supposed to accompany the process of thought.

If our adversaries quote facts to show the despotic power of organization over mind, we can adduce opposite facts proving the dominion of mind over organization to be equally unlimited. To say nothing of the Spartan Leonidas, or the Athenian Cynægyrus, of Mutius Scævola who deliberately burnt off his hand, or of the heroic Abercromby who kept the field until "victory shone on his life's ebbing sands;" there are a thousand examples of the power of mental affections over the state of the brain. Persons, it is well known have been struck senseless and motionless by bad tidings: or, on the other hand, if previously in a state of delirium, or even actual insanity, they have occasionally been recalled to reason by merely repeating in their hearing some intelligence fraught with strong or afflicting emotion. Have we forgotten the instances of martyrs, who, in times of persecution, have suffered the agonies of the axe, or the torments of the stake, with a firmness that complained not; a firmness inspired and sustained by the influence of religious principle on the mind? Have we forgotten the various individuals mentioned in history, who, from love of country, or love of fame, from a sense of duty, or native greatness of soul, have cheerfully devoted themselves to peril, and pain, and even death itself? Let any one, after duly weighing such facts, pronounce whether mind does not exert a governing power over organization as wonderful as any of the contrary instances that materialists can produce.\*

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\* M. Corvisart remarks, that, during the French Revolution, organic diseases of the heart were unusually common, and he ascribes them to the great prevalence of the depressing passions at that dreadful period.

The following passage, from another quarter, affords an additional proof of what we have advanced:—"It is not a little remarkable in the medical history of fleets and armies, that, during the fatigues and sufferings of a hot campaign, or the active progress of war-like operations, the men are very little subject to illness of any sort; as if the elation of hope, and the other great passions with which they are agitated, had the virtue to steel the constitution against the most powerful causes of disease. No sooner, however, does a great failure, and the dejection it draws after it, allow the spirit of enterprise to flag, than the previous fatigues and exposures begin to tell upon the constitution by their usual results—disease. Like a machine wound up beyond its pitch, the excitement of accumulated motives once withdrawn, the human frame rapidly runs down, and yields with a facility almost as unexpected as its former resistance."

See a paper by Archibald Robertson, M. D. in the appendix to Dr. Johnson's work on "The Influence of Tropical Climates. Second Edition.

We omit saying any thing of fainting, blushing, trembling, &c. &c. as examples of the mind's power over organization, as these must readily suggest themselves to every reader.

We foresee that an objection may be made to the general scope of our arguments. For instance, it may be said that the very same reasoning we have employed to prove an immaterial and immortal principle in man, will equally go to prove a similar principle in brutes. On this point we are desirous of explaining ourselves. We fairly confess, that, as far as human judgment can discover, we cannot perceive any natural reason why the sensitive powers of the lower animals should be annihilated by death, any more than those of man. These powers differ from ours very much in their *degree*, but not in their *nature*; for we think the consciousness, will, memory, &c. of brutes as much require an immaterial principle for their performance, as they do in ourselves. To attribute them to *instinct* explains nothing: the question is, as all brutes, even the lowest kind of them, evidently have a sentient principle, whether is this principle material or immaterial? For our part, we cannot conceive how any mechanism can produce animal volition, memory, and docility, any more than it can produce the same phenomena in the human race. We see nothing absurd or ludicrous in supposing such powers, in the lower animals, to be the result of an immaterial principle; for nothing can be accounted mean that Omnipotence hath formed; and it is not for us, by our vain imaginings, to set bounds to his power or his goodness.

The first degree of animal mind is probably nothing more than an obscure consciousness, and an imperfect kind of sensibility to external impressions. As we ascend in the scale of creation we find these primitive faculties gradually adorned by the superaddition of powers of a higher order, till at last we arrive at man, who, besides all the faculties of the inferior animals, has intellectual capacities and high moral and reflecting powers of which they are totally destitute. Man thus becomes the "*nexus utriusque mundi*," the connecting link betwixt animal and angelic natures. From all this there arises a presumption that animals are susceptible of a kind of immortality, provided it be not contrary to the will of the Most High that they should enjoy that blessing. We say the *will* of the Most High, because, although it follows that every conscious and thinking being must be immaterial, it does not follow that every immaterial being must needs be immortal. On the contrary, it is pretty evident, when we consider the subject, that any immaterial being whatever, though indestructible from mere material causes, may be annihilated by the great Being that created it—if such is his sovereign pleasure. When we said, in a former part of our article, that the soul of man is secure of immortality *by reason* of its immateriality, we spoke only with a reference to sublunary causes, and not to the fiat of Omnipotence. This consideration, therefore,

will explain why beasts perish for ever—if indeed they do perish. But though the latter is a prevailing opinion, Bishop Butler\* seems to have thought otherwise; at least he contended that arguments, from reason, for the immortality of man were not to be held invalid, merely for fear that their admission should concede that privilege to brutes also. Such narrow views, he justly observes, are founded on our ignorance, and only have weight with those that “are weak enough to think they are acquainted with the whole system of things.” On this obscure subject we cannot presume to give any definite opinion.†

It has been urged against Mr. Rennell’s reasonings, and it probably will also be urged against us, that in maintaining the immortality of the soul to be discoverable by reason, we are propounding a doctrine hostile to Christianity. “If the immateriality and immortality of the soul can be so easily and incontrovertibly established by reason, this consideration must materially decrease the value, and particularly the necessity of revealed religion; for that which we can discover by reason, there can be no necessity for the Deity’s announcing by special revelation.”‡ (Edwmsford, p. 148.)

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\* Butler’s “Analogy betwixt Natural and Revealed Religion,” chap. i. on a future life. P. 29.

† Our readers may be gratified with the following extract from a book very little known, although, in many respects, an ingenious performance. “I dare pronounce the souls of brutes immortal, from scripture, evidence, reason, and argument. Pray will you be pleased to tell me what you think was their original state and condition in Paradise, when all the works of God were pronounced very good? Were they mortal then? Could any creature be mortal before death came into the world? But death was the consequence of transgression, Rom. v. 12. If death then was the consequence of sin, ’tis absurd to suppose that the effect should precede the cause; that the execution should both anticipate the sentence of condemnation, and the transgression. Therefore we are led to believe that, in the intention of their Creator, by their original frame, and their relation to the universal system, they were to be partakers of that bliss and immortality which was the privilege of the whole creation, till man, by his disobedience, forfeited it for himself and in consequence for them. Moses declares that they have living souls, Gen. i. 29, 30; and the Scriptures every where represent them as objects of Divine care and compassion, as depending upon God for the support of that life which he has given them. Job xxxiii. 41; Psal. civ. cxlvii. 9; Matthew vi. 26.—God himself guards against the cruel oppression of the cattle by the Sabbath-day’s rest, Exod. xxiii. 12; and in the 4th and 5th verses mentions particular acts of mercy that he requires from us to them. And our blessed Lord mentions it as an act of humanity and natural justice, Matt. xii. 10; Luke xiv. 5,” &c. &c.—See “A Dissertation upon the Nerves. By W. Smith, M.D.” 8vo. London, 1768.

We do not profess ourselves converts to the opinion of this writer. Indeed the subject is a very difficult one, and we do not hesitate to confess our ignorance of it. But we introduced the extract in order to satisfy pious minds that there is nothing profane in supposing the lower animals to be susceptible of a kind of natural immortality.

‡ The same objection is urged, though in different words, by the “Oxford Graduate.” The pamphlet of this gentleman is very ably written, and evinces also a temperate spirit. But his intention (to say the least) seems extremely equivocal. It is to us a complete enigma; for we cannot find out which side

We quote this sophism as a proof of the insidiousness of Deism, in feigning a respect for revelation which it does not feel. We think it a sufficient reply to say, that whatever strengthens our belief in a future state must be favourable to revelation. Christianity does not forbid the exercise of our reasoning powers about those great topics that interest the consciences of men; nor is there any thing improper in tracing the evidences of the soul's immateriality which unaided reason suggests. We are in fact obliged to take this ground in coping with our modern sceptics; for where would be the use of advancing arguments from revelation to men who disbelieve revelation? We are very far from any wish to set up the light of reason against the glorious Gospel of Christ. The superiority of the latter consists in its having promulgated in simple language, and in the form of precept, some truths which could not be discovered at all, and others which could not be discovered without a process of abstruse reasoning. But still we contend, that it is exceedingly satisfactory to every reflecting Christian, to be able to show the grounds of "the hope that is in him," and to contemplate, by the powers of his understanding, the admirable harmony betwixt the system of nature and the system of grace. Philosophy is thus made to go hand in hand with faith, and the head as well as the heart is engaged in the cause of the Gospel. As Mr. Rennell has well observed, infidelity is never more dangerous than when it would represent Christianity as a matter of faith, rather than of reason and evidence.

We shall close our remarks with a few general considerations. To any one who attentively considers the nature and scope of the doctrines we have been examining, their evil tendency must be self-evident. They strike at the foundations of all morality, and pluck up natural and revealed religion by the very roots: for how can man be an accountable being, if all his thoughts and actions are the necessary results of a process in his constitution, over which he has no controul? or how can he have a soul to be saved, if the existence of the soul is altogether a fiction? Besides, it is quite clear that when they have once argued mankind out of a belief in the existence of their own minds, a reflex mode of reasoning, from the same data, will lead them to deny the existence of the Divine mind also. If organization can think, organization can create: and thus they arrive at the conclusion of Spinoza, that the universe is the Deity,\* and that every thing

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of the question he is on. He professes to favour and assist Mr. Rennell; but probably that gentleman will have reason to say of him—"Timco Danaos et dona ferentes."

\* The ancient Epicureans, and some of the Stoics, maintained this doctrine;



originally derived its existence from a fortuitous concourse of atoms.

Indeed, materialism seems in general very closely allied to Atheism. In the writings of its supporters we never hear of God as creating the world, and, by his providence, continuing to govern and sustain it: on the contrary, if they believe in him at all, they resolve the sum total of his being into a dry abstraction, and speak of him merely as a *first cause*, without caring whether this cause is an intelligent and independent Being, or a blind energy exerting itself of *necessity* in the production of given effects. Of the Almighty, in the proper and scriptural sense, they never speak; or if they do, they treat the belief in his existence and attributes, as a prejudice imbibed during the infancy and ignorance of the human mind, and quite on a footing with a belief in sea or river gods, house or forest deities, satyrs, nymphs, nereids, and other absurd creations of heathen fancy! We certainly shall not pollute our pages by extracting blasphemy, even though veiled in recondite and scientific language: but we refer those that may feel any curiosity on the subject to Sir T. C. Morgan's book, p. 374.

We should never make an end were we to expose all the impiety, immorality, and pernicious democracy, contained in the writings of these modern materialists: we shall, therefore, desist from the disagreeable task. Yet we cannot help expressing our wonder at their confidence in insisting, that their opinions be allowed to go abroad in the world without question or controversy. They first assume that their doctrines are true, and then triumphantly tell us that truth can never do harm to mankind. They talk roundly about the unfairness of imputing sinister motives, and raising a clamour, or exciting a prejudice against them in the public mind; just, forsooth, as if we were to sit in passive silence while they are wielding the tongue and the pen against those principles that sustain our best institutions, and those doctrines that at once dignify and embellish life. The axiom that "truth can never do harm," we believe as firmly as they do; and for *this very reason* we maintain that *their* doctrines must be false. We have proved that they would infallibly be productive of mischief, if imbibed by the world at large; it follows, therefore (on the principle that truth can do no harm), that the doctrines cannot be truth. "*Vous repetez sans cesse*

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Spinoza seems to have adopted it from them almost without alteration. One of his poets sums it up in a single line,

"——— Superos quid quærimus ultra?  
Jupiter est quodcunque vides, quocunque moveris."  
LUCAN, PHARS. lib. ix. v. 578.

*que la verité ne peut jamais faire de mal aux hommes ; je le crois ; et c'est pour moi la preuve que ce que vous dites n'est pas la verité."*

But, after all, what is the value of their investigations? have they thrown any new light upon obscure points in physiology? Far from it: on the contrary, whatever they chance to take up, they are sure to leave it in deeper darkness. Would they but reason on the various subjects of their speculations, their arguments might be susceptible of confutation: but the fact is, that of reasoning, properly so called, there is none in all their doctrine. They tell us, over and over again, that medullary matter "thinks, wills, and judges," and insist on the analogy betwixt mind as the function of the brain, and digestion or secretion as that of the stomach or the liver. But if we look for *proofs*, or expect to be told *how* medullary matter thinks, we shall be wholly disappointed. Instead of arguments or illustrations, all the information we gain is that "it is a vital action, and not susceptible of any explanation!" Thus they throw the *onus* of argument entirely upon us. Nor is this all; they turn the difficulty and obscurity inseparable from the conception of an immaterial Being, into an argument against its credibility. But is this fair? Does their hypothesis render the question more clear? It does the very reverse;—it makes the phenomena far more inexplicable. Might we not, then, retort their charge of obscurity with tenfold force upon themselves? Upon the whole, we must condemn the manner, as well as the result, of their inquiries; the former being as disingenuous and illogical, as the latter is revolting and dangerous. Like true sceptics, they form conclusions in which nothing is concluded, and draw inductions that only tend to perplex what is already known in physiology. In the words of our great moralist—"The inquirer, while perusing their writings, is kept in continual suspense; and, by a kind of intellectual retrogradation, knows less as he hears more."

Before finally dismissing the subject, we must make a few remarks on Mr. Rennell's work. It is, as a whole, an able and excellent one, but, we think, it contains some incautious opinions, which, besides giving a handle to our adversaries, open the way to dangerous conclusions. We shall quote one passage, marking in *italics* the phrases we consider objectionable.

"Nor is the apparent decay of the faculties of the soul any argument of its final extinction; we have daily examples in which *the powers of the understanding have been partially disturbed, nay, even totally suspended*, under the influence of disease, and have been afterwards restored to their former vigour. After a violent fever, *the mind is often considerably affected, and exhibits all the marks of debility and decay* which we observe in the aged; yet in a certain time *it will recover its strength and its tone*, and lose every vestige of disorder. It may be

worthy of remark, that in these cases especially, *the faculties of the mind are slower in their recovery than those of the body*. Even when the bodily health is restored, some time will often elapse *before the full powers of the mind return*. In actual mania, instances are not infrequent of a lucid interval immediately preceding death, *and of a restoration of the understanding at the precise period when it was probable that it would have been most disordered*. These and other more common examples of recovery from faintings, from the delirium of fever and *from fits of periodical insanity*, are proofs of *perfect restoration after suspension and decay*. We have a very strong presumption, therefore, that the faculties of the mind, after that apparent alienation or decay which sometimes precedes death, will ultimately be restored." (P. 110, 111.)

We heartily concur in the conclusion which the learned author has deduced; but we strenuously object to the previous doctrine of this paragraph. It is evident he takes for granted that the mind can be diseased independently of the body, an opinion which we think can neither be *safely* nor *rationaly* entertained. That the mind is immaterial, Mr. Rennell believes as firmly as we do; how then can he conceive it subject to disease? Are not diseases affections of matter, and do they not imply discerptibility and corruptibility? If so, can words of this nature be applied to the mind, whose very essence is impassive, and beyond the reach of decay or corruption? Is it not a contradiction in terms to say that a being is immaterial, and nevertheless subject to diseases? Does not immateriality imply complete exemption from influences of this sort? If the mind can be diseased, the mind can die; a conclusion contradicted by what we know about the cogitative principle; for all the deductions of reason go to prove that nothing can annihilate the soul, save the fiat of that Great Being to whom it owed its existence.

We trust Mr. Rennell will reconsider this point; for, when he alleges the mind to be subject to disease and decay, he makes a most important concession to materialists; and we do not see how the inferences they would inevitably draw from it can be resisted, if it were true.

The author has been led astray by popular language, which in this, as in so many other cases, is any thing but philosophical. "Mental complaints," or "diseases of the mind," are in every one's mouth, and are applied indiscriminately to all cases where the exercise of the intellectual faculties is disturbed or impeded. Hence the notion has gained ground, that these faculties, *in themselves*, can suffer derangement; but there is not a single proof that will substantiate such an opinion. In every instance, the apparent derangement is but the *effect*; the *cause* lies in that part of the nervous system through which the mind appears, namely, the brain. Insanity is a corporeal disease, as much as any other in the nosology; and all its modifications are refer-

able to modifications of diseased action in the brain. Physicians who have paid the greatest attention to the disease, concur in this opinion as to its nature; indeed the frequent efficacy of mere medical treatment sufficiently establishes the fact. What benefit, we would ask, could result from blood-letting and hellebore, if insanity were a disease primarily affecting the mind's essence? How could remedies of that nature operate upon an immaterial agent? In short, the more we consider the subject, the more evidently does it appear, that the mind, *as mind*, is incapable of any disease or decay whatever, and that when its manifestations are suppressed, impaired, or disturbed, the cause always exists in that material part which is its indispensable medium of connexion with the external world.

But as this is an important point, and so contrary to popular opinion, it will be worth while to illustrate it by one or two familiar examples. When the eye is covered with a speck, its coats rendered irritable, or its humours troubled, from inflammation, it is well known that vision is either wholly obstructed, or very imperfectly performed. Now, will any one say, that in such cases, the *mind* is blind, or that the faculty by which the soul perceives outward objects has departed from it? Certainly not. The loss of sight is distinctly traced to the state of the material instrument of vision, and assigned to that cause only. Let us suppose that similar changes have taken place in the membranes or structure of the brain. Is it not consistent with reason to suppose that the inward faculties of the understanding, viz. reflection, imagination, judgment, &c. should be as much obstructed, and as imperfectly and unsoundly manifested in this case, as the outward faculty of sight was in the other? and this is precisely what we observe in insanity, where the blood-vessels of the brain are in a morbid state, and its medullary texture altered by the presence of inflammation or its consequences.

Again—it is well known that the appetite is sometimes not merely diminished, but even completely depraved. So much so that a person shall loathe his usual food, and feel a strong and unnatural craving for substances that are not nutritious, and for some that are even hurtful.\* Now, here is an alienation of the appetite as complete as alienation of the mind in the worst cases of insanity. But will any one contend that the disease is primarily in the appetite—that there is an inherent derangement of the metaphysical inclination for food? On the contrary, every one traces the disorder to an affection of the coats and secretions of the stomach, and believes the depraved appetite to be merely a symptom or consequence.

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\* Probably all our readers have heard of "The Dirt-eaters" among Negroes in the West Indies.

We also conceive Mr. Rennell's positions on the phenomena of dreaming to be very questionable. He considers dreams to afford satisfactory proof that the mind can act without the intervention of the brain; but although it is pretty clear, as we have before shown, that we have not as yet sufficient data from which to estimate the *degree* of dependance of the former upon the latter, still we greatly doubt whether any observations, founded upon our *present state of being*, can establish the total independence which he supposes. The proximate cause of sleep is undoubtedly corporeal, and, perhaps, consists in a certain inaptitude of the brain to receive the usual impulses of its immaterial tenant. When this inaptitude amounts to complete quiescence, the soul cannot display itself, because the instrument of its operations is in a state of repose. In such circumstances the sleep is profound, and no dreams take place. This repose or quiescence of the brain may be increased to absolute torpor for a season, as is seen in the hybernation of animals, and in those rare cases in the human species where persons have remained for several hours, or even days, in a trance. When this torpor of the cerebral system abates, the immaterial principle is again enabled to resume its operations, owing to the renewed capabilities of the instrument.

Thus, as the cause of sleep is corporeal, there are strong grounds for presuming that the cause of dreams is corporeal also. They occur oftenest when there is any irritation of the system in general, or of the brain in particular, hindering the complete repose of that part. When this irritation is great (as in general fever accompanied with increased action of the blood-vessels within the head), sleep is often entirely prevented; or if it does take place, it is disturbed with frightful illusions. What is the precise state of the soul at such times, is a disputed point amongst metaphysicians. Perhaps on so dark a subject it may be allowable to hazard a conjecture that the operations of the immaterial being are modified by the semi-quiescence of the material organ, and that this want of correspondence between the agent and the instrument is the cause of the wild imaginations and false judgments that distinguish our dreams from our waking thoughts. Dreams, therefore, instead of proving the contrary, seem to show that the dependance of the immaterial upon the material part is perpetual and without exception, during the continuance of man's existence upon earth.

It surely will not be alleged, after all we have written, that we lay too much stress upon organization; for, we have all along maintained that mind is the ultimate percipient; and have pointed out the wide distinction betwixt the cogitative power itself, and the subordinate conditions necessary to its visible operations.

If we had considered Mr. Rennell's proposition, about the total independence of mind upon the brain, a harmless error, and merely a false speculation, we should not have bestowed so much time on the examination of it. But we conceive the practical conclusion deducible from the doctrine to be not a little dangerous; for if it be admitted, we at once admit the credibility of the reveries of the ancient Platonists,\* who fancied that (in virtue of this independence) they could, while yet in the body, hold actual communion with the Divine presence, and exalt themselves to a state of intellectual perfection. The sort of immaterialism which denies the constant necessity of a material organ during the present life, is, therefore, to be as strictly guarded against as the opposite error which it has been the purpose of this article to combat. For it opens the door to the heresy of the Gnostics of the early Christian church, who maintained that the body only can be guilty of sin, and that the soul is wholly independent and impeccable. But if the soul is incapable of sin, what becomes of the moral responsibility of man?

Upon the whole, we conceive it would be just as erroneous to believe the Ideologist when he asserts that all intellectual phenomena are accomplished by the energies of the intellect itself, without the aid or intervention of a material organ; as it would be to believe the materialist, when he maintains that the mind is not a separate and immortal being, flourishing in the freshness of its imperishable powers, but a something consubstantial with matter,—a something that may be confused by delirium, exalted by stimulants, starved by abstinence, or drugged to sleep by a few grains of an ordinary narcotic!

We shall now take leave of this important subject. We have pursued it to a length that may disgust the volatile, and tire, we fear, even the serious part of our readers. The minuteness of our physiological discussions, in particular, will most probably be found exceedingly irksome. But this we cannot help. As the poison has been drawn from the province of physiology, it was incumbent upon us to extract the antidote from the same quarter. The evidence which any moral subject admits of, is at best far inferior to mathematical demonstration; because moral differs from mathematical evidence as well in the nature as in the degree of its proof. This subject, in particular, which we have here attempted to discuss is very abstruse, and we cannot flatter ourselves that we have done it any thing like justice.

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\* If we mistake not, the Swedenborgians, and some other religious enthusiasts, hold a similar doctrine, at the present day.

## ART. VIII.—STATE OF FEELING IN FRANCE TOWARD ENGLAND; FRENCH PARTIES, &amp;c.

1. *Constitutions de la Nation Française, avec un Essai de Traité Historique et Politique sur la Charte, et un Recueil de Pièces Corrélatives.* Par le Comte Lanjuinais, Pair de France. Paris, 1819.
2. *Les Partis, Esquisse Morale et Politique; ou les Aventures de Sir Charles Credulous à Paris, pendant l'Hiver 1817, 1818; Ouvrage extrait des Papiers de M. Freelook, Secrétaire de sa Seigneurie, et publié par M. Malte-Brun.* Paris, 1818.
3. *Analyse du Plaidoyer prononcé par M. Dupin, Avocat, pour le Sieur Marinet, dans l'Affaire du Coup de Pistolet, prétendu tiré sur la Voiture du Duc de Wellington.* Paris, 1819.

FRANCE, in spite of herself, has now, we think, fairly entered on the road that leads to something like permanent improvement: her new establishments are assuming every day a more fixed and settled appearance: in the blessings of liberty, and the increased respectability of her public character, she has a prospect of receiving compensation for the humiliating historical fact, that, in proportion as she was mistress of herself, her conduct was disgraceful, pernicious, and foolish; and that to the defeat of her armies, the generosity of her enemies, and the prudence of her calumniated prince, she must trace the existence of her internal independence, the developement of her faculties, and probably a degree of real prosperity above what she has hitherto experienced. Those persons in France who have a true perception of what makes for her glory, will recognize in the present reports of what takes place in the two Chambers of the national representation, an exhibition far more honourable, and far better calculated to command esteem, than was furnished by the collected mass of exposés and bulletins—the frippery of a period, when, more than at any other of the world's history, baseness of principle and motive sullied the brilliancy of remarkable actions, and quackery of pretension rendered ridiculous what was really performed. The French deputies are now expressing themselves with something like the spirit and the energy of free men; struggles of eloquence in behalf of individual and party opinion are beginning to take place, and to be regarded by the people of France, and even by those of other states, with interest. Now then Britain has for the first time reason to acknowledge France as a respectable rival: the course of the two nations is now parallel. It was not when the pensioned or enchained poets of the Institute and journals rhymed by anticipation on the downfall of Carthage; and their orators, crouching

and trembling before the tyrant, gave him England, as they would have given him the *moon*, if his imperial ambition had taken that direction; it was not at that epoch that we had cause to consider France as contending with us in the race of real glory. Waterloo, and the island of Saint Helena, have imposed silence on these chaunts of victory, but they have commenced what we are inclined to regard as the serious part of the struggle. The final triumph of our arms has surrounded us with rivals in our hitherto almost exclusive enjoyment of freedom. This is a circumstance at which it would be base to grieve, and by which it would be unmanly to be daunted. Our public spirit is of too *thorough* a sort to despond at the prospect of being well matched; but vigilance and activity in employing and improving the genuine elements of public strength, in opening all the sources of our long-maintained superiority, in sustaining the national vigour, in elevating the hearts of the people, become more than ever requisite on the part of those who are either personally concerned in the administration of our state affairs, or who in any way possess opportunities of influencing popular opinion. It is more than ever indispensable, at the present moment, to foster a sound and hearty *national feeling* amongst all classes of the community; a feeling not inconsistent with the philanthropy which desires the success of other nations in all fair endeavours to better their condition; but strictly and exclusively British in pride and affection, inspiring a disdainful rejection of calumnies directed against our country's reputation and exploits, and a jealous protection of the fame of those who have contributed to its present grandeur. A great deal has recently been done by politicians in and out of parliament to weaken this feeling. We do not mean here to reflect on the more respectable part of what is called the Opposition. Men, whose eloquence and general powers and constitutional knowledge give weight and lustre to their harangues on the most important questions on national measures, must be sensible themselves, that in their native land they possess an advantage of position, as orators and statesmen, which no other spot on earth could supply; which gives them all Europe for an audience, and all the interests of the human race for themes. On the other hand, the denunciations of such gifted individuals pass with others as proofs of what sound materials our public frame is composed; the genius and energy which characterize their bodings suggest the undecaying quality of our intellectual resources; and their appeals in behalf of those general principles, the truth and value of which have an evidence in every heart, associate in the imagination the name of our country with the dearest wishes and most animating hopes of mankind.



There exists, however, another and a very different class amongst those who condemn the measures of the government: of whom it cannot but be perceived that they hate the prosperity of the country; in whose bosom no healthy or cordial thought seems ever to rise: possessing a sort of character, not natively British; which has none of those solid, sure, and manly qualities that form the core of British principles; which resembles in no one feature those grave, majestic, thoughtful portraits that ornament the historical gallery of our country, and illustrate the genealogy of our people; but is, on the contrary, foreign and false in all points, and ought to be disowned in England, as it is cited and praised by all her natural enemies. It would seem probable that this should be a school with but small influence and of few disciples: but when a sense of pecuniary difficulty is extensively felt in a country; when the order of its social manners has become at variance with the scale of its means, and the system of its political administration is not in harmony with its fiscal capacities; then it is that such a party as we have just been describing will manage to acquire a certain authority and popularity by addressing what is diseased and irritated in public feeling, and by insidiously identifying the purity of its principles and the truth of its arguments with the distress of the necessitous. Now, circumstances of this nature are not totally foreign to the present condition of the nation; there are persons ready and disposed to take a criminal advantage of what is irksome in the situation of the people, or embarrassing to the government. It is the apprehension, that the seductions alluded to may, by dint of constant repetition, at length totally corrupt the public taste, and change entirely the basis of the national character, by destroying the warm patriotic predilections and attachments that have hitherto formed the distinction and the strength of our country; it is this danger, we say, rendered still more imminent by other circumstances, which we have on several occasions touched upon,\* that principally weighs upon our minds, when we speak of its being a peculiar duty at the present moment to cherish and excite, by sound reasons and animating appeals, *a hearty national feeling amidst all classes of the community*. To this inducement we must add another, originating in a circumstance not traceable to any amongst ourselves, but which is nevertheless, in our view, important enough to demand attention, and the noticing of which will bring us back to the actual state of feeling and of parties in France.

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\* See in particular the conclusion of the article on Madam Manson, and the trials in which she figured, published in our number for May, 1818. We there alluded to the natural effects of so much travelling abroad, and of what is much worse, sending or taking our children abroad to be educated,

If in England the language of opposition to the measures of the servants of the crown, is too often united with that of contumely towards the military fame of the country, of invective against the characters and exploits of her commanders, and of credulous agreement with all the accusations and calumnies which the malice of baffled foreigners suggests,—in France it is precisely the reverse. There, in proportion as the conduct of the ministers is criticized, the spirit of the nation is excited; and all the parties who either sincerely or hypocritically profess an attachment to liberty, and assume the name of her defenders against the attacks of men in power, make warm appeals to the national passions, rousing the people to feelings of resentment and desire of revenge, which are particularly directed against England. We are far from recommending that the same falsehoods and rhapsodies should be employed for this purpose amongst ourselves; neither do we desire even that a similar public feeling should be excited in us and directed against our neighbours: our object solely is to impress on attention, that in France the nominal cause of public freedom and of liberal institutions is identified with that of national glory; while in England, her exploits and her prosperity are topics of no interest with the popular leaders and favourites of the multitude; an evil of very ominous aspect. It requires no great power of foresight, no acuteness of thinking, to discern what must be the natural effect of this remarkable distinction between the two countries on their future fortunes, should the cause continue to operate. If, in the one, that popular enthusiasm which the language and professions of liberty never fail to excite, is turned in favour of the public spirit of the nation, which considers itself as surrounded by foreign rivals and enemies; while in the other it is sedulously inculcated, that to celebrate the victories of its arms is a proof of political corruption, and to be proud of the country's name and exploits an indication of stupidity or selfishness; it is clear that the former must possess a great advantage over the latter, in any struggle between the two for independence or superiority. Happy was it for England that these poisonous applications to the public mind had not produced their enervating and envenomed effects when the late great contest was pending. It was the lofty determination, the high courage, the zealous patriotism, of the people of England, that, humanly speaking, sustained their government when engaged in the deadly encounter. It was their resolute heart which enabled the servants of the crown to keep up a steady tone of defiance, as the power of the enemy grew more and more gigantic; it was the buoyancy of their haughty spirit that caused the vessel of the state to ride out, not only safely, but triumphantly, the worst gusts of the hurricane; it

was their confidence in themselves that rendered them tranquil, when at every instant we heard the crash of some new downfall, when all the lofty objects around us were shivered in our view, and the storm beat full in our teeth, sharpening its attack by driving with it the fragments of what its fury had elsewhere destroyed. Such was the character, and such were the effects, of what may be fairly described as the general sentiment and feeling in England during the war. But war, with its various anxieties and animations, is of itself sufficient to unite every honest man to the cause of his country's glory: the case is materially altered when peace is established: the tendency of what seems to be generous feeling may then be turned towards the other side; an empyrical philosophy finds it easy to gain the ears of the credulous, and it is very possible to confound, in the ideas of the weak and unsuspecting, disaffection with liberality, and rancour with independence. Such is the case with us at this uneasy juncture, while our great rival, and nearest neighbour, is burning with unconcealed animosity of feeling towards England; she makes this feeling the test of patriotism amongst her people, and what is more, the only certain proof of a love for liberty, and a zeal for liberal institutions: almost all her popular writers, and many of the persons who are distinguished by literary honours, and who hold eminent literary situations in France, are actively and incessantly employed in fomenting this hatred; they represent it as a necessary sentiment in the breast of every "bon Français," and hold up to the detestation of the French people any casual or incidental observation uttered by a Frenchman to the credit of England. Obnoxious is that man who dares to perform a common act of justice towards this country, in contradicting gross falsehoods, uttered against her fame, her virtue, or her moderation. We certainly do not think it worth our while to complain of this to the French themselves: let their conduct in this respect be regarded as an indication of the extent of their public information, and of the solidity and integrity of their hearts and understandings. What their mere hatred and invective are able to effect against us we know; and it does not seem likely that the experiment will ever be repeated under circumstances more favourable to the success of these means of attack. What enlarged views, general knowledge, a high sense of honour, and an acute feeling of individual respectability, actively operating on the mass of the French nation, giving dignity to its public measures, stability to its resolutions, and weight to its name;—what these might effect against us, in a struggle between the two countries, *we have yet to learn*. It was stated, in the commencement of this article, that we regard each step made by France towards the attainment of these qualities,

as one of ascent of position in regard to her rivalry with England: we may now add, that we consider, as assurances of her comparative incapacity, all the proofs which she continues to afford, that she still is animated by a rash, ignorant, vain, and unprincipled disposition; that she still is reckless in her passions, unrestrained by respect for truth, by knowledge of facts, by regard to justice, insolent in her pretensions, indifferent as to their foundation, confounding right and wrong, good and bad, true and false, as vanity, caprice, or selfishness, disposes her. Our object in pressing the circumstance at all on attention, relates solely to our own people: all we wish is, that they should know how the case really stands as between their country and France: that an antidote should be applied to the system of delusion and misrepresentation practised on them with the evident design of weakening their attachment to their native land: that old English feeling in this respect should not be tamely suffered to die away at a moment when it is more than ever needed to resist the effects of a degree of foreign jealousy and hatred, greater perhaps than has ever before existed against us.

We cannot condescend to trace particularly the falsehoods and malignities to which we allude, but a reference to one or two particular cases seems necessary to justify our observations. We select the first, more as a proof of the degraded state of the literary character in France, where men of established eminence as authors can allow themselves to sign their names to such miserable absurdity, than for any peculiar poignancy in the reproach. *One of the Professors in the college of France*, reviewing General Le Croix's work on the Revolution in Saint Domingo, notices an application for assistance, made, it is said, by the colonists to the government of Jamaica, with this unblushing comment, "*the result of the application may be easily foreseen; it was such as always has been, and always will be, the result, when suffering Frenchmen seek assistance from the English.*" It is the station of this man to which we chiefly wish to direct attention: his business is to lecture the youth of France; he is a chosen writer of the liberal party; he holds rather an eminent rank as an author; and now we ask, with confidence, if any one of our readers believes it possible, that a person similarly situated in England either would be inclined, or if he were inclined, would dare to publish so low, so unmeaning a piece of scurrility, directed generally against any European nation? Nature has made a provision for the relief of human misery in the common feelings of mankind, easily excited by the appeal of the sufferer. These feelings are liable to be overpowered by the influence of passion and interest; but to affirm that the cry of distress is sure to be rejected by *a people generally*, is to utter either

a stupid or a wilful falsehood; and in the case of such a reproach being directed against the English people by a Frenchman, it only brings to the recollection facts which the latter ought in policy to avoid suggesting. Will the priests, the authors, the men of science, the women, the children who fled to England from "*le plus doux, le plus poli, le plus sociable, le plus amiable des peuples ?*" will this great multitude of unfortunate persons, who threw themselves upon our shores in the agonies of despair and of utter destitution, will they justify the charge, brought against us by the Professor of the College of France, that our people are deaf to the voice of misery when it proceeds from a Frenchman? Let the Abbé Delille, one of their number, answer for the whole: the impression made on his sensibility by the treatment he received in England is visible in his writings; it is apparent in the tone of affection and respect which he adopts in regard to all the beauties and celebrated names of our country. The critics of Paris have shown themselves jealous that he should have praised our English gardens, while so little has been said by him of those of France. "Why has he celebrated Blenheim with so much enthusiasm," says one, "while he gives us but two verses on Chantilly?" "*La reconnaissance auroit-elle endurci ses organes ?*" is asked with reference to the names of English places introduced in his poem. Whatever it might do to his organs, it is clear that gratitude had touched his heart: and his pages will transmit a brilliant testimony in England's favour to posterity, and give the lie to the accusation of national cruelty brought against her by the very men who would have butchered the Abbé Delille and his companions, as they butchered thousands of their countrymen who were not so lucky as the former in attaining the land of refuge. The Professor of the College of France, and his colleagues in calumny, have lately been referred, by the greatest genius of modern French literature, to the testimony of the republican general who commanded against the royalists in the South of France: he was accustomed to state, that, while he and his troops, in obedience to the orders of their government, were exerting themselves to seize the emigrants, their compatriots, for the purpose of consigning them to wholesale slaughter, British seamen were exposing themselves in boats under a terrific fire, with an intrepidity that excited the astonishment of the enemy, having for object to rescue Frenchmen from Frenchmen—to deliver from the grasp of the murderer the unhappy foreigner who shrieked for assistance. Again, the Professor ought to be well acquainted with the particulars of the shipwreck of the *Medusa* frigate; he illustrates, by his labours, the Parisian journal that gave the greatest degree of publicity to this affair; an affair that, perhaps, more than any other detached fact that can be instanced, throws light on the French character,

The accounts, rendered by the parties, represent, that the miserable remnant of Frenchmen who escaped from the cannibal fury and idiot cruelty of each other, were received with more than hospitality, with tenderness, by the British at Sierra Leone. It appears, however, that even these few emaciated survivors, thus welcomed by our colony, hastened to recommence tormenting and persecuting each other; and that, while their entertainers were lavishing kindness on them all, each was endeavouring that his companion should profit by it as little as possible. It ought to be observed, that the narrative of these facts is accompanied by many suitable self-congratulations on *French glory and honour*, always untarnished, whatever may be the event; and insinuations are thrown out against the English rapacity, which has possessed itself of a corner of Africa, where it had an opportunity of saving the small remnant of the crew of a French frigate, not a man of whom would have been lost, if there had been one grain of either common sense, or humanity, or honour, among them.

We are not sure whether any of the newspapers have noticed an article to which M. Jouy, the French *Addison*, as his publisher calls him, lately put his name. We have already had something to do with M. Jouy. He is the Parisian moralist, who, while indignant against the English calumniators of his country, condemned the severity that would censure a *queen* of France for entertaining, by the side of her husband, a male favourite, asking, with much candour, which of her subjects (meaning of course who amongst the French ladies) would have a right to blame her for the exercise of this privilege? In quoting the passage in question from one of his periodical papers, we ventured to say a word in defence of even the married women of France against this sweeping and, as it appears to us, unfair reproach. This writer, a member of the French Academy, one of the forty,—the celebrated forty of whom Voltaire said, *ils ont de l'esprit pour quatre*,—has lately made an appeal to his countrymen, or rather, as far as his intention is concerned, to Europe in general, in behalf of Napoleon Buonaparte, whom he represents as “*overwhelmed with injuries, steeped in outrage*,” by “*his gaolers*,” the English. The right of a Frenchman, in common with any other man, to avail himself of the means of the press, for the purpose of protesting against a notorious violation of humanity, we are far from disputing: yet we must be permitted to observe, that the exercise of this right by our neighbours in favour of their late emperor, supposing them to be really impressed with the conviction that cruelty and needless insult are employed towards him in his condition of prisoner in the custody of the British nation, ought to be distinguished by a humility

of tone in the midst of its earnestness, by a consciousness of past aggression, apparent in its very reclamations of justice. We ought to see in it indications of a sensibility to the peculiar delicacy of their situation, when endeavouring to interest compassion and magnanimity for one in whose exploits they all claim a share when the word *glory* is applied to them, and which they all disown to have had any thing to do with, when the perfidy and barbarity by which they were chiefly characterized are exposed and pressed home. Be it observed, too, that the high-minded indignation which they now profess themselves unable to controul in the contemplation of a tyrannical use of power, and which they so freely give vent to against *us*, they managed to controul very effectually in regard to *him*; yet they do not deny that he was a tyrant, and that his tyranny was most odious. What then has caused this change? What has rendered our neighbours so suddenly enthusiastic against every instance of arbitrary severity? The simple circumstance that they can do that *safely* against us, and against their existing government, which it would have been *dangerous* to do against Buonaparte! It is this circumstance, this little matter of *personal safety*, that has at length opened M. Jouy's mouth in behalf of "*le malheur sans defense*," after preserving a long and strict silence under the many fine opportunities of exercising this right, "so dear to a French heart," which occurred during the imperial reign. Nothing can equal the expansive force of M. Jouy's generosity under the Bourbons, except its extreme tranquillity under Napoleon! All this is very well: we do not dictate to any man at what expense he should entertain his philanthropy: every one knows best his own vocation; nor would we expect from the hermit of the *Chaussée D'Antin*, the chronicler of Parisian intrigues and fopperies, the charitable censor of royal gallantries, any very imprudent or ungovernable ardour in the cause, either of public liberty, or of private misfortune. M. Jouy possesses eminently the French faculty of *tact*; it is his merit as an author, and he may, if he chooses, consider it his merit as a man:—but, while we pay him this compliment, he must allow us to say, as Englishmen, that they, whose servile submission, at least, rendered our enemy powerful against us, have but little claim on our attention, when they pretend that independence of character and generosity of feeling alone bring them forward as our accusers, respecting the treatment of that enemy, now that he is in our hands. We repeat, that if an urgent necessity for some such appeal existed, the French nation could not decently make it in the style either of boasting or reproach. The French people, generally, are too

deeply concerned in the career of this supposed sufferer, and acknowledged criminal, to render it bearable that they should dictate, in lofty language, lessons of moderation and justice to his and their conquerors. Those of them that were not his hearty accomplices, were his active and useful slaves; and therefore it behoves them all alike to feel, that what they may have to say in his favour, ought to be marked by humility and a consciousness of their implicated and unlucky situation. This is very far, however, from the manner of M. Jouy: he is as haughty in the expression of his philanthropy, as if his interest in "*le malheur sans defense*" could date back more than five years; and had manifested its existence even so long ago as the murder of the Duke d'Enghien: he is as stern in his attack on the perfidy of English policy, as if his indignation had acquired strength from long exercise, and had darted its thunders against the robbery of the Spanish crown! Furthermore, he is as exacting on our confidence and admiration, as if his pretensions were valid proofs against fact! "*Les Français*," he says, "*désabusés de trente ans de victoires par un jour de revers, n'aspirent plus qu'à la paix et à la liberté.*" *Les Français* have certainly been oftener *disabused* than any other people; but the misfortune is, they are very liable to be *abused* again. It appears, too, by M. Jouy's acknowledgment, that they are only to be set to rights *by a day of reverse*, and that without this their error may last even for thirty years! This statement is neither calculated to make us respect the motives of their repentance, nor to give us confidence in its continuance. This sudden aspiration for peace and liberty, excited in *one day*, and that a day of *defeat*,—when no one had heard of a breath for either escaping during "*thirty years of victory*,"—is much like that enthusiastic veneration of probity and zealous resolution to abide by its rules, which generally takes rapid possession of the mind and affections of an unlucky practitioner on our pockets, when his "*day of reverse*" has left him in the hands of the officers of justice! People in general are but too inclined to exaggerate their honours, and make extravagant demands on praise for actions perhaps but slightly commendable; but the French, as we have had before occasion to mention in this review, are the only people in the world who boast alike of all that happens to them, fortunate or unfortunate, creditable or shameful. Their vanity turns every thing to account, no matter what:—the caricaturists of Paris found a fine subject in the retirement of the army of occupation before the time specified; and this act of condescension and indulgence towards the French nation, who had neither a right to demand it, nor the power to enforce it,



became an occasion for insulting their conquerors in songs and farces which were applauded with rapture. M. Jouy, however, considers that France has other claims, besides the *day of defeat*, on our respect. He speaks of "*le trône constitutionnel autour duquel la France est pour jamais ralliée.*" We should be obliged to the French Addison to favour us with a statement, as near the truth as possible, of the number of times that *la France* has been *pour jamais ralliée* round various thrones, and systems, and opinions, which, nevertheless, she has not supported one instant longer than till some *jour de revers* arrived to *disabuse* her! We should have thought that by this time the words *pour jamais*, used with application to French oaths or institutions, would have savoured too strongly of the ridiculous, not to say any thing further, to be still employed; but we find they remain in vogue. *Pour jamais* was the oath and the exclamation in favour of all the various constitutions of all the various governments of the republic: *pour jamais* was France attached to the imperial dynasty: *pour jamais* were her destinies rendered triumphant by the emperor: *pour jamais*, said the Catalogue of the Louvre, were the *chef d'œuvres* of art, the fruits of victory, that had experienced so many transitions of place: *pour jamais*, were they established in Paris: *pour jamais* was the family of the Bourbons received in 1814, and *pour jamais* was it excluded in 1815; *desabusés par un jour de revers*, *POUR JAMAIS*, says M. Jouy in 1819, are the French rallied round the constitutional throne of this same family; and it is rendered quite clear by the bad faith and bitter rancour of the article in which this profession is made, that he at least only waits an opportunity to be again *disabused*, *pour jamais*! But what does this signify? The phrase is repeated in a tone of fidelity, and with the air of sentiment, and forms, in the common opinion, though facts beat it back in their teeth, a claim on the applause which would be due to the conduct it implies. But this people, or any writer using their name, cannot be suffered longer to indulge in these mock-heroics with impunity; their bouncing emptiness must be punctured to let the principle of inflation dissipate; and after that we shall consider with pleasure what they have in them of real substance.

To come then to what M. Jouy would call his arguments and facts: let us follow the order of the paragraph. Napoleon, he says, fell into the hands of the kings of Europe: he was the prisoner of them all: England, "which, in spite of Waterloo, *had contributed less than any of the others to his defeat*, demanded and obtained the honour of putting on his chains." The proportionate share which England can be said to have had in defeating the leader of the French armies, we do not choose to adjust;

but we apprehend Napoleon himself ought to be full as competent to do so as M. Jouy. In his letter to the Prince Regent, he declares that he comes to place himself in the hands of the *greatest* of his enemies; and if M. Jouy will give himself the trouble to look back into the speeches of his friends the orators, and the songs and odes of his friends the poets, of the imperial reign,\* he will find many indications that the hostility of England was not considered by them as being of such little importance. But it will be pretty obvious, we believe, to every body, that M. Jouy would not have thought it worth his while to put us last, if he had not been tormented with the idea that his master was right in naming us first.

“Since the only question was, *who should be his gaolers*,” continues M. Jouy, “(according to the acknowledgment even of a noble lord,) a better choice could not have been made: but have the English no prisons in Europe? Gibraltar, the island of Malta, the Tower of London, *the hulks where so many Frenchmen found their death*, would not they have been sufficient for the safe custody of this victim of fortune? Certainly they would: but it was not so much to prevent the possibility of a new evasion; the English ministers were not so anxious to preserve this precious hostage for the peace of the Continent, as to have it in their sole power, and to be able to intrigue, on occasion, with the other nations, by exciting the different sentiments which this disarmed enemy inspires to each.”

If M. Jouy will represent to himself, for an instant, what he would have felt, if, in the midst of writing one of his articles as Hermit of the Chaussée d’Antin, it had been revealed to him that his emperor, then perhaps dating ordinances from Vienna, or listening to St. Jean d’Angely at the Luxembourg, would be one day the captive of the English nation, and have no better means of exciting interest than by pretending a liver complaint; that Scottish soldiers should be seen standing guard at the palaces and barriers of Paris, and the British flag on Montmartre be the first object to salute the eyes of English travellers arriving by scores to have a glimpse of the Transfiguration, the Venus, and the Apollo, before they should be packed up and sent back to their original possessors: if he will suppose these facts, which have since literally occurred, revealed to him in 1809 or 1810, he will then be able to imagine for himself what grace others are likely to perceive in his sneering use of the word *gaolers*, and how deeply we English must be cut by the sarcasm. Be that as it may,

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\* M. Jouy says, that *his* acclamations never mingled with those of the flatterers of Napoleon. We have not at this moment his works by us, but we undertake from recollection to prove, if necessary, that he furnished the usual quota of at least *incidental* praise; praise unmerited, if what he now says be true. His present allies in the cause of liberty, M. Etienne and M. Jay, have good reason to be offended by the importance which M. Jouy attaches to this declaration,

he states that a better choice of gaolers could not be made:—and it appears that the various governments of Europe thought so too, and we will tell him for what reasons. First, because England, more than any other single power, commands the confidence and respect of all the other powers. Hence, while Buonaparte, “this precious hostage for the peace of Europe,” was unanimously confided to our keeping, the Duke of Wellington was also unanimously appointed the generalissimo of the various sovereigns of Europe: the command of their troops was put into his hands, and he was commissioned to act in the name and with the power of the great European confederation while occupying the fortresses and territory of France, and observing the proceedings of the nation and its government. These are the facts to which posterity will look, and not to the articles of M. Jouy, who will find it difficult to make even the present generation believe, in the face of such testimonials, that the good faith of England is held in suspicion, or that her exertions in the common cause are considered to have been trifling. The story of the concerted escape from Elba will hardly find credit on the strength of a Frenchman’s assertion, in opposition to the recorded approbation, and, we may say, admiration of the allied princes. A second reason, which doubtless operated with the allies, in inducing them to make choice of England as the guardian of Napoleon, is her *security*. Our naval superiority, the bravery of our armies, and the talents and honour of our commanders, have impressed an imposing character of stability on our power, and have removed us, according to the general opinion, further out of the sphere of unfortunate casualties than any other state. The prisoner was therefore given to us to keep, because by us he was sure to be, in every way, best kept; because we were considered alike incapable of intriguing ourselves, or of being corrupted, or forced by others; because no other power furnished the same grounds of confidence, the same unexceptionable and acknowledged guarantee. M. Jouy, with a clumsiness of hand as apparent as the malice of his intention, points out Malta, Gibraltar, the Tower of London, the hulks, as prisons preferable to the Island of St. Helena; but, says he, it is not so much the safe custody of the prisoner that the English think of, as the facility of playing him off on the feelings of other nations. His argument turns upon himself to his discomfiture in two ways: in the first place, were it his only wish, as he professes, that the captive should receive every accommodation consistent with safe custody, it is clear that he would commit a great blunder in recommending the *hulks*, the *Tower of London*, or even Gibraltar, as preferable places of confinement to Saint Helena; but though Mr. Jouy blunders,

he does not blunder so grossly as this: we cannot find an excuse for him even in his ignorance. In the second place, if it were true, as he asserts, that the object of England is not so much the safe custody of the prisoner, as that she may be able to make use of him for the purpose of practising on the fears or hopes of her neighbours, the Tower of London, the hulks, Gibraltar, or Malta, would be more convenient for her than a distant spot in the midst of the Atlantic. If *England* cherished the treacherous design which he attributes to her, she would naturally select some one of the prisons which he recommends; and if *he* were actuated by the motive which he declares, he would consider St. Helena infinitely preferable to at least three of these prisons. But we can tell him the source of these tears: Saint Helena is a spot that renders European intrigue almost impracticable; while, on the other hand, if the prisoner had been consigned to the Tower of London, the hulks, Gibraltar, or Malta, it would have been comparatively easy to keep up this artificial interest in his behalf by the circulation of falsehoods, to keep alive the embers of treason in the breasts of a greedy soldiery, and to turn the heads of an ignorant and fickle people concerning him. Saint Helena, while it also renders Napoleon's escape almost impossible, admits of his receiving a greater share of personal accommodation than could have been prudently allowed to him in any other place that can be named; but the latter circumstance does not compensate for the former in the estimation of M. Jouy and his companions. They would rather he should be shut up in the hulks, or in the Tower of London, miserable as would then be his condition, because the spirit and hopes of the party might then live on the chances of his re-appearance: in proportion as this becomes more and more hopeless, their rage increases, and their only resource under it is to write articles in the language of magnanimity, virtue, and compassion, with the consciousness that they are deliberately putting forth falsehoods, and that their motives are the very reverse of what they pretend. There is a baseness evinced in all this so very foul and rank as to form a species by itself; a new species, the origin and growth of which France owes to the extraordinary feculence of the imperial hotbed.

"The British government," says M. Jouy, "knows by experience that one is seldom the artisan of one's own fortune. The fortune of England has always been to be traced to external causes; its *wisdom has never been any thing else but the folly of others*. It is an adage of its own and one of its principles, that *a serpent till he has devoured a serpent becomes not a dragon*; to an inaccessible rock in the midst of the ocean the British serpent has carried its prey, and there it feasts without fear on the long and bitter agony of its victim."

We shall not dispute with M. Jouy whether our triumph has

been mostly brought about by the folly of our neighbours, or by our own wisdom: we are inclined to think with him that the former has been more conspicuous than the latter; indeed it would argue a national vanity as extreme as that which we have been chastising, to pretend that England has been more wise than France has been foolish; far from us be such extravagant claims. From unwise England, however, France, in common with Europe at large, has received the knowledge of the first principles of general philosophy; the system of Bacon stands established amidst the ruins of other systems, and is every day more and more honoured. From England, France has received the code of the material universe, for as yet the Institute has not put General Alix in the place of Newton. England gave to France the example of religious tolerance, and showed her also how she might have steered a middle course between bigotry and atheism. The practice of inoculation in Europe commenced in England: vaccination took its rise in the same land. England has instructed other countries in the mechanical means for diffusing popular instruction, when her example had excited their ambition so to do. She is the acknowledged mistress of the seas, without having had more natural advantages for becoming so than France, her rival. She has given laws and civilization to India, and there she possesses an empire: in commerce, which is free alike to the competition of all nations, England is supreme: the credit of England, in the midst of general consternation and ruin, has remained ever unhurt and unsuspected: from the late great and difficult struggle she alone has emerged without having submitted even to temporary disgrace: the imperial title was withheld by her from the master of the Continent, and he felt that he had not full possession of it till her ratification should be compelled. Long menaced with invasion herself, England was the first to invade the French territory; and British troops descending from the Pyrenees saw the road to Paris open before them. The great battle that sealed the ruin of the powerful enemy of Europe was sustained and won by England: to her he who had been the Emperor of France surrendered his person as prisoner; and to her his guardianship was entrusted as most worthy to wear the trophy of victory, and best able to keep it. Finally, a British commander occupied the fortresses, the cities, the plains of France; observed her conduct, watched over the stability of her government, and communicated to the princes of Europe the results of his superintendence. To his discreet and moderate character France owes a protection from insult and exaction, which as conqueror she had never extended; to his counsels she chiefly is indebted for the favour of seeing her territory liberated before the stipulated term, and the early op-

portunity of cementing for herself a fixed and respectable order of public affairs, under the auspices of a prudent and benevolent monarch, to whom England had afforded a magnificent asylum, when the greatest powers of the Continent were too weak to give him shelter! Such is England's history—such is the picture of her achievements; we have no objection to inscribe M. Jouy's words below it if he pleases—" *sa sagesse n'à jamais été que la folie des autres!* "

The "*long and bitter agony*" of the prisoner is enlarged upon in a subsequent paragraph of M. Jouy's article, which it is unnecessary to quote at length, after what we have already given. He there affirms that we "*measure*" to the captive "*the burning air which he respires,*" on an "*arid rock;*" that he is "*a prey to all privations, perhaps to positive want;*" that he is "*overwhelmed with sufferings of mind and body,*" tormented by "*a surveillance without end or motive, which has been converted into an intolerable punishment.*"—We will not speak with levity of the state of perpetual and hopeless confinement in which Napoleon is now placed! His doom put in contrast with his former fortunes appears an awful one; and the extraordinary qualities of his character, while they reconcile the catastrophe of his fate to every consideration of political right and prudence, render its effect more terrible, and prevent the possibility of contemplating it with indifference. Thus much we say with frankness; and what more can be said with truth? As a warrior, Buonaparte seems to have preferred captivity to falling on the field of battle; as an adventurer, he staked his all on the hazard of the die when he left the island of Elba. We would abstain from unnecessary reproaches; but such are the facts: he might have put himself at the head of his old guards, when the fortune of the day of Waterloo set irrevocably against him; and if that was not to his taste, if he had not made up his mind to adopt some such measure, in that great and last crisis, he was unfit for the enterprize on which he sailed from Elba, where there was at least room for him to ride on horseback, where he had no guards set over him, and where he heard himself called Emperor every hour of the day. As to the cant about Themistocles, we must be excused for plainly stating, that these flowers of imperial eloquence are quite unsuited to the English people, and were not likely to make any impression on them: nor, after reading in his official correspondence, lately published, the regular instructions which he gave to his officers, to *talk much about Greece and Sparta*, as he expresses himself, can we pretend to be ashamed of the national insensibility. His surrender to us *was not voluntary*; he resolved upon it as the least evil of those that menaced him; and he surrendered at discretion, with the full knowledge that no terms could be made with him. It is con-

sistent with his invariable practice as a soldier, statesman, and emperor, to use fraud to attain his object, when it forms the most convenient means; and if there are any who still doubt this, let them read the two volumes of his Letters just referred to. His party and particular friends have adopted his system in this respect; and history will pronounce that talent and bravery have never been disgraced by falsehood and treachery in so great a degree as in the practice of what may be termed the military and political school of Napoleon Buonaparte. It is in pursuance of their old plan that such articles as that which we are now considering are written; effrontery in falsehood it is thought may yet have some effect; at all events, no other resource seems to be left to them, and it is therefore worth the trying: in fact, what M. Jouy has said for his friend as little deserves attention, as all that was said by that friend for himself in his public professions made to France, and to other states, in the different stages of his career. The propriety and even necessity of confining the person of Napoleon, M. Jouy feels it necessary to admit. This point conceded, the justification of England is easy. The choice of the place of custody, as we have already shown, *could* not have been owing to the motives calumniously asserted. It was necessary for the peace of France, as M. Jouy's writings prove, that her late ruler should be rendered virtually dead to the political world, and be placed incontestably out of the reach of desperate enterprise. To effect this, he has been removed to a great distance, and a proper degree of vigilance is exercised in the guardianship of his person: but this avowed and authorized end forms the limit of all the measures observed relative to his confinement. It is not true that Saint Helena is an arid rock, or that its air is scorching: it is remarkable for its salubrity, and for the picturesque beauty of its scenery. His habitation is a private house of his own selection, and the appearance of either gaolers or guards is nowhere to be seen about it. Within a space of some miles in extent he moves without restraint or attendance, though it has been thought necessary to order a guard to accompany him, if he desires to pass beyond this space. The assertion that the prisoner is, in our hands, a prey to privation, and, perhaps, to want, is only worthy of the quarter from whence it proceeds. The thousands in London, foreigners as well as natives, who saw the magnificent equipment ordered by the Prince Regent for the accommodation of our captive, will judge of the general parsimony likely to be shown in his treatment. Every sort of trick and misrepresentation have indeed been had recourse to even on this point; but it is not in the matter of expense that it will be thought likely by the people of Europe that England would be deficient. Concerning the exact state of his personal health it is

more difficult to pronounce positively, because we have here to do with those whose interest it is to deceive us, and who scruple at no artifice or falsehood to do so. We should be sorry to insult real suffering; and, rather than do this, would run the hazard of being imposed upon by cunning. It is probably true, that the prisoner experiences occasional derangements of health: he is understood to have shown symptoms of what is called, in common language, a liver complaint, and any cause of mental trouble must be considered as having a tendency to aggravate this malady. So far his confinement may be said to be likely to injure his health; but this is a circumstance naturally incident to confinement; and the motives of the measure must justify what is indispensably severe in its execution. If the situation chosen for his abode be unobjectionable in point of salubrity; if he have all the means of exercise, of proper living, of personal accommodation, if, as far as the physical frame alone is concerned, the circumstances of his present condition are more favourable to health and longevity than were those of his imperial state, his guardians are certainly not fairly chargeable with cruelty towards him. For the effects of disappointment and discontent on his constitution they cannot in common justice be held responsible; but it does not appear that hitherto these have been very serious. The accounts received from the most respectable eye-witnesses indicate that Napoleon's personal appearance is far from giving sign of broken health. The word *robust* has even been applied to his looks; and, generally speaking, we believe it may be safely affirmed, that his constitution has not hitherto been in any degree weakened by his confinement.

We have now done with M. Jouy's article, which we have been induced to notice at length, because it does not appear that the people of England are sufficiently aware of the sentiments of inextinguishable rage and malice entertained against their country by a large party in France, fostered and disseminated by ignorance, as well as by jealousy, amongst the mass of the people, and shared, in a greater or less degree, by almost all the parties, however averse from each other, and divided in their other opinions and feelings. We are far from confounding M. Lanjuinais with the faction to which M. Jouy belongs: the former, honourable, upright, religious, and, in the general tenor of his principles, sage, moderate, and impartial, comes not into the secrets of the latter; and between them there exists no real sympathy. Yet in M. Lanjuinais's late work, the title of which appears at the head of this paper, we find the following most reprehensible, because most unfounded, paragraph. Speaking of the return of Napoleon from Elba, he says "*Les navires d'Angleterre, qui devaient empêcher son évasion, sem-*



blaient conniver à l'entreprise. Tout-à-coup le commissaire Anglais surveillant l'île d'Elbe, la quitte pour donner un bal à Livourne : c'était vers la fin de février. Aussitôt Napoléon s'embarque," &c. (Vol. i. p. 81.)

If M. Lanjuinais is not more correct and fair, in that part of his work which relates to his own country, to the conduct of its governments, and their changes, than he is in these sentences to England, his *Constitutions de la Nation Française* cannot be said to possess that grave historical character with which it has been his ambition to invest them; nor can he rationally promise himself that they will be in any way useful to effect, what he professes himself desirous to effect, the promotion of unity and stability in France, on the solid foundation of honest conduct and liberal principles. Can he be ignorant of so notorious a piece of recent history, as the treaty by which the sovereignty of the island of Elba was given to Napoleon? Neither by the public articles of that instrument, nor by any secret conditions accompanying them, was the custody of his person committed, as M. Lanjuinais virtually asserts, to England. The English commissary at Elba had neither the right according to his instructions, nor the power in point of fact, to hinder Napoleon from embarking and going where he pleased. Why should the English commissary be named more than the commissaries of the other European nations? He had no distinctive or superior character in the island. England was neither charged by the allies, nor even authorized, to employ a squadron to watch the place: if one of our cruizers had met with the adventurer on his voyage to France, he would have been stopped certainly; but the officer so acting could have shown no commission for the measure, and must have trusted his justification to the common understanding of the governments of Europe. The extravagant idea that the escape from Elba was effected with the assistance, or even with the connivance of England, is one unparalleled in absurdity. For a long while we could not believe it possible that such an assertion could be seriously made, even in France; we regarded it as an indifferent joke; or, at the worst, a sally of malice in the guise of levity; but it turns out that nine Frenchmen out of ten will affirm it on their oaths. The ignorance of the French public, which every day will now lessen, the unfortunate *taste* of the nation (for so we may call it) to believe every charge of atrocity or perfidy made against England, however improbable, its jealousy and its vanity, have given vogue and currency to this monstrous report; and it is most lamentable to see such a man as M. Lanjuinais, instead of acting the part which his probity, his talents, and his situation, prescribe to him in such a case, joining himself to the crowd, and helping to

strengthen the faults, and perpetuate the discredit of the national character, in an anxiety probably to appear *un bon Français* ! This want of separation between the sound and the diseased in France strikes us as a feature peculiar to herself, and one of the most discouraging in her social condition. That M. Jouy should calumniate was to be expected: that the populace should lend a ready ear to what addresses their passions, seems to consult their interests, and flatters their vanity, is also natural: but in all countries, except France, a person possessing the qualities and advantages of M. Lanjuinais would be found acting as a corrector of these evils; interposing truth and the knowledge of facts to counteract malignity, prejudice, and folly; promoting his country's honour by giving to the expression of its public opinion in the hearing of strangers, a character of gravity, integrity, and discretion. But the contagion of popular example in France is terrible: no one is safe from it: no one thinks of putting obstacles in the way of its progress. The very extravagance of an idea seems to give it facility in taking possession of all heads; and in the same country where it was believed, in good society, that Louis XV had the children of beggars caught in the streets to furnish him with a bath of warm blood; and where their last queen was accused in an assembly of legislators of criminality with her *infant son*; there we now find M. Lanjuinais, a peer, a member of the Institute, and, what renders it still more strange, an *honest man*, lending himself, by more than an insinuation, to the notion, that England dispatched Napoleon Buonaparte as her agent from Elba, to re-assume the imperial power over the French nation !

Although all this may be despised in England, yet it is expedient that it should be fully known, and even exposed and commented upon, for two reasons: first, because by following closely these calumnies, the impression is likely to be more forcibly made on the minds of our people, of the necessity of cherishing a *national spirit*, and nursing rather than discouraging those predilections which form what is called *love of country*,—an attachment to the name, to the soil, to the institutions of their native land. On this subject, however, we have already fully expressed ourselves. Secondly, because the activity and perseverance of our slanderers may, if not opposed on our part, produce an effect which will extend even to posterity, and embarrass, at least, if not deceive the future historian. This last consideration deserves particular attention, and principally as it respects our guardianship of the person of the extraordinary individual, whose character and actions will occupy so large and interesting a part of the historian's labours, that it behoves us to be not only conscious of correct conduct, but careful to provide and perpetuate evidence

of our having acted in a way worthy of ourselves, worthy of the determination shown in the struggle, and of the immortal triumph by which it has been crowned. We cannot therefore but wish, that our government condescended a little more than it does respecting this extraordinary and, we may say, anomalous case. We are aware that it does not enter into our state practice to reply to objections bearing no stamp of authority, which might lead to controversies of which there would be no end, or in gaining which there would be no honour. The general rule laid down is, we think, excellent: whatever certain shallow brained or ranting philosophers may hold out to the contrary, the functions of government ought to be encompassed with reserve, and their organs should express themselves with the brevity and decision of unquestionable authority. It is not for the interests of the people, that the persons exercising these functions should consider it a duty to descend into the arena whenever a volunteer critic chooses to challenge them: we repeat, however, that in the unprecedented case of England's being charged with executing what may be termed the WARRANT of the Great Confederation of European States, and holding captive, in virtue of their confidence and her own superior claims, the person of one who has been acknowledged sovereign and ally by all the most powerful of these states except herself, she seems called upon, in justice to herself, to court publicity. Her ministers are bound, we think, to take care that no mystery shall hover round an imprisonment in which the whole globe is concerned; they would do well to avow with firmness what measures of security they have ordained to be taken, out of which they will neither be frightened nor cajoled; and it should then be made clear, to the discomfiture of slander, that beyond these necessary measures no severity is practised towards the prisoner. It is true, our cabinet has shown no disposition to shrink from the subject: Lord Bathurst, on one occasion, gave a long and satisfactory verbal statement of facts relative to the establishment at Saint Helena; but a speech in parliament forms no document; the accuracy of the report may be disputed; it exists in no tangible shape after it is pronounced. Hitherto, we believe, a feeling of delicacy towards the government of France, and a wish to avoid what might, in any way, tend to continue the agitation of the spirits in that country, have occasioned a reluctance, on this side the water, to stir, when it could possibly be avoided, any matter involving the name of the late emperor, and the description of his present circumstances. But this delicacy should now, we think, cease: it is so evidently the interest of France to abide by her present mild and legitimate government; it would be so clearly her ruin to recommence commotion and anarchy, that we cannot admit

the propriety of longer continuing the system of courting her not to hurt herself. Let France be now left to her own discretion; for ourselves we ought to adopt a clear, fair, and manly course. The determination of England to hold the person of Napoleon Buonaparte in captivity, as a measure demanded by a just regard to herself, and to the peace and prosperity of Europe generally, should, as it seems to us, once for all, be distinctly and officially promulgated; and the cordial union and co-operation of the European alliance in this determination should be regularly specified. The place of confinement should, we speak with deference, be described, with some allusion to the motives which have influenced its choice. We should be glad to see the rules of the prisoner's confinement, published; and the degree of personal accommodation, as to air, exercise, correspondence, books, visits which he enjoys, explained: on the other hand, the restrictions imposed upon him as to all these should be announced, and the necessity for them briefly pointed out: the number and condition of his companions and attendants might also be given, and the arrangement of his domestic establishment clearly stated. This done once in an official document, would stand as an historical record, and be consulted as such. After having performed this, our government would have nothing more to do in the way of justification, except, perhaps, to adopt some means of showing that the rules continued to be fairly, as well as strictly, observed towards him. The great interest which attaches to the case, an interest which will not by any means lessen as time advances; its delicate nature; the suspicions which ignorance and prejudice may entertain; the calumnies which malice may *easily* invent and propagate,—all conspire to impose on the English government the duty of speaking out plainly and decidedly on this subject.

The trial of the persons accused of firing into the carriage of his Grace the Duke of Wellington, furnishes additional evidence of the spirit of prejudice, jealousy, and bitterness, towards this country which has taken possession of the minds of a very large proportion of the people of France. If ever a military commander deserved the gratitude of a country occupied by his arms, the Duke of Wellington deserves that of the French nation. Never in military annals, we will venture to say, has so remarkable an instance been given of magnanimity and moderation in the chief, or of discipline in the troops. Never was a foreign commander placed over a nation in so august, so imposing, so absolute a capacity: his commission, held from all the great powers of Europe, extended to every matter of high politics; it included among the objects of his cognizance the spirit of the government, and the temper of the people. To give him authority sufficient for this novel and magnificent charge, the armies of all the greatest

states were placed under his orders, and the strongest fortresses of France were put into his hands. In this situation, the chief object of his conduct seems to have been to lessen the burthen of the occupation on the inhabitants; and it is well known that his advice and recommendation have been the principal cause of its short duration. Severe towards his own soldiers, from a fear of the corruptions of victory, to conquered France he has ever been indulgent: in favour of that country he has uniformly counselled measures of moderation, and the least complaint on the part of the inhabitants has met with an attention which very often its frivolity did not deserve. Such notoriously has been the character of the Duke of Wellington's command in France, and yet an incidental remark made in favour of his honour as a gentleman by the public prosecutor in the cause referred to, was received by the Frenchmen who formed the audience *with loud hisses!* The *Moniteur*, as the Court Journal, was even obliged, the day after the trial, to attempt to explain away some of the expressions of the judge in charging the jury, which palpably admitted of an interpretation much more dishonourable to himself, than to the illustrious person whose glory stands in need of no other testimony from the French people than the facts of their history during the late years. It was on this occasion, that the journal in question stated that his grace's *intervention* had been zealously and constantly used with the allied powers in favour of the interests of France; but indeed, this was well known before by all who knew any thing of the negotiations and proceedings that have had French affairs for their subject. If we are not very much misinformed, it may be affirmed, that had the Duke of Wellington alone been called upon to decide concerning the objects of art removed from the Louvre, they would have been there still; though the propriety of restoring them to their former seats was so obvious, on many accounts, that he could make no regular opposition to the measure, and readily defended it when accomplished. Much indeed do we differ from him, if it be really true that his inclination was to permit them to remain in France; and perhaps, should we be correct in attributing to him this inclination, it is not the only instance of his leaning more to the side of indulgence than was consistent with the principles which it was important to vindicate: but it is not for this that our neighbours ought to complain against him. In the court where Frenchmen hissed an act of common decency rendered to his grace, the following testimony descriptive of his conduct towards the French nation was borne by a Prussian officer, and it would be bad taste not to let it stand in the place of any further remarks on this subject.

*Le Comte Woronzoff*.—"Je suis bien aise d'avoir été appelé dans

cette circonstance : sans cela j'aurais été obligé de faire inserer ma declaration dans les journaux. La parole du Duc de Wellington est plus qu'un autre temoignage. Dans les sept departemens qui ont été occupés par ses ordres, on lui rend plus de justice qu'ici. Je profite par cette occasion pour faire connôître l'opinion générale du pays où il a commandé. Si suivant les ordres de notre souverain nous avons été moins à charge, c'est grace a Lord Wellington ; et si nous avons pu perdre la pensée d'une juste moderation, ce n'aurait pas été sous un tel chef."

With a large part of the people of France, words have still unfortunately more influence than things : the terms *honour* and *glory* are sufficient to gain absolution for selfishness and perfidy the most apparent. The fair action of a constitutional government, and the free operation of reasoning, will no doubt gradually correct this inveterate fault which has so long subsisted in the national character ; and already we see certain signs that the public disposition will remould itself, if, happily, the present wise system of administration be persevered in. It will require, however, time and determination to eradicate the corruption deeply implanted and widely disseminated by the imperial system under "*the great and good man*," as Mr. Cobbett calls him, to whose virtue let M. Lanjuinais (a most unexceptionable witness in such a case, because jealous of the present government) bear testimony in the following extracts from his *Sketch of the Character and Proceedings of Napoleon's Reign* :

" Les listes des Notables, ou des présentateurs, et des éligibles, furent, sans grand mystère, à Paris, et dans plusieurs départemens, dressées à volonté, après qu'on eut brisé le sceau des scrutins et annulé les votes legitimes. \* \* \* Il n'y eut aucune liberté réelle dans le Sénat ; il n'y eut pas même de discussion. \* \* Il y avait quelques billets blancs, et quelques votes formellement négatifs ; ils ne s'élevèrent jamais au-dessus de quatorze. \* \* On semblait rendre la parole aux législateurs, mais on organisait leur silence. \* \* Le droit d'exercer la noble profession d'avocat fut subordonné, par un décret impérial, à la volonté arbitraire de deux amovibles, c'est à dire, d'un procureur général, ou d'un ministre. \* \* On fit une seconde banqueroute publique, sous couleur de liquidation terminée ; et pour mieux empêcher le retour à la justice, on supprima les titres des débiteurs, après en avoir exigé le dépôt comme LA CONDITION DU PAIEMENT ! \* \* Par un simple décret impérial, on fit cesser les Mémoires de l'Institut sur les Sciences morales et sur les sciences politiques ; LES ELECTIONS DES RECIPIENDAIRES, ET LES ENCOURAGEMENTS A DISTRIBUER AUX GENS DE LETTRES, FURENT PLACÉS DANS LES ATTRIBUTIONS DU MINISTRE DE POLICE ET DE SURETÉ GÉNÉRALE. \* \* Le monopole des journaux tint la vérité captive, supprima les faits ou les altéra, préconisa le pouvoir absolu, calomnia, diffama les plus saines doctrines, et fit triompher long-temps l'obscurantisme et l'impoposture." (Vol. i. p. 54—60.)

Is it possible to conceive a more complete organization of the means of national debasement and corruption? But the summing up of M. Lanjuinais must be quoted: in it the reader will see that the most terrible reports of what took place under the despotism of Napoleon were but too correct.

“ Tout, d'ailleurs, ne répondait que trop à cette marche tortueuse et irrégulière : les ressorts du gouvernement étaient des armées d'espions, stipendiées, manœuvrées par des chefs qui devaient s'observer les uns les autres: des delations ténébreuses, des bruits menaçans, des menaces réelles, des outrages, des prisons d'état, dont la direction et la surveillance déshonoraient le ministère de la justice: DES TORTURES CLANDESTINES EN DES LIEUX DE DETENTION, des exécutions secrètes, ou des rumeurs touchants ses exécutions; des libéralités corruptrices en monnaie d'or, en billets de banque, en diamans, en domaines de l'état, &c. Ainsi par degrés, la France, et la plus grande partie de l'Europe furent asservies à l'orgueil, aux caprices d'un seul homme, et successivement desolées, ruinées, anéanties par des contributions illégales, des conscriptions sans limites, des guerres injustes et sans fin, des brigandages, des meurtres, des pillages continuels, des victoires sanglantes, des folles conquêtes, et des revers effroyables.” (Vol. i. p. 60, 61.)

Such is the picture of what was the political and social condition of France under Buonaparte, delineated by one who, while he states the immense improvement that has occurred, at the same time criticises severely the measures pursued since the return of the Bourbons. It is in behalf of this state of things that the words *glory, honour, liberty*, are prostituted in publications called liberal; it is in its behalf that M. de Berenger writes excellent songs, which M. Benjamin Constant and M. Jouy publish in the *Mercur*; and it is the downfall of this system that has turned such a torrent of invective against England, that has so excited the rage of the *soi-disant* friends of freedom, that prompts the falsehoods and the abuse which they discharge without ceasing against her, some of which we have been occupied in exposing. Our readers will probably be inclined to demand of us what are the real motives of this party, what are their genuine objects, and sincere sentiments. The most noisy part of the faction is composed of those whom M. Malte-Brun calls *military adventurers*, and whom he thus describes: “ Men without principles and even without ideas in politics; but who, *being full of honour*, wish to sell themselves to some purchaser or other, no matter whom, tribune, consul, king, or emperor. This set, perhaps the only one really dangerous, attaches itself at present to the *liberales*; its members believe that a violent revolution would rekindle a war on the Continent, and that is their first object. Afterwards they would know how to put all parties, both *ultra* and *citra*, under the same yoke. (P. 56.) M. Bonald, a much

superior writer to Malte-Brun, expresses himself to the same purpose in language remarkable for its strength: "Aujourd'hui que la guerre a été si long-temps, et si grandement profitable, sinon pour la France, au moins pour beaucoup de militaires, *il s'est formé une population affamée de guerre.*" This is a dreadful thing to happen in a country; it must continue to threaten the existence of every social blessing through a course of years, and to nourish a deep fund of resentment and malevolence against any government that may show itself actuated by a love of peace, and a disposition to be just. The motive that induces these prepared buccaneers to join themselves to the demagogue politicians has been explained in one of the above extracts; the inducement of the latter to receive them, and to adopt their language, is satisfactorily accounted for by the writer in the following remarks:

"Comme au milieu des tous les ridicules de la Révolution, l'odeur de la poudre à canon s'est tirée victorieusement d'affaire, il arrive que les révolutionnaires, qui viennent de sortir les marrons du feu, grâce à la patte du chat, font en outre leurs efforts pour se faufiler, et se mettre à l'abri des souvenirs, derrière les rangs de nos braves soldats. Aussi, toutes les fois qu'on leur dit leur fait, et qu'on les appelle par leurs noms, *ils parlent de la gloire nationale*, ils en appellent à nos guerriers."

These extracts reflect considerable light on the springs that move the factious party, but at the same time they fully bear out M. Malte-Brun in affirming that it is very much divided both in opinion and interests, so that having no common or intelligible object which they dare avow, they have chosen certain words of vague meaning and application, such as *liberty, glory, the interests of the country*, words to which each fraction of the party may attach the sense that suits him. In fact the liberal *Militaire*, the republican ex-chamberlain, and the sophist demagogue, despise each other in secret, and only wait the moment of success to dispute amongst themselves the fruits of the victory. (P. 57, 58.) The general criminal consciousness which is at the bottom of the hearts of all these people, and which forms, perhaps, the best single reason that can be given for their conduct, we have seen well described in another French publication, and we shall abridge and modify rather than translate the passage, which will also furnish a suitable conclusion to these remarks. The revolution, says the writer, presents two aspects to the regard of the observer; one bears on its front the words *justice and liberty*, the other is branded with those of *persecution and regicide*. Whenever the revolution seems likely to turn towards us its look of dignity and hope, cries are raised, and complots formed, to cause it again to put on its scowl of horror and crime. These proceed from men whose instinctive feeling of their present situation, and whose memory of their past con-



duct, lead them to make constant efforts to connect the cause of improvement with their own infamy. If you will take their words for it, liberty is menaced when assassins and ruffians feel their persons or even their ill-gotten gains in peril: property is about to be lost by its holders, when power is wrested from plunderers; fanaticism and superstition are on the point of invading France when they who banished and murdered the ministers of religion are deprived of an opportunity to repeat such examples of toleration and philosophy. That the interests of the nation might be safe, it would be necessary, according to those persons, that the two chambers should be composed of regicides or men who adopt their opinions. It is thus that the public welfare, tranquillity, and character, have been so often exposed by being employed as bucklers to the selfishness of individuals whose real motives are too hideous to be allowed to appear; and thus has the French nation been precipitated into frightful error and disaster, by believing that legitimate principles required to be maintained by men who usurped the influence of liberty, and the apparel of public force, to protect themselves in the execution of the basest and most sordid designs. Let no one suppose, continues the writer, that this statement is without application to the present moment; the deceivers are not yet all extinct—the dupes are not yet all enlightened. It still remains to be decided whether the revolution ought to be identified with the measures of the convention, and whether the cause of freedom and that of murder and pillage be one and the same. The great number of those who speak and behave as if this strange identity existed, are not, it is true, sensible of the real import of their words and actions: there is scarcely one of the late petitioners in behalf of the regicides who would not be indignant were he to discover what interests he is really serving; but one of the greatest misfortunes of France is, that the long existence of a system of unparalleled fraud and imposture has incapacitated the public understanding to distinguish truth from falsehood, to detect sophisms the most paltry, or resist impositions the most obvious. This melancholy state, however, must finish; the good cause will not always be left the victim of the worst men; it must no longer be confounded with their ruined reputations, or be permitted to rest in the filth into which they have fallen. The day when its entire disunion from them shall be effected will be a day of *real triumph* for France, a brighter day of glory than she has ever yet seen: then she may fairly deal in these terms: she may then boast of victory, honour, and independence, without blushing herself, or giving her neighbours cause to reproach either her vanity or her indiscretion.

ART. IX.—*Tales of my Landlord. Third Series, collected and arranged by Jedediah Cleishbotham, Schoolmaster and Parish Clerk of Gandercleugh.* 4 vols. 12mo. Constable and Co. Edinburgh, 1819.

THE two tales contained in these volumes are as well written as any of the former, but they are not nearly as interesting in their subjects generally, nor in the subordinate incidents with which the narrative is occasionally relieved and diversified. We have here the same sensible vein of observation, the same spirited though rough sketching of character, and the same force of description which have already secured so much literary reputation to this author; and we have likewise the same degree of carelessness in the style, the same tautology and repetition of the commonest words, over and over again, in the very same sentence; and, in short, all the marks of hasty composition, which were found to disfigure his former productions.

When giving our opinion on some other of these tales, we remarked that the chief merit of this fiction-monger is far from consisting in the construction of a story. On the contrary, he is singularly deficient in the invention of incidents, as also in the happy art, possessed by many inferior writers, of combining his events in such a way as to excite expectation in the mind of the reader, as he proceeds with the narrative; and, finally, to gratify his curiosity by a striking or unexpected result. His power is confined almost solely to observation. His personages are all taken from the actual ranks of society, and he seems throughout to write from the memory, rather than from the imagination. His low characters, in particular, are portraits from the life. They are such as pass under our eyes every day; and we seem, indeed, to recognize an acquaintance in every sketch of this kind that falls from his pen. There is, in fact, such an individuality in all his characters of the description now alluded to, as forbids us to think that they could have proceeded from any other origin than a close inspection of the world in its ordinary and unrestricted intercourse. Their language, looks, dress, prejudices and opinions, prove beyond all doubt that the author has here given us the original draughts of his own experience.

The little interest which usually belongs to the stories of this writer, is still further diminished in the case of the two now before us, by a direct anticipation of the events of the narrative, introduced by means of second-sighted Highlanders or lowland wizards, who, by their ill-timed revelations of futurity, contrive to prevent all expectation in the mind of the reader. With regard to a

leading personage in the second tale, indeed, we are agreeably surprised to find that the punishment of death, at the hand of an assassin, which is denounced against him almost from the outset of his career, is at the last happily commuted for a severe stab and a lingering illness. Still it was impossible not to foresee that the Earl of Monteith was doomed to receive in his body the dagger of the moody Allen; and as the fate of the gallant Montrose was already known from history, we had the heroes of the piece completely disposed of, before we could read through fifty pages. Nor is the case much better with the "Bride of Lammermoor." Tinto's picture, and similar intimations from other quarters, enabled us to see clearly from the beginning how matters were to end: and in this way it was brought to pass, that the only inducement to persevere in the perusal was to witness the gradual development of the several characters; not to learn what they had to do or to suffer. Indeed the author himself seems to consider the interest belonging to his tales, regarded as pieces of personal history, in a very secondary point of view. His main object is to hold forth specimens of the character of his countrymen, at different eras, and in different states of society; whilst the linking together of such imaginary incidents as should constitute a narrative, and, at the same time, enable him to exhibit his collection of oddities to the best advantage, appears to have been, in every instance, entirely an after thought, and submitted to only as a kind of obligation from which he could not decently deliver himself. To make this part of his task as easy as he could, however, he has generally fixed upon some prominent national event; to which he has attached the fortunes of his heroes with a greater or less degree of affinity, and allowed them to float down the stream of time, thus supported as far as it was necessary to carry them. *Waverly* and *Old Mortality* afford a striking example of what we have just stated; for in the first of these productions, it is very evident that the author's original plan must have been limited to the exhibition of a Highland chief surrounded by his retainers, and exercising the barbarous virtues of that station and character; whilst his object in the last of the pieces now named was clearly to set forth the manners of that fanatical and rebellious order of religionists who disturbed the peace of Scotland during the greater part of the reigns of the two brothers, to whose lot it fell to close the dynasty of the Stuarts. These, we say, were the main and leading objects; for the love stories in which *Waverly* and *Henry Merton* are compelled to bear a part, are altogether secondary and episodical; and are as little connected with the original conception of the romances in which they appear, as is the pompous passion of the Roman virgins, in the

tragedy of Cato, with the first thoughts of its elegant author. In Guy Mannering, indeed, there is much more of pure imagination than in any other of these popular stories; and the talent for observation, by which the writer of it is so eminently distinguished, has, in this instance, been greatly assisted by the workings of a lively and powerful fancy. The character of Meg Merrilies has been pronounced worthy of Shakspeare, whilst it cannot certainly be supposed to owe much of its sublimity and pathos to any actual specimen of the gipsy tribe, who may yet happen to survive their general extinction in the north. An analysis, however, of the tales from first to last, will present ample evidence that the delineation of individual characters, and not the narration of events, has been the principal object, whilst it constitutes the chief merit of this singular author.

We have just remarked, that the low characters in these fictions are the most striking likenesses; and the reason of this is too obvious to require explanation. Men in the higher walks of life, unless they happen, like the "Antiquary," to be humorists, and anomalies, necessarily acquire such a sameness in their manners, as to remove all prominent features from the eye of the moral painter; and we all know that elegant conversation, and even the light species of wit which passes current in society, and pleases the ear for the time, is always tiresome when retailed at length, whether in the form of a play or a novel. All such imitations set forth the properties of a class, instead of an individual; and the human mind is apt to be fatigued with generalities, however luminously expounded. In the lower paths of society, however, where polish interferes less with the native cast of the mind, there is more of genuine character, and a greater number of distinguishing points in the habits, whether mental or bodily. In this class, which is the largest, there are the fewest characteristic qualities, a fact which comes in illustration of the logical definition of *accidents*; *major extensio minor comprehensio*. Here all are individuals; or, at least, the several species are so numerous, and characterized by properties so exceedingly evanescent and undistinguishable to the common observer, that every peasant, especially in remote provinces, stands forth as a distinct specimen, which no generic terms can satisfactorily describe. In this case, too, the qualities which constitute the character, are all external, appearing in certain modes of expression and gesture; and, as such, they are not only completely open to the eye of a shrewd observer, but easily recognized even by those who pay little attention to the original, whenever they are represented in a faithful imitation. The language is nearly the same of all well-educated men of rank; it reveals nothing more to the reader than

that such as use it are persons of a certain class in society, and have enjoyed certain advantages in the way of instruction; but the language of Cuddy Headrigg, or of Mause his mother, sets forth at once the whole of their characters; it embodies their turn of thinking, their political and religious opinions, and, in short, throws open the whole mechanism and furniture of their minds.

The maxim of the ancient philosopher, "speak and let me see you," applies indeed, more or less closely, to all orders of mankind, but of course with more emphasis to those whose characters are identified with their turns of expression. Hence it follows very naturally that the author, who wishes to make the most of such personages, will introduce them in the form of *dramatis personæ*, speaking in their own name, relating their own exploits and intentions, and giving vent to all their prejudices and partialities in their own characteristic phraseology. The writer now before us has made a very successful use of this allowable artifice; for wherever his main object was to delineate character, he has adopted the dramatic dialogue. He himself is perfectly aware of this peculiarity, and puts it into the mouth of an imaginary critic. Tinto, the painter, is an objector to his manner of writing: he says, in the present tales, he has so far complied with his friend Tinto's advice, as to have endeavoured to render his narrative rather descriptive than dramatic. "My favourite propensity, however, has at times overcome me, and my persons, like many other in this talking world, speak now and then a great deal more than they act." We dissent from the opinion of our brother Tinto. If Peter Patieson, or Walter Scott, or by whatever other name we are to designate the author, had sat down to tell a story merely, the criticism would have been well founded; but as his object throughout is to sketch character without much regarding the details of his narrative, the remark of the limner must be pronounced out of place.

The "Bride of Lammermoor," however, is more properly an historical piece, than some of its predecessors. It is founded upon a Scottish story, about a hundred years old; and although considerably garnished with fictitious incidents, it is, as the author himself expresses it, "o'er true a tale." We have heard that the unfortunate bride was a daughter of a certain Viscount S—r, and that the bridegroom was a Baronet who, as the narrative sets forth, fell by the hand of his wife on the night of their marriage. The Vicountess, that is, the Lady Ashton of the novel, was, as she is there represented, the principal agent in opposing her daughter's wishes, and in forcing upon her the fatal match which led to the memorable catastrophe just specified. We have not learned, distinctly, who was the original Ra-

venswood, or what was his subsequent history; but we have some faint recollection that he was lost in the sands of the Solway Firth, nearly in manner described in the work before us. The locality of the scene is changed, it will be observed, from the south-west coast of Scotland, to the south-east, from the shores of the Atlantic to those of the German Ocean. Lammermoor occupies a portion of that range of hilly ground which stretches between Berwickshire and East Lothian; but the residence of the Earl of S——r was in Galloway, or in some other of the western counties, and never, so far as we have been able to learn, in the former part of the island.

Sir William Ashton, the Lord Keeper of Scotland, had got possession, by fair means or foul, of the estates of Lord Ravenswood, an attainted baron, and determined Jacobite. The son of this last personage, upon succeeding to a ruined castle without domains, is naturally opposed to the upstart lawyer, who has got into his hands the inheritance of the Ravenswoods; and meeting with some harsh usage at his father's funeral, which he ascribes to the machinations of the keeper, he vows vengeance, before he leaves the churchyard, upon Sir William and his whole family. In pursuance of this unchristian resolution, he takes his post in the park of Ravenswood castle, apparently with the intention of assassinating its owner; when by chance he is called upon, by feelings of humanity, to save the life of that gentleman and of his only daughter, Miss Lucy Ashton, the heroine of our story, and the ill-fated bride of Lammermoor. He shoots dead a wild bull, which was on the point of executing the revenge which he himself meditated; and by this means, after much inward struggle, he finds himself introduced to the good offices of the father, and the affections of the daughter. The young people plight their faith to each other; and, after the fashion of their time and country, break a piece of gold between them as a pledge of constancy and a memorial of affection.

The Lord Keeper has no objection to the match. He knew he had wronged Ravenswood; and he was not unwilling to make what compensation he could, in giving up his daughter, and in holding out to her lover the prospect of political power and employment: but Lady Ashton makes other arrangements. She hates the name of Ravenswood; and is resolved, at all hazards, to prevent so hateful a marriage. Accordingly, in the absence of the lover, who goes abroad in a diplomatical capacity, she negotiates a matrimonial alliance between her daughter and a hair-brained, dissipated fox-hunter, named Hayston of Bucklaw. To forward her measures, she contrives to intercept all letters between Miss Ashton and Ravenswood, and prevails upon the young lady to believe that her lover has forsaken her, and even

that he had taken a wife in foreign parts. At length the young lady consents to sign the marriage-settlement on St. Jude's Day, if Ravenswood should neither write nor come home in the interim. He arrives just as the pen has delineated her name on the paper; and a stormy meeting ensues between him and her relatives. The mother insults him; the brother challenges him; and the young lady herself is overwhelmed with grief and fear. The bridal ceremony, however, takes place with great pomp in a neighbouring church—the marriage-feast follows; and the festivity of the evening goes on with all the noisy hilarity which characterized the times. But it was soon to be interrupted. A few minutes after the bridegroom had retired, a deep groan is heard from the bed-chamber, which instantly calls thither the relatives of both parties. Bucklaw is found on the floor weltering in his blood; and his bride, now a maniac, is seen sitting in the chimney, her hands and her clothes stained with gore. She dies: Bucklaw recovers; and Ravenswood, when on his way to fight Colonel Ashton, the eldest son of Sir William, is swallowed up by the quick-sands still so dangerous to travellers on certain parts of the Scottish coast.

It is a melancholy tale; and so much the more melancholy as it is not destitute of a foundation in fact. It is told too, with much power and pathos. There is no falling off in the vigorous talents of the author; and when we say that we read the "Bride of Lammermoor" with less interest than "Old Mortality" or the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," we know well to what cause this deficiency is to be ascribed. The tone of feeling which pervades the tale of which we are now speaking is, of itself, repelling and disagreeable. The pride, ambition, and revenge, which actuate the leading personages are hateful passions in themselves; and, in the present instance, they portend nothing but death and disappointment from the outset of the narrative. Even the love of Ravenswood is, like lightning from a thunder-cloud, flashing and smiting. The union of hearts between him and his mistress is sealed with blood; and all the rites of courtship are accompanied with auguries of speedy death and approaching desolation.

Of the subordinate characters, old Alice and Caleb Balderstone, the lying steward of Ravenswood, are the most prominent. The former is excellent in its kind: but, like Dominie Sampson, Caleb is rather overwrought in the first conception.

As we are to give but one extract from this tale, we prefer, for that purpose, the interview between Ravenswood and the family of his mistress, immediately after Lucy had signed herself away to another.

"I have myself seen the fatal deed, and in the distinct characters in which the name of Lucy Ashton is traced on each page, there is only

a very slight tremulous irregularity, indicative of her state of mind at the time of the subscription. But the last signature is incomplete, defaced, and blotted; for while her hand was employed in tracing it, the hasty tramp of a horse was heard at the gate, succeeded by a step in the outer gallery, and a voice, which, in a commanding tone, bore down the opposition of the menials. The pen dropped from Lucy's fingers, as she exclaimed with a faint shriek—'He is come—he is come!'

"Hardly had Miss Ashton dropped the pen, when the door of the apartment flew open, and the Master of Ravenswood entered the apartment.

"Lockhard and another domestic, who had in vain attempted to oppose his passage through the gallery or anti-chamber, were seen standing on the threshold transfixed with surprise, which was instantly communicated to the whole party in the state-room. That of Colonel Douglas Ashton was mingled with resentment; that of Bucklaw, with haughty and affected indifference; the rest, even Lady Ashton herself, shewed signs of fear, and Lucy seemed petrified to stone by this unexpected apparition. Apparition it might well be termed, for Ravenswood had more the appearance of one returned from the dead, than of a living visitor.

"He planted himself full in the middle of the apartment, opposite to the table at which Lucy was seated, on whom, as if she had been alone in the chamber, he bent his eyes with a mingled expression of deep grief and deliberate indignation. His dark-coloured riding cloak, displaced from one shoulder, hung around one side of his person in the ample folds of the Spanish mantle. The rest of his rich dress was travel-soil'd, and deranged by hard riding. He had a sword by his side, and pistols in his belt. His slouched hat, which he had not removed at entrance, gave an additional gloom to his dark features, which, wasted by sorrow, and marked by the ghastly look communicated by long illness, added to a countenance naturally somewhat stern and wild, a fierce and even savage expression. The matted and dishevelled locks of hair which escaped from under his hat, together with his fixed and unmoved posture, made his head more resemble that of a marble bust than of a living man. He said not a single word, and there was a deep silence in the company for more than two minutes.

"It was broken by Lady Ashton, who in that space partly recovered her natural audacity. She demanded to know the cause of this unauthorised intrusion.

"'That is a question, madam,' said her son, 'which I have the best right to ask—and I must request of the Master of Ravenswood to follow me, where he can answer it at leisure.'" (Vol. iii. p. 66—69.)

"The passions of the two young men thus counteracting each other, gave Ravenswood leisure to exclaim, in a stern and steady voice, 'Silence!—let him who really seeks danger, take the fitting time when it is to be found; my mission here will be shortly accomplished.—Is that, madam, your hand?' he added in a softer tone, extending towards Miss Ashton her last letter.



"A faltering 'Yes,' seemed rather to escape from her lips, than to be uttered as a voluntary answer.

"And is *this* also your hand?" extending towards her the mutual engagement.

"Lucy remained silent. Terror, and a yet stronger and more confused feeling, so utterly disturbed her understanding, that she probably scarcely comprehended the question that was put to her.

"If you design," said Sir William Ashton, "to found any legal claim on that paper, sir, do not expect to receive any answer to an extra-judicial question."

"Sir William Ashton," said Ravenswood, "I pray you, and all who hear me, that you will not mistake my purpose. If this young lady, of her own free-will, desires the restoration of this contract, as her letter would seem to imply—there is not a withered leaf which this autumn wind strews on the heath, that is more valueless in my eyes. But I must and will hear the truth from her own mouth—without this satisfaction I will not leave this spot. Murder me by numbers you possibly may; but I am an armed man—I am a desperate man,—and I will not die without ample vengeance. This is my resolution, take it as you may. I WILL hear her determination from her own mouth, from her own mouth alone, and without witnesses, will I hear it. Now chuse," he said, drawing his sword with the right hand, and, with the left, by the same motion taking a pistol from his belt and cocking it, but turning the point of one weapon and the muzzle of the other to the ground,—“Chuse if you will have this hall floated with blood, or if you will grant me the decisive interview with my affianced bride, which the laws of God and the country alike entitle me to demand."

"All recoiled at the sound of his voice, and the determined action by which it was accompanied; for the ecstasy of real desperation seldom fails to overpower the less energetic passions by which it may be opposed. The clergyman was the first to speak. 'In the name of God,' he said, 'receive an overture of peace from the meanest of his servants. What this honourable person demands, albeit it is urged with over violence, hath yet in it something of reason. Let him hear from Miss Lucy's own lips that she hath dutifully acceded to the will of her parents, and repenteth her of her covenant with him; and when he is assured of this, he will depart in peace unto his own dwelling, and cumber us no more. Alas! the workings of the ancient Adam are strong even in the regenerate—surely we should have long suffering with those who, being yet in the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity, are swept forward by the uncontrollable current of worldly passion. Let then the Master of Ravenswood have the interview on which he insisteth; it can but be as a passing pang to this honourable maiden, since her faith is now irrevocably pledged to the choice of her parents. Let it, I say, be thus: it belongeth to my functions to entertain your honours' compliance with this healing overture.'" (Vol. iii. p. 71—75.)

"Ravenswood sheathed his sword, uncocked and returned his pistol to his belt, walked deliberately to the door of the apartment, which he bolted—returned, raised his hat from his forehead, and, gazing

upon Lucy with eyes in which an expression of sorrow overcame their late fierceness, spread his dishevelled locks back from his face, and said, 'Do you know me, Miss Ashton?—I am still Edgar Ravenswood.' She was silent; and he went on, with increasing vehemence—'I am still that Edgar Ravenswood, who, for your affection, renounced the dear ties by which injured honour bound him to seek vengeance. I am that Ravenswood, who, for your sake, forgave, nay, clasped hands in friendship with the oppressor and pillager of his house—the traducer and murderer of his father.'

" 'My daughter,' answered Lady Ashton, interrupting him, 'has no occasion to dispute the identity of your person; the venom of your present language is sufficient to remind her, that she speaks with the mortal enemy of her father.'

" 'I pray you to be patient, madam,' answered Ravenswood; 'my answer must come from her own lips.—Once more, Miss Lucy Ashton, I am that Ravenswood to whom you granted the solemn engagement, which you now desire to retract and cancel.'

" 'Lucy's bloodless lips could only falter out the words, 'It was my mother.'

" 'She speaks truly,' said Lady Ashton; 'it was I, who, authorised alike by the laws of God and man, advised her, and concurred with her, to set aside an unhappy and precipitate engagement, and to annul it by the authority of Scripture itself.' " (Vol. iii. p. 77—79.)

" 'And is this all?' said Ravenswood, looking at Lucy—'Are you willing to barter sworn faith, the exercise of free-will, and the feelings of mutual affection, to this wretched hypocritical sophistry?'

" 'Hear him!' said Lady Ashton, looking to the clergyman—'hear the blasphemer!'

" 'May God forgive him,' said Bide-the-bent, 'and enlighten his ignorance!'

" 'Hear what I have sacrificed for you,' said Ravenswood, still addressing Lucy, 'ere you sanction what has been done in your name. The honour of an ancient family, the urgent advice of my best friends, have been in vain used to sway my resolution; neither the arguments of reason, nor the portents of superstition, have shaken my fidelity. The very dead have arisen to warn me, and their warning has been despised. Are you prepared to pierce my heart for its fidelity, with the very weapon which my rash confidence entrusted to your grasp?'

" 'Master of Ravenswood,' said Lady Ashton, 'you have asked what questions you thought fit. You see the total incapacity of my daughter to answer you. But I will reply for her, and in a manner which you cannot dispute. You desire to know whether Lucy Ashton, of her own free-will, desires to annul the engagement into which she has been trapped. You have her letter under her own hand, demanding the surrender of it; and, in yet more full evidence of her purpose, here is the contract which she has this morning subscribed, in presence of this reverend gentleman, with Mr. Hayston of Bucklaw.'

" 'Ravenswood gazed upon the deed, as if petrified. 'And it was

without fraud or compulsion,' said he, looking towards the clergyman, 'that Miss Ashton subscribed this parchment?'

" 'I vouch it upon my sacred character.'

" 'This is, indeed, madam, an undeniable piece of evidence,' said Ravenswood sternly; 'and it will be equally unnecessary and dishonourable to waste another word in useless remonstrance or reproach. There, madam,' he said, laying down before Lucy the signed paper and the broken piece of gold—'there are the evidences of your first engagement; may you be more faithful to that which you have just formed. I will trouble you to return the corresponding tokens of my ill-placed confidence—I ought rather to say of my egregious folly.'

" Lucy returned the scornful glance of her lover with a gaze, from which perception seemed to have been banished; yet she seemed partly to have understood his meaning, for she raised her hands as if to undo a blue ribbon which she wore around her neck. She was unable to accomplish her purpose, but Lady Ashton cut the ribbon asunder, and detached the broken piece of gold which Miss Ashton had till then worn concealed in her bosom; the written counterpart of the lovers' engagement she for some time had had in her own possession. With a haughty curtesy, she delivered both to Ravenswood, who was much softened when he took the piece of gold.

" 'And she could wear it thus,' he said—speaking to himself—'could wear it in her very bosom—could wear it next to her heart—even when—but complaint avails not,' he said, dashing from his eye the tear which had gathered in it, and resuming the stern composure of his manner. He strode to the chimney, and threw into the fire the paper and piece of gold, stamping upon the coals with the heel of his boot, as if to insure destruction. 'I will be no longer,' he then said, 'an intruder here—Your evil wishes, and your worse offices, Lady Ashton, I will only return, by hoping these will be your last machinations against your daughter's honour and happiness.—And to you, madam,' he said, addressing Lucy, 'I have nothing farther to say, except to pray to God that you may not become the world's wonder for this act of wilful and deliberate perjury.'—Having uttered these words, he turned on his heel, and left the apartment. (Vol. iii. 80—84.

We have left ourselves little room for the "Legend of Montrose," which is likewise a tale founded partly on fact. The wars of Montrose in Scotland, in support of the royal cause, are matter of history; and the gallant conduct of that distinguished soldier is not an unsuitable subject for the pen of poet or romancer. The narrative before us, however, is confined to a visit which the Marquis paid, in company with the Earl of Monteith, to a chieftain named M'Aulay; during which, we are treated with a muster of some of the clans—with a conference among the leaders, and preparations for a fight which soon after ensued between the adherents of the Covenant, under the Marquis of Argyle, and the friends of the Crown, under Montrose. There is room for fiction here, and it is freely introduced. But

we wish to apprise our readers that what must appear most like fiction to them, is, indeed, grounded on a well-known incident in highland history—we allude to the singular account of Allan M'Aulay's madness, as connected with a fright which his mother received whilst she was pregnant. Names are changed, of course; but the facts are as follows:—The lady of A——ch, an ancient residence in the western parts of Perthshire, had a brother who lived in that neighbourhood, and who, as tradition goes, had rendered himself extremely serviceable in repressing the ravages of some hostile clan. The barbarians watched for their hour of revenge; and finding the unhappy patriot one day, alone and defenceless, they murdered him, with every circumstance of atrocity, carried his head to the house of his sister's husband, placed it on her table with a piece of bread in the mouth, and retired into their glens undiscovered. The lady, it is said, immediately upon witnessing this horrible spectacle, fled in the most frantic agony into the neighbouring woods; where she passed the greater part of a summer in a state of utter mental imbecility, and far advanced in her pregnancy. She frequently appeared, it is added, upon hearing the notes of a certain song which her maid-servants were in the habit of singing when they went to the hill to milk the goats; and it was upon one of these occasions that she was approached by her family, and conducted back to the house. The child of which she was soon afterwards delivered afforded a striking proof of how close the connexion is between the mother and her unborn infant. The boy manifested a distempered mind from his earliest childhood; and afterwards, we believe, became remarkable for some of those peculiarities which are ascribed to Allan M'Aulay.

There is, of course, a good deal of fiction introduced, to give poetical interest to the character; and the whole story of the "Children of the Mist," and the war of extermination which was carried on between them and the M'Aulays, originates solely in the active fancy of the author. But the groundwork of this part of the tale has some kindred with fact: and a painful picture it exhibits of the ferocious and vindictive spirit which, not more than a hundred years ago, blasted so large a portion of the Western Highlands of Scotland. Nor is the feud between the Campbells on the one hand, and the Grahams and Stewarts on the other, the mere offspring of imagination: and there are other tales on judicial record which would do as little credit to the humanity or candour of the first mentioned clan as redounds to them from some of the anecdotes in the "Legend of Montrose."

There is brought forward in the tale which we have just named the character of a mercenary soldier, which, making al-

allowance for a little caricature, presents a fine sample of a numerous body of men which, in those days, were wont to issue forth from Scotland, to fight under the banners of all the powers of Europe. Dalgety is evidently a favourite with the author; and we cannot say but that he does him credit. The little sketch, however, of the serjeant, with which the tale opens, is more to our taste; and, as it is closely connected with events of a more modern description, and reflects feelings in which nobody can refuse to sympathise, we cannot deny such of our readers as may not have seen the original the pleasure of an extract.

"Serjeant More M'Alpin was, during his residence among us, one of the most honoured inhabitants of Ganderscleugh. No one thought of disputing his title to the great leathern chair on the 'cosiest side of the chimney,' in the common room of the Wallace Arms, on a Saturday evening. No less would our sexton, John Duirward, have held it an unlicensed intrusion, to suffer any one to induct himself into the corner of the left-hand pew nearest to the pulpit, which the Serjeant regularly occupied on Sundays. There he sat, his blue invalid uniform brushed with the most scrupulous accuracy. Two medals of merit displayed at his button-hole, as well as the empty sleeve which should have been occupied by his right arm, were evidence of his hard and honourable service. His weather-beaten features, his grey hair tied in a thin queue in the military fashion of former days, and the right side of his head a little turned up, the better to catch the sound of the clergyman's voice, were all marks of his profession and infirmities. Beside him sat his sister Janet, a little neat old woman, with a Highland curch and tartan plaid, watching the very looks of her brother, to her the greatest man upon earth, and actively looking out for him, in his silver-clasped Bible, the text which the minister quoted or expounded.

"I believe it was the respect that was universally paid to this worthy veteran by all ranks in Ganderscleugh which induced him to chuse our village for his residence, for such was by no means his original intention.

"He had risen to the rank of serjeant-major of artillery, by hard service in various quarters of the world, and was reckoned one of the most tried and trusty men of the Scotch Train. A ball, which shattered his arm in a peninsular campaign, at length procured him an honourable discharge, with an allowance from Chelsea, and a handsome gratuity from the patriotic fund. Moreover, Serjeant More M'Alpin had been prudent as well as valiant; and, from prize-money and savings, had become master of a small sum in the three per cent. consols.

"He retired with the purpose of enjoying this income in the wild Highland glen, in which, when a boy, he had herded black cattle and goats, ere the roll of the drum had made him cock his bonnet an inch higher, and follow its music for nearly forty years. To his recollection, this retired spot was unparalleled in beauty by the richest scenes he had visited in his wanderings. Even the Happy Valley of Rasselas

would have sunk into nothing upon the comparison. He came—he revisited the loved scene—it was but a sterile glen, surrounded with rude crags, and traversed by a northern torrent. This was not the worst. The fires had been quenched upon thirty hearths—of the cottage of his fathers he could but distinguish a few rude stones—the language was almost extinguished—the ancient race from which he boasted his descent had found a refuge beyond the Atlantic. One south-land farmer, three grey-plaided shepherds, and six dogs, now tenanted the whole glen, which in his youth had maintained in content, if not in competence, upwards of two hundred inhabitants.

“ In the house of the new tenant, Serjeant M’Alpin found, however, an unexpected source of pleasure, and a means of employing his social affections. His sister Janet had fortunately entertained so strong a persuasion that her brother would one day return, that she had refused to accompany her kinsfolks upon the emigration. Nay, she had consented, though not without a feeling of degradation, to take service with the intruding Lowlander, who, though a Saxon, she said, had proved a kind man to her. This unexpected meeting with his sister seemed a cure for all the disappointments which it had been Serjeant More’s lot to encounter, although it was not without a reluctant fear that he heard told, as a Highland woman alone could tell it, the story of the expatriation of his kinsmen.

“ She narrated at length the vain offers they had made of advanced rent, the payment of which must have reduced them to the extremity of poverty, which they were yet contented to face, for permission to live and die on their native soil. Nor did Janet forget the portents which had announced the departure of the Celtic race, and the arrival of the strangers. For two years previous to the emigration, when the night wind howled down the pass of Ballachra, its notes were distinctly modelled to the tune of, ‘ *Ha til mi tulidh,*’ (we return no more,) with which the emigrants usually bid farewell to their native shores. The uncouth cries of the foreign shepherds, and the barking of their dogs, were often heard in the mist of the hills long before their real arrival. A bard, the last of his race, had commemorated the expulsion of the natives of the glen in a tune, which brought tears into the aged eyes of the veteran, and of which the first stanza may be thus rendered—

Woe, woe, son of the Lowlander,  
Why wilt thou leave thy bonny Border?  
Why comest thou hither, disturbing the Highlander,  
Wasting the glen that was once in fair order?

“ What added to Serjeant More M’Alpin’s distress upon the occasion was, that the Chief by whom this change had been effected, was, by tradition and common opinion, held to represent the ancient leaders and fathers of the expelled fugitives; and it had hitherto been one of Serjeant More’s principal subjects of pride to prove, by genealogical deduction, in what degree of kindred he stood to this personage. A woful change was now wrought in his sentiments towards him.

“ ‘ I cannot curse him,’ he said, as he rose and strode through the

room, when Janet's narrative was finished—'I will not curse him; he is the descendant and representative of my fathers. But never shall mortal man hear me name his name again.' And he kept his word; for, until his dying day, no man heard him mention his selfish and hard-hearted chieftain.

"After giving a day to sad recollections, the hardy spirit which had carried him through so many dangers, manned the Serjeant's bosom against this cruel disappointment. 'He would go,' he said, 'to Canada to his kinsfolks, where they had named a Transatlantic valley after the glen of their fathers. Janet,' he said, 'should kilt her coats like a leaguer lady; d——n the distance! it was a flea's leap to the voyages and marches he had made on a slighter occasion.'

"With this purpose he left the Highlands, and came with his sister as far as Ganderscleugh, on his way to Glasgow, to take a passage to Canada. But winter was now set in, and as he thought it advisable to wait for a spring passage, when the St. Lawrence should be open, he settled among us for the few months of his stay in Britain. As we said before, the respectable old man met with a deference and attention from all ranks of society; and when spring returned, he was so satisfied with his quarters, that he did not renew the purpose of his voyage. Janet was afraid of the sea, and he himself felt the infirmities of age and hard service more than he had at first expected. And, as he confessed to the clergyman, and my worthy principal, Mr. Cleishbotham, 'it was better staying with kenn'd friends, than going farther and fareing worse.' " (Vol. iii. p. 135—142.)

Rapidly as these "Tales of my Landlord" have come upon us, and hastily as they have been got up, we have no wish to conceal the regret which we feel upon being assured by their author that we are to have no more of them. We value them chiefly as faithful historical paintings of times and persons, who have left behind them no record to perpetuate their characteristic good or evil, and which are necessarily viewed in the page of general history with that rapid glance which we bestow upon things that have made no deep impression upon the fortunes of society. The ingenious writer has continued to embody in his descriptions and narratives not only a great store of antiquarian knowledge and profound reflection, generally considered, but the very features of the age and the actors which he brings before his readers; their opinions, political, ecclesiastical, and theological; their domestic habits, forms of ceremony, and modes of salutation. He exhibits, in short, a view of the last two hundred years, as they unfolded their mixed events in his native land; and, by connecting his stories with historical facts or traditional anecdotes, he gives to them an interest and an apparent authenticity which we shall look for in vain in any other work of fiction. We subjoin his valedictory address; still cherishing the hope that he will appear yet again, under some other form, to secure

for posterity the fruits of that "large harvest" which no other labourer is capable of gathering in.

"Reader! the *Tales of my Landlord* are now finally closed, and it was my purpose to have addressed thee in the vein of Jedediah Cleishbotham; but, like Horam the son of Asmar, and all other imaginary story tellers, Jedediah has melted into thin air.

"Mr. Cleishbotham bore the same resemblance to Ariel, as he at whose voice he rose doth to the sage Prospero; and yet, so fond are we of the fictions of our own fancy, that I part with him, and all his imaginary localities, with idle reluctance. I am aware this is a feeling in which the reader will little sympathize; but he cannot be more sensible than I am, that sufficient varieties have now been exhibited of the Scottish character, to exhaust one individual's powers of observation, and that to persist would be useless and tedious. I have the vanity to suppose, that the popularity of these Novels has shewn my countrymen, and their peculiarities, in lights which were new to the Southern reader; and that many, hitherto indifferent upon the subject, have been induced to read Scottish history, from the allusions in these works of fiction." (Vol. iv. p. 329, 330.)

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#### ART. X.—HISTORY, MANNERS, &c. OF THE INDIAN NATIONS OF NORTH AMERICA.

*An Account of the History, Manners, and Customs, of the Indian Nations, who once inhabited Pennsylvania, and the neighbouring States.* By the Rev. John Heckewelder, of Bethlehem. (From the "Transactions of the Historical and Literary Committee of the American Philosophical Society, held at Philadelphia, for promoting Useful Knowledge. Vol. I. Philadelphia, 1819.")

IT is rather extraordinary, that, long as North America has been discovered and colonized by Europeans, comparatively little accession has been made to our knowledge of the actual state of the aboriginal inhabitants: and those modern writers, who profess to give any account of their manners and customs, have for the most part derived their information, either from the imperfect narratives of the first discoverers or early settlers (whose ignorance of the native dialects disqualified them from being accurate historians), or from European traders, who were rarely men of sufficient attainments or discernment, and who were too much occupied with their commercial pursuits, to be able to devote much time to exploring with minuteness the habits, manners, and opinions, of the American Indians. Mr. Warden in whose recent work (from his professions of accuracy and research) we expected to find much original information, has compressed his



notices of the Indian tribes into sixty loosely printed pages; in which he has chiefly drawn from preceding writers, and has given us very little additional information.

In the hope of supplying this deficiency, we sit down to give our readers a brief analysis of Mr. Heckewelder's very curious memoir; which, with its appendix, nearly fills the first volume of the "Transactions of the Historical and Literary Committee of the American Philosophical Society."\* This gentleman has resided upwards of forty years, principally as a missionary from the Society of *Unitas Fratrum*, or United Brethren, among various Indian tribes. The very high respectability of his character, for integrity and veracity (of which we have received unquestionable testimonials), stamps no small degree of interest and authenticity upon his communications, which are drawn up in an artless and unassuming manner.

The Indian nations, who formerly inhabited Pennsylvania and the neighbouring states, and whose manners and customs Mr. Heckewelder has more particularly described, are the Delawares, (whom he uniformly calls by their national appellation of *Lenni Lenape*,†) and their kindred tribes, especially the Shawanos or Sawanos, the Nanticokes, and the Mahicanni or Mohicans. The *Lenni Lenape*, according to the traditions handed down to them by their ancestors, resided many hundred years ago, in a very distant country, in the western part of the American continent. For some reason, at present unknown, they determined to migrate eastward, and accordingly set out together in a body. After a very long journey and many nights' encampments‡ by the way, they at length arrived at the *Namæsi Sipa* (Mississippi; or *River of Pish*); where they fell in with the *Mengwe* (the Iroquois or Five Nations), who had likewise migrated from another region, with the same view of finding a country, that should please them better than that which they had abandoned. The spies, whom the *Lenape* had sent forward for the purpose of reconnoitring, had, long before their arrival, discovered that the country east of the Mississippi was inhabited by the *Alligewi*, a very powerful nation, who had many large towns erected on the great rivers flowing through their land. The *Lenape*, therefore, on their arrival on the banks of the Mississippi, sent messengers to the *Alligewi*, to request permission to settle in the neighbourhood; although this was refused, they obtained leave to pass

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\* Of the plan and objects of this society we have given a concise notice in page 57 of the present number.

† This name, according to our author, "signifies 'original people,' that is, a race of human beings who are the same as they were in the beginning,—unchanged and untaught."

‡ A "night's encampment" is a halt of one year at a place.

through the country, and seek a settlement further to the eastward. The Alligewi, however, observing that the Lenape amounted to many thousands, made a furious attack on a considerable number who had crossed that river, and threatened the remainder with utter destruction, if they persisted in coming over to their side of the river. Enraged at this treachery, and with the great loss of men which they had sustained, the Lenape, who were unprepared for a conflict, after some consultation, made a junction with the Mengwe or Iroquois, who had offered to join them; on condition of sharing the country with them after they should have conquered the enemy. A long series of sanguinary battles ensued, which terminated in the repeated defeats of the Alligewi; who, finding that their destruction would be inevitable, if they persisted in their obstinacy, abandoned the country to the victors, and fled down the Mississippi, whence they never returned. The country was now divided between the conquerors; the Mengwe or Iroquois (who appear to have kept at a prudent distance during the most sanguinary of the conflicts) choosing the lands in the vicinity of the great lakes and on their tributary streams, while the Lenape took possession of the country to the south. After a lapse of many hundred years, according to the traditions of these people, the two nations, who had continued to dwell peaceably together, increased very fast; and a very considerable proportion of the Lenape ultimately settled on the four great rivers, now called the Delaware, Hudson, Susquehannah, and Potowmac; making the Delaware the centre of their possessions. The remainder of their nation who had not crossed the Mississippi, settled in the interior.

We shall not detain our readers with Mr. Heckewelder's account of the divisions and subdivisions of the Lenape into various kindred tribes, nor of the wars between them and the Mengwe, or Iroquois, which subsequently took place; nor of the manner in which the latter contrived to persuade the Europeans, who successively arrived in North America, that they were the dominant tribe, and that they had a right to grant to the Europeans the lands occupied by the Lenape, or Delawares. These transactions unfold a scene of gross fraud and deception, on the part of the Iroquois, and especially of the Europeans, blended with no small tyranny and cruelty: but, however interesting they may be to the historian of America, we apprehend that these details (which do not readily admit of abridgment) would not prove very gratifying to our readers. We shall, therefore, proceed to give the most material of our author's facts and observations relative to the native American tribes, arranged under the several heads of Government and Political Manœuvres, — Intercourse with each other and Domestic Relations, — Educa-

tion and Knowledge,—and General Observations made by the Indians on the Character and Conduct of the White People.

1. *Government and Political Manœuvres.*—Although the Indians have no code of laws, their chiefs find little or no difficulty in governing them. They are supported by able and experienced counsellors, men who study the welfare of the country, and are equally interested with themselves in its prosperity. On them, says our author, the people implicitly rely, believing that what they do, or determine, must be for the public welfare; and, proud of having their affairs conducted by such able men, the Indians are not solicitous to know what they are doing, being persuaded that the result will in due time be communicated to them, and feeling assured that it will meet with their approbation. This result is always announced to them through the public orator, by whom they are convened at the Council-house. In the management of their national affairs they display singular skill and dexterity. When a political message is sent to them from a neighbouring nation, of which they do not approve, they generally return an answer so ambiguously worded, that it is difficult to ascertain its real meaning. They consider this to be the best way of disposing of a tender which they dislike; because those who sent the message are at a loss, for some time at least, to comprehend the meaning of the answer; and, not knowing whether it is favourable or unfavourable, their proceedings are necessarily suspended until they can discover its true sense. In this manner hostile operations have sometimes been entirely prevented, and matters have remained in the same situation as before. As nothing offensive is ever contained in these messages, this artful method of treating each other, so far from producing disputes, does not interrupt the harmony of the two nations; it is, on both sides, considered as a kind of diplomatic proceeding, an exercise that tends to invigorate the mind, in which they take great delight. It gives them opportunities to reflect deeply on matters of importance, and of displaying their genius, when they have discovered the secret of an answer sent to them, or have found out the true meaning of an ambiguous message.

Mr. Heckewelder has selected a curious scene of diplomatic rivalry, which he witnessed at the commencement of the revolutionary war, between two great men of the Delaware nation, both of whom had in their time signalized their bravery on former occasions, and had acquired the character of distinguished war-chiefs. The war, just mentioned, had made it necessary for the Indians to provide for their future safety.

“Captain White Eyes of the Turtle tribe, who was placed at the head of his nation, had its welfare much at heart. He was in favour of their following the advice given them by the American Congress,

which was to remain neutral, and not to meddle in the quarrel between the Americans and the parent country. He advised his people, therefore, to remain in friendship with both sides, and not to take up arms against either, as it might bring them into trouble, and perhaps, in the end, effect their ruin.

“ On the other hand, Captain Pipe, of the Wolf tribe, who resided at the distance of fifteen miles, where he had his council fire, was of a different opinion, and leaned on the side of the British. He was an artful, ambitious man, yet not deficient in greatness of mind. But his head at that time was full of the wrongs which the Indians had suffered from the Americans, from their first coming into the country; his soul panted for revenge, and he was glad to seize the opportunity that now offered. He professed his readiness to join in proper measures to save the nation, but not such measures as his antagonist proposed; what his real object was he did not openly declare, but privately endeavoured to counteract all that was done and proposed by the other. White Eyes, however, was a sensible upright man, and never was deficient in means to support his own measures, and extricate himself from the snares with which he was on all sides surrounded by Captain Pipe. Thus they went on for upwards of two years, Pipe working clandestinely, and keeping his spies continually on the watch upon the other, while White Eyes acted openly and publicly, as though he knew nothing of what was machinating against him.

“ At last, a circumstance took place which apparently justified Captain Pipe in the measures he wished to pursue. In March 1778, a number of white people, of those whom we called *Tories*, among whom were M’Kee, Elliott, Girty, and several others, having escaped from Pittsburg, told the Indians wherever they came, ‘ that they must arm and be off immediately, and kill all the Americans wherever they found them, for they had determined to destroy all the Indians, and possess themselves of their country.’ White Eyes, not believing what these men said, advised his people to remain quiet, for this report could not be true. Pipe, on the contrary, called his men together, and in a speech which he addressed to them, pronounced every man an enemy to his country who endeavoured to dissuade them from going out against the Americans, and said that all such ought to be put to death. Captain White Eyes was not disconcerted; he immediately assembled his warriors, and told them ‘ that if they meant in earnest to go out, as he observed some of them were preparing to do, they should not go without him. He had taken peace measures in order to save the nation from utter destruction. But if they believed that he was in the wrong, and gave more credit to vagabond fugitives, whom he knew to be such, than to himself, who was best acquainted with the real state of things; if they had determined to follow their advice, and go out against the Americans, he would go out with them; he would lead them on, place himself in the front, and be the first who should fall. They only had to determine on what they meant to do; for his own mind was made up fully not to survive his nation, and he would not spend the remainder of a miserable life

in bewailing the total destruction of a brave people, who deserved a better fate."

"This spirited, and at the same time pathetic, speech of Captain White Eyes, made such an impression on the minds of the audience, that they unanimously declared that they would obey his orders, and listen to no person but himself, either white, or of their own colour. Indeed, there was too much force, too much majesty in this address to be resisted; when this was reported to Pipe by his emissaries, he was absolutely confounded, and knew not what to do. A few days afterwards, the council of the Delaware nation received the most friendly and flattering messages from the commandant and Indian agent at Pittsburg, cautioning them, 'not to listen to those worthless men who had ran [run] off from them in the night, and to be assured of the steady friendship of the Government of the United States.' Pipe was so put to the blush, and took this matter so much to heart, that he soon after threw off the mask, permitted his men to go out and murder the Americans, and afterwards went off with them to Sandusky, under the protection of the British Government." (P. 139—142.)

Thus Indian politicians contrive to settle their affairs, without newspaper wrangles, abuse of character, personal quarrels, or open insults. Their ingenuity, when seconded by a good cause, generally secures the victory: in a bad cause, on the contrary, they are pretty certain of being detected and defeated, as Captain Pipe had the misfortune to experience in the course of the revolutionary war.

Mr. Heckewelder's account of the manner in which the Indian nations make war against each other, and of their scalping their enemies, together with their treatment of prisoners, in most respects corresponds with, or confirms, the relations already extant: but he has supplied many interesting additional facts and observations, for a few of which we must find room.

"It is a fixed principle with the Indians, that evil cannot come out of good, that no friend will injure a friend, and, therefore, that whoever wrongs or does harm to another, is his ENEMY. As it is with individuals, so it is with nations, tribes, and other independent associations of men. If they commit murder on another people, encroach on their lands, by making it a practice to come within their bounds and take the game from them, if they rob or steal from their hunting camps, or in short, are guilty of any act of unjust aggression, they cannot be considered otherwise than as ENEMIES; they are declared to be such, and the aggrieved nation think themselves justifiable in punishing them. If murder has been perpetrated, revenge is taken in the same way. If a lesser injury has been done, a message is sent to the chief of the nation to which the wrong-doers belong, to enquire whether the act complained of was authorised, if not to give them warning not to permit the like thing to be done again. If theft or some other like offence has been committed, restitution is at the same time demanded, or such reparation as the case admits of, and the chiefs are desired to forbid

their 'young people' to do so any more, or that they will have to abide by the consequence." (P. 164, 165.)

"When the Indians have determined to take revenge for a murder committed by another nation, they generally endeavour to make at once a bold stroke, so as to strike their enemies with terror; for which purpose, they penetrate into the hostile country as far as they can without being discovered, and when they have made their stroke, they leave a war club near the body of the person murdered, and make off as quick as possible. This war club is purposely left that the enemy may know to what nation the act is to be ascribed, and that they may not wreak their vengeance on an innocent tribe. It is meant also to let them know that unless they take measures to discover and punish the author of the original aggression, this instrument will be the means of revenging the injury, or, in other words, war will be forthwith declared against them.

"If the supposed enemy is peaceably inclined, he will in such case send a deputation to the aggrieved nation, with a suitable apology. In general the chief sends word, that the act complained of was committed without his knowledge, by some of 'his foolish young men;' that it was altogether unauthorised and unwarranted; that it was highly reprobated by himself and his council, and that he would be sorry that on that account a breach should be made between the two nations, but, on the contrary, wishes for peace; that he is willing to make reparation for the offence by condoling with the relations of the person slain and otherwise satisfying them. Such an offer is generally accepted, and in this manner all differences are adjusted between the parties, and they are friends again as they were before. But should the offending nation refuse to apologise and sue for peace, war is then immediately declared and is carried on with the greatest vigour. (P. 165, 166.)

Courage, art, and circumspection, are the essential and indispensable qualifications of an Indian warrior. As soon as war is actually commenced, each strives to excel in displaying them, by stealing upon his enemy unawares, and deceiving and surprising him in various ways. Their stratagems, for this purpose, are most ingenious, and the sagacity of the hostile tribes in discovering, by the prints of the feet, to what particular nation the individuals belong, whose footsteps they have traced, is truly astonishing, as will appear by the following anecdote:

"In the beginning of the summer," says Mr. Heekewelder, "of the year 1755, a most atrocious and shocking murder was unexpectedly committed by a party of Indians, on fourteen white settlers, within five miles of Shamokin. The surviving whites, in their rage, determined to take their revenge by murdering a Delaware Indian who happened to be in those parts and was far from thinking himself in any danger. He was a great friend to the whites, was loved and esteemed by them, and in testimony of their regard had received from them the name of Luke Holland, by which he was generally known. This Indian, satisfied that his nation was incapable of committing such a foul murder in a time of pro-

found peace, told the enraged settlers, that he was sure that the Delawares were not in any manner concerned in it, and that it was the act of some wicked Mingoes or Iroquois, whose custom it was to involve other nations in wars with each other, by clandestinely committing murders, so that they might be laid to the charge of others than themselves. But all his representations were vain; he could not convince exasperated men, whose minds were fully bent upon revenge. At last, he offered that if they would give him a party to accompany him, he would go with them in quest of the murderers, and was sure he could discover them by the prints of their feet and other marks well known to him, by which he would convince them that the real perpetrators of the crime belonged to the Six Nations. His proposal was accepted, he marched at the head of a party of whites, and led them into the tracks. They soon found themselves in the most rocky parts of a mountain, where not one of those who accompanied him, was able to discover a single track, nor would they believe that man had ever trodden upon this ground, as they had to jump over a number of crevices between the rocks, and in some instances to crawl over them. Now they began to believe that the Indian had led them across those rugged mountains in order to give the enemy time to escape, and threatened him with instant death the moment they should be fully convinced of the fraud. The Indian, true to his promise, would take pains to make them perceive that an enemy had passed along the places through which he was leading them; here he would shew them that the moss on the rock had been trodden down by the weight of an human foot, there that it had been torn and dragged forward from its place; further he would point out to them that pebbles or small stones on the rocks had been removed from their beds by the foot hitting against them, that dry sticks by being trodden upon were broken, and even that in a particular place, an Indian's blanket had [been] dragged over the rocks, and [had] removed or loosened the leaves lying there, so that they lay no more flat, as in other places; all which the Indian could perceive as he walked along, without even stopping. At last arriving at the foot of the mountain, on soft ground, where the tracks were deep, he found out that the enemy were eight in number, and from the freshness of the foot prints, he concluded that they must be encamped at no great distance. This proved to be the exact truth, for, after gaining the eminence on the other side of the valley, the Indians were seen encamped, some having already laid down to sleep, while others were drawing off their *leggings*\* for the same purpose, and the scalps they had taken were hanging up to dry. 'See!' said Luke Holland to his astonished companions, there is the enemy! not of my nation, but Mingoes, as I truly told you. They are in our power; in less than half an hour they will all be fast asleep. We need not fire a gun, but go up and tomohawk them. We are nearly two to one, and need apprehend no danger. Come on, and you will now have 'your full revenge!' But the whites, overcome with fear, did not choose to follow the Indian's advice, and urged him to take them back by the nearest and best way,

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\* Indian Stockings.

which he did, and when they arrived at home late at night, they reported the number of the Iroquois to have been so great, that they durst not venture to attack them." (P. 168—170.)

The religious respect, which the Indians formerly paid to ambassadors, or *messengers of peace*, as they termed them, we regret to say, no longer exists; and this change of conduct they hesitate not (and it appears with too much reason) to ascribe to the breaches of confidence, and to the aggressions of the white people. The manner in which they concluded their treaties of peace, was singularly interesting.

"In early times, when Indian nations, after long and bloody wars, met together for the purpose of adjusting their differences, or concluding a peace with each other, it was their laudable custom, as a token of their sincerity, to remove out of the place where the peace-makers were sitting, all warlike weapons and instruments of destruction, of whatever form or shape. 'For,' said they, 'when we are engaged in a good work, nothing that is bad must be visible. We are met together to forgive and forget, to *bury* the destructive weapon, and put it quite out of sight; we cast away from us the fatal instrument that has caused so much grief to our wives and children, and has been the source of so many tears. It is our earnest hope and wish that, it may never be dug up again.' So particular were they on this point, that if a single weapon had been in sight, while a treaty was negotiating, it would have disturbed their minds by recalling the memory of past events, and instead, (as they say) of gladdening their hearts, by the prospect of a speedy peace, would, on the contrary, have filled them with sorrow."

"Nor would they even permit any warlike weapons to remain within the limits of their *council fire*, when assembled together about the ordinary business of government. It might, they said, have a bad effect, and defeat the object for which they had met. It might be a check on some of the persons assembled, and perhaps, prevent those who had a just complaint or representation to make from speaking their minds freely. William Penn, said they, when he treated with them, adopted this ancient mode of their ancestors, and convened them under a grove of shady trees, where the little birds on their boughs were warbling their sweet notes. In commemoration of these conferences (which are always to Indians a subject of pleasing remembrance) they frequently assembled together in the woods, in some shady spot as nearly as possible similar to those where they used to meet their brother *Miquon*, and there lay all his '*words*' or speeches, with those of his descendants, on a blanket or clean piece of bark, and with great satisfaction go successively over the whole. This practice (which I have repeatedly witnessed) continued until the year 1780, when the disturbances which then took place put an end to it, probably for ever.

"These pleasing remembrances, these sacred usages are no more. 'When we treat with the white people,' do the Indians now say, 'we have not the choice of the spot where the messengers are to meet. When we are called upon to conclude a peace, (and what a



peace!) the meeting no longer takes place in the shady grove, where the innocent little birds with their cheerful songs, seem as if they wished to soothe and enliven our minds, tune them to amity and concord and take a part in the good work for which we are met. Neither is it at the sacred council house, that we are invited to assemble. No!—It is at some of those horrid places, surrounded with mounds and ditches, where the most destructive of all weapons, where *great guns* are gaping at us with their wide mouths, as if ready to devour us; and thus we are prevented from speaking our minds freely, as brothers ought to do!

“How then, say they, can there be any sincerity in such councils? how can a treaty of this kind be binding on men thus forced to agree to what is dictated to them in a strong prison and at the cannon’s mouth; where all the stipulations are on one side, where all is concession on the one part and no friendship appears on the other? From these considerations, which they urge and constantly dwell upon, the treaties which they make with the white men have lost all their force, and they think themselves no longer bound by them than they are compelled by superior power. Are they right in this or are they wrong? The impartial reader must decide.” (P. 175—177.)

2. *Intercourse with each other, and Domestic Relations.*—It is a striking fact that, in their uncivilized state, the Indians should interchange all the courtesies of civilized life. On all occasions the men show mutual reverence; and in their frequent meetings for conversation, their sociability appears to be a recreation to them, as well as a renewal of good fellowship. Their general principle, “that good and bad cannot mingle and dwell together, and therefore must not come into contact,” seems to be their guide under all circumstances. On every occasion they judge with calmness, and decide (or endeavour to decide) with equitable precision, between an *accident* and a *wilful act*: our author has selected several instances of this temper, from which we select the three following:

“One morning early, an Indian came into the house of another who was yet *abed*, asking for the loan of his gun for a morning hunt, his own being out of repair; the owner readily consented, and said: ‘as my gun is not loaded, you will have to take a few balls out of *yon* pouch!’ In taking the gun down, it, however, by some accident went off, and lodged the contents in the owner’s head, who was still lying on the bed, and now expired. The gun, it appeared, was loaded, though unknown to him, and the lock left in such a condition that by a touch it went off. A cry was heard from all sides in the house: O! the *accident*! for such it was always considered to have been, and was treated as such.

“A hunter went out to kill a bear, some of those animals having been seen in the neighbourhood. In an obscure part of a wood, he saw at a distance something black moving, which he took for a bear, the whole of the animal not being visible to him; he fired, and found

he had shot a black horse. Having discovered the mistake, he informed the owner of what had happened, expressing at the same time his regret that he was not possessed of a single horse, with which he could replace the one he had shot. What! replied the Indian whose horse had been killed, do you think I would accept a horse from you, though you had one to give, after you have satisfied me that you killed mine *by accident*? No, indeed! for the same misfortune might also happen to me.

"Two Indians with a large canoe, going down the Muskingum river to a certain distance, were accosted by others going by land to the same place, who requested them to take their heavy articles, as kettles, axes, hoes, &c. into their canoe, which they freely did, but unfortunately were shipwrecked at the rocks of White Eyes's falls (as the place is called,) where the whole cargo was lost, and the men saved themselves by swimming to the shore. The question being put and fully discussed, whether those men with the canoe, who had taken charge of the property of the others, and by this neglect lost the whole, were not liable to pay for the loss? it was decided in the negative, on the following grounds:

"1. That the canoe men had taken the articles on board, with the pleasing hope that they thereby would oblige their fellow men, and did not expect any recompense for that service.

"2. That although they might have avoided the danger and the loss by unloading the canoe at the head of the fall, and carrying the cargo by land below it, (which was but a short distance,) as was customary, when the river was not in a proper state to run through, yet that, had those who travelled by land been in the place of those in the canoe, they might, like them, have attempted to have run through, as is sometimes done with success, and been equally unfortunate.

"3. That the canoe men having had all their own property on board, which was all lost at the same time, and was equally valuable to them, it was clear that they had expected to run safely through, and could not have intentionally or designedly brought on themselves and others the misfortune which had happened, and therefore the circumstance must be ascribed entirely to *accident*." (P. 134—136.)

The verdict, in this last case, would not have disgraced an enlightened British Jury.

Marriages among the Indians are not, as with us, contracted for life; it is mutually understood that the parties shall not live together, longer than they shall be pleased with each other. Although the condition of the Indian women is laborious, it is far from being servile. When a marriage takes place, the duties and labours incumbent on each party are well known to both, and are performed with alacrity; and in such cases the conjugal affections are displayed in all their force and purity, particularly when the women are in a state of ill health or of pregnancy. On these occasions, if they express an ardent desire for any article of food, whatever it may be, and however difficult to be pro-

cured, the husband immediately sets out, in order to obtain it, if practicable. Mr. Heckewelder relates an instance of a man who travelled forty or fifty miles to obtain "a mess of cranberries;" and another of a man, who in the year 1762 (when there was a famine in the land) travelled *one hundred miles* to obtain a "mess of Indian corn," for which his sick wife had expressed a great desire. He set off on horseback for the place where he had heard it was to be procured, and returned, with as much corn as filled the crown of his hat, for which he had given his horse in exchange, on foot, carrying his saddle back with him.

3. *Education and Knowledge.*—It may justly excite astonishment, how a nation without a written code of laws, without any form or constitution of government, and even without a single elective or hereditary magistrate, can subsist together in peace and harmony, and in the exercise of the moral virtues; and how a people can be well and effectually governed, without any external authority, by the mere force of that ascendancy which men of superior minds have over those of a more ordinary class, and by a tacit yet universal submission to the aristocracy of *experience, talents, and virtue*. Yet such, our author observes, is the spectacle exhibited by an Indian nation to the eye of a stranger; and which, having himself witnessed it for a long series of years, he is convinced, is to be ascribed in a great degree to the honest and virtuous instruction, which the Indians take singular pains in giving to their children.

"The first step that parents take towards the education of their children, is to prepare them for future happiness, by impressing upon their tender minds, that they are indebted for their existence to a great, good and benevolent Spirit, who not only has given them life, but has ordained them for certain great purposes. That he has given them a fertile extensive country well stocked with game of every kind for their subsistence, and that by one of his inferior spirits he has also sent down to them from above, corn, pumpkins, squashes, beans, and other vegetables for their nourishment; all which blessings their ancestors have enjoyed for a great number of ages. That this great Spirit looks down upon the Indians, to see whether they are grateful to him, and make him a due return for the many benefits he has bestowed, and therefore that it is their duty to show their thankfulness by worshipping him, and doing that which is pleasing in his sight.

"This is in substance the first lesson taught, and from time to time repeated to the Indian children, which naturally leads them to reflect and gradually to understand that a being which hath done such great things for them, and all to make them happy, must be good indeed, and that it is surely their duty to do something that will please him. They are then told that their ancestors, who received all this from the hands of the great Spirit, and lived in the enjoyment of it,

must have been informed of what would be most pleasing to this good being, and of the manner in which his favour could be most surely obtained, and they are directed to look up for instruction to those who know all this, to learn from them, and revere them for their wisdom and the knowledge which they possess; this creates in the children a strong sentiment of respect for their elders, and a desire to follow their advice and example. Their young ambition is then excited by telling them that they were made the superiors of all other creatures, and are to have power over them; great pains are taken to make this feeling take an early root, and it becomes in fact, their ruling passion through life; for no pains are spared to instil into them that by following the advice of the most admired and extolled hunter, trapper or warrior, they will at a future day, acquire a degree of fame and reputation, equal to that which he possesses; that by submitting to the counsels of the aged, the chiefs, the men superior in wisdom, they may also rise to glory, and be called *Wise men*, an honourable title, to which no Indian is indifferent. They are finally told that if they respect the aged and infirm, and are kind and obliging to them, they will be treated in the same manner when their turn comes to feel the infirmities of old age.

"When this first and most important lesson is thought to be sufficiently impressed upon children's minds, the parents next proceed to make them sensible of the distinction between good and evil; they tell them that there are good actions and bad actions, both equally open to them to do or commit; that good acts are pleasing to the good Spirit, which gave them their existence, and that on the contrary, all that is bad proceeds from the bad spirit who has given them nothing, and who cannot give them any thing that is good, because he has it not, and therefore he envies them that which they have received from the good Spirit, who is far superior to the bad one.

"This introductory lesson, if it may be so called, naturally makes them wish to know what is good and what is bad. This the parent teaches him in his own way, that is to say, in the way in which he was himself taught by his own parents. It is not the lesson of an hour nor of a day, it is rather a long course more of practical than of theoretical instruction, a lesson, which is not repeated at stated seasons or times, but which is shewn, pointed out, and demonstrated to the child, not only by those under whose immediate guardianship he is, but by the whole community, who consider themselves alike interested in the direction to be given to the rising generation.

"When this instruction is given in the form of precepts, it must not be supposed that it is done in an authoritative or forbidding tone, but on the contrary, in the gentlest and most persuasive manner: nor is a parent's authority ever supported by harsh or compulsive means; no whips, no punishments, no threats are ever used to enforce commands or compel obedience. The child's *pride* is the feeling to which an appeal is made, which proves successful in almost every instance. A father needs only to say in the presence of his children: 'I want such a thing done; I want one of my children to go upon such an errand; let me see who is the *good* child that will do it!' This word *good* operates as it were by magic, and the children immediately vie with each

other to comply with the wishes of their parent. If a father sees an old decrepid man or woman pass by, led along by a child, he will draw the attention of his own children to the object by saying: 'What a *good* child that must be which pays such attention to the aged! That child indeed, looks forward to the time when it will likewise be old!' or he will say, 'May the great Spirit, who looks upon him, grant this *good* child a long life!'

"In this manner of bringing up children, the parents, as I have already said, are seconded by the whole community. If a child is sent from his father's dwelling to carry a dish of victuals to an aged person, all in the house will join in calling him a *good* child. They will ask whose child he is, and on being told, will exclaim: What! has the *Tortoise*, or the *little Bear* (as the father's name may be) got such a *good* child? If a child is seen passing through the streets leading an old decrepid person, the villagers will, in his hearing, and to encourage all the other children who may be present to take example from him, call on one another to look on and see what a *good* child that must be. And so, in most instances, this method is resorted to, for the purpose of instructing children in things that are good, proper, or honourable in themselves; while, on the other hand, when a child has committed a *bad* act, the parent will say to him: 'O! how grieved I am that my child has done this *bad* act! I hope he will never do so again.' This is generally effectual, particularly if said in the presence of others. The whole of the Indian plan of education tends to elevate rather than depress the mind, and by that means to make determined hunters and fearless warriors.

"Thus, when a lad has killed his first game, such as a deer or a bear, parents who have boys growing up will not fail to say to some person, in the presence of their own children: 'That boy must have listened attentively to the aged hunters; for, though young, he has already given a proof that he will become a good hunter himself.' If, on the other hand, a young man should fail of giving such a proof, it will be said of him 'that he did not pay attention to the discourses of the aged.'

"In this indirect manner is instruction on all subjects given to the young people. They are to learn the arts of hunting, trapping, and making war, by listening to the aged when conversing together on those subjects, each, in his turn, relating how he acted, and opportunities are afforded to them for that purpose. By this mode of instructing youth, their respect for the aged is kept alive, and it is increased by the reflection that the same respect will be paid to them at a future day, when young persons will be attentive to what they shall relate.

"This method of conveying instruction is, I believe, common to most Indian nations; it is so, at least, amongst all those that I have become acquainted with, and lays the foundation for that voluntary submission to their chiefs, for which they are so remarkable. Thus has been maintained for ages, without convulsions, and without civil discords, this traditional government, of which the world, perhaps, does not offer another example; a government in which there are no positive laws, but only long established habits and customs; no code of jurispru-

dence, but the experience of former times; no magistrates, but advisers, to whom the people, nevertheless, pay a willing and implicit obedience; in which age confers rank, wisdom gives power, and moral goodness secures a title to universal respect. All this seems to be effected by the simple means of an excellent mode of education, by which a strong attachment to ancient customs, respect for age, and the love of virtue are indelibly impressed upon the minds of youth, so that these impressions acquire strength as time pursues its course, and as they pass through successive generations." (P. 99—103.)

Of the profound respect, which they are thus early taught to show to the aged, Mr. Heckewelder has given numerous pleasing and some ludicrous examples, for which we have not room. They do not reckon, as we do, by days, but by nights; their year, like ours, is divided into four quarters; but they commence it with the spring, which (they say) is the youth of the year, the time when the spirits of man begin to revive, and the plants and flowers again put forth. The four seasons are divided into months or moons, to which particular tribes give particular names, which are generally suited to the climate under which they respectively live, and the advantages or benefits which they enjoy at the time. And their ages are calculated by some remarkable event which has taken place within their remembrance; such as an uncommonly severe winter, a very deep snow, a general war, or the erection of a new town or city by the white people.

"The geographical knowledge of the Indians is really astonishing. I do not mean the knowledge of maps, for they having nothing of the kind to aid them; but their practical acquaintance with the country that they inhabit. They can steer directly through the woods in cloudy weather as well as in sunshine to the place they wish to go to, at the distance of two hundred miles and more. When the white people express their astonishment, or inquire how they can hit a distant point with so much ease and exactness, they smile and answer: 'How can we go wrong when we know where we are to go to?' There are many who conjecture that they regulate their course by certain signs or marks on the trees; as for instance, that those that have the thickest bark are exposed to the north, and other similar observations; but those who think so are mistaken. The fact is, that the Indians have an accurate knowledge of all the streams of consequence, and the courses which they run; they can tell directly, while travelling along a stream, whether large or small, into what larger stream it empties itself. They know how to take the advantage of dividing ridges, where the smaller streams have their heads, or from whence they take their source; and in travelling on the mountains they have a full view of the country round, and can perceive the point to which their march is directed.

"Their knowledge of astronomy is very limited. They have names for a few of the stars, and take notice of their movements. The polar

star points out to them by night the course which they are to take in the morning.

"They ascribe earthquakes to the moving of the great tortoise, which bears the *Island* (Continent) on its back. They say he shakes himself or changes his position. They are at a loss how to account for a solar or lunar eclipse; some say the sun or moon is in a swoon, others that it is involved in a very thick cloud.

"A constant application of the mind to observing the scenes and accidents which occur in the woods, together with an ardent desire to acquire an intimate knowledge of the various objects which surround them, gives them, in many respects, an advantage over the white people, which will appear from the following anecdote.

"A white man had, at his camp in a dark night, shot an Indian dog, mistaking it for a wolf which had the night before entered the encampment and eaten up all the meat. The dog mortally wounded, having returned to the Indian camp at the distance of a mile, caused much grief and uneasiness to the owner, the more so as he suspected the act had been committed from malice towards the Indians. He was ordered to inquire into the matter, and the white man being brought before him, candidly confessed that he had killed the dog, believing it to be a wolf. The Indian asked him whether he could not discern the difference between the 'steps' or trampling of a wolf and that of a dog, let the night be ever so dark? The white man answered in the negative, and said he believed no man alive could do that; on which the whole company burst out into laughter at the ignorance of the whites, and their want of skill in so plain and common a matter; and the delinquent was freely forgiven. (P. 306, 307.)

Though the Indians do not possess an art of writing, and have no alphabets nor any mode of representing to the eye the sounds of words spoken, yet they have certain hieroglyphics, by which they describe facts in so plain a manner, that they who are conversant with such marks can understand them with as much facility as we can a piece of writing.\* The following anecdote will at once show how expressive and energetic this hieroglyphic or picture writing is.

"A white man in the Indian country, saw a Shawanos riding a horse which he recognized for his own, and claimed it from him as his property. The Indian calmly answered, 'Friend! after a little while, I will call on you at your house, when we shall talk of this matter.' A few hours afterwards, the Indian came to the white man's house; who insisting on having his horse restored, the other then told him: 'Friend! the horse which you claim belonged to my uncle, who lately died; according to the Indian custom, I have become heir to all his property.' The white man not being satisfied, and renewing his demand, the Indian immediately took a coal from the fire-place, and

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\* In the first volume of Mr. Horne's "Introduction to the Study of Bibliography," (p. 101) there is an exact copy of an Indian gazette, with an explanation, which conveys an accurate idea of North American picture writing. Ebron.

made two striking figures on the door of the house; the one representing the white man taking the horse, and the other, himself, in the act of scalping him; then he coolly asked the trembling claimant, 'whether he could read this Indian writing?' The matter thus was settled at once, and the Indian rode off." (P. 119.)

It is well known that the eloquence of the Indians is natural and simple; they speak what their feelings dictate, without art or rule. Hence their speeches are forcible and impressive; their arguments few and pointed; and when they mean to persuade as well as convince, they take the shortest way to reach the heart. Of this powerful oratory of untutored nature, we have some very striking specimens in the course of the volume now under consideration, which want of room alone compels us to omit. For the same reason, we are obliged to pass in silence the comparison,\* which our author has instituted between the Indians and the whites, (whose aggressions, we regret to say, do not place them in the most exalted point of view), together with his valuable philological observations on the very copious and expressive languages of the Delaware Indians and their kindred tribes; as well as his descriptions of the manners, customs, amusements, food, dress, character, mythology, preachers, chieftains, &c. &c. of these comparatively little known people. A few of these descriptions, indeed, only confirm the narratives of former travellers; but by far the greater part are entirely new, and are related in such an artless and simple manner, that we cannot help expressing a wish that Mr. Heckewelder's amusing and instructive work may be reprinted in this country. We shall therefore conclude our confessedly brief analysis of it with a few passages, containing some general observations made by the Indians themselves upon the character and conduct of the white people.

"The Indians believe that the whites were made by the same Great Spirit who created them, and that he assigned to each different race of men a particular employment in this world, but not the same to all. To the whites the great Mannitto gave it in charge to till the ground, and raise by cultivation the fruits of the earth; to the Indians he assigned the nobler employment of hunting, and the supreme dominion over all the rest of the animal creation.

"They will not admit that the whites are superior beings. They say that the hair of their heads, their features, the various colours of their

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\* This comparison is introduced with the following simple and affecting appeal to the good sense of the Whites:—"If lions had been painters! This proverbial saying applies with equal force to the American Indians. They have no historians among them, no books, no newspapers, no convenient means of making their grievances known to a sympathising world. Why, then, should not a white man, a Christian, who has spent among them the greatest part of his life, and was treated by them at all times with hospitality and kindness, plead their honest cause, and defend them as they would defend themselves, if they had but the means of bringing their facts and their arguments before an impartial public."



eyes, evince that they are not like themselves *Lenni Lenape*, an original people, a race of men that has existed unchanged from the beginning of time; but they are a *mixed* race, and therefore a *troublesome* one; wherever they may be, the Great Spirit, knowing the wickedness of their disposition, found it necessary to give them a great Book,\* and taught them how to read it, that they might know and observe what he wished them to do and to abstain from. But they, the Indians, have no need of any such book to let them know the will of their Maker; they find it engraved on their own hearts; they have had sufficient discernment given to them to distinguish good from evil, and by following that guide, they are sure not to err.

"It is true, they confess, that when they first saw the whites, they took them for beings of a superior kind. They did not know but that they had been sent to them from the abode of the Great Spirit, for some great and important purpose. They, therefore, welcomed them, hoping to be made happier by their company. It was not long, however, before they discovered their mistake, having found them an ungrateful, insatiable people, who, though the Indians had given them as much land as was necessary to raise provisions for themselves and their families, and pasture for their cattle, wanted still to have more, and at last would not be contented with less than the *whole country*. 'And yet,' say those injured people, 'these white men would always be telling us of their great Book which God had given to them, they would persuade us that every man was good who believed in what the Book said, and every man was bad who did not believe in it. They told us a great many things, which they said were written in the good Book,\* and wanted us to believe it all. We would probably have done so, if we had seen them practise what they pretended to believe, and act according to the *good words* which they told us. But no! while they held their big Book in one hand, in the other they had murderous weapons, guns and swords, wherewith to kill us, poor Indians! Ah! and they did so too, they killed those who believed in their book, as well as those who did not. They made no distinction!'

"They, nevertheless, are sensible that they have many friends among the white people, and only regret that from their being scattered and at a distance, they cannot be useful to them and to each other. Of those whom they know to be their friends, they always speak with warmth and affection. They also speak of the *Gentelmaan* (gentlemen) as a particular class among the whites which deserves to be distinguished; but they never apply that descriptive title to a person whom they know to be their enemy, or believe to be ill-disposed towards them.

"They sometimes amuse themselves by passing in review those customs of the white people which appear to them most striking. They observe, amongst other things, that when the whites meet together, many of them, and sometimes all, speak at the same time, and they wonder how they can thus hear and understand each other. 'Among us,' they say, 'only one person speaks at a time, and the others listen

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\* The Bible.

to him until he has done ; after which, and not before, another begins to speak.' They say also that the whites speak too much, and that much talk disgraces a man, and is fit only for women. On this subject they shrewdly observe, that it is well for the whites that they have the art of writing, and can write down their words and speeches ; for had they, like themselves, to transmit them to posterity by means of strings and belts of wampum, they would want for their own use all the wampum that could be made, and none would be left for the Indians.

" They wonder that the white people are striving so much to get rich, and to heap up treasures in this world, which they cannot carry with them to the next. They ascribe this to pride and to the desire of being called rich and great. They say that there is enough in this world to live upon, without laying any thing by, and as to the next world, it contains plenty of every thing, and they will find all their wants satisfied when they arrive there. They, therefore, do not lay up any stores, but merely take with them, when they die, as much as is necessary for their journey to the world of spirits.

" The Indians also observe, that the white people must have a great many thieves among them, since they put locks to their doors, which shews great apprehension that their property otherwise would not be safe : ' As to us,' say they, ' we entertain no such fears ; thieves are very rare among us, and we have no instance of any person breaking into a house. Our Indian lock is, when we go out, to set the corn pounder or a billet of wood against the door, so that it may be seen that no body is within, and there is no danger that any Indian would presume to enter a house thus secured.' Let me be permitted to illustrate this by an anecdote.

" In the year 1771, while I was residing on the Big Beaver, I passed by the door of an Indian, who was a trader, and had consequently a quantity of goods in his house. He was going with his wife to Pittsburgh, and they were shutting up the house, as no person remained in it during their absence. This shutting up was nothing else than putting a large hominy pounding-block with a few sticks of wood outside against the door, so as to keep it closed. As I was looking at this man with attention while he was so employed, he addressed me in these words :—' See, my friend, this is an Indian lock that I am putting to my door.'—I answered, ' Well enough ; but I see you leave much property in the house, are you not afraid that those articles will be stolen while you are gone?'—' Stolen ! by whom ?'—' Why, by Indians, to be sure.'—' No, no,' replied he, ' no Indian would do such a thing, and unless a white man or white people should happen to come this way, I shall find all safe on my return.'

" They acknowledge that the whites are ingenious, that they make axes, guns, knives, hoes, shovels, pots and kettles, blankets, shirts, and other very convenient articles, to which they have now become [become] accustomed, and which they can no longer do without. ' Yet,' say they, ' our forefathers did without all these things, and we have never heard, nor has any tradition informed us that they were at a loss for the want of them ; therefore we must conclude that they also were ingenious ; and, indeed, we know that they were ; for they made axes of stone to

cut with, and bows and arrows to kill the game; they made knives and arrows' points with sharp flint stones and bones, hoes and shovels from the shoulder blade of the elk and buffalo; they made pots of clay, garments of skin, and ornaments with the feathers of the turkey, goose, and other birds. They were not in want of any thing, the game was plenty and tame, the dart shot from our arrows did not frighten them as the report of the gun now does; we had therefore every thing that we could reasonably require; we lived happy!

"Finally, they think, that the white people have learned much of them in the art of war; for when they first began to fight the Indians, they stood all together in a cluster, and suffered themselves to be shot down like turkies. They also make a distinction between a warrior and a murderer, which, as they explain it, is not much to our advantage. 'It is not,' say they, 'the number of scalps alone which a man brings with him that prove him to be a brave warrior. Cowards have been known to return, and bring scalps home, which they had taken where they knew there was no danger, where no attack was expected, and no opposition made. Such was the case with those who killed the Conestogoes at and near Lancaster, the Christian Indians on the Muskingum, the friendly Indians near Pittsburg, and a great number of scattered, peaceable men of our nation, who were all murdered by cowards. It was not thus that the *Black Snake*, the great General Wayne acted; he was a true warrior and a brave man; he was equal to any of the chiefs that we have, equal to any that we ever had.'

"Thus, the Indians, while they deeply resent the wrongs and injuries which they have suffered, yet pay due homage to worth, bravery, and military skill, even in an enemy. Strong as their feelings are, they do not extinguish their sense of justice, and they are still generously disposed to allow that there are great and good individuals among a race of men, who, they believe, have doomed them to utter destruction."

We are doubtless bound to use our utmost endeavours to impart to these nations, lying as they do in spiritual darkness, the saving knowledge of the gospel; but we must in candour, and not without shame, confess, that they so exceed us in many points of moral conduct, as to rob us of the argument, which to simple understandings makes the most forcible appeal—the practical illustration of example.

ART. XI.—*Don Juan*. 4to. London: printed by Thomas Davison, 1819.

OF a poem so flagitious that no bookseller has been willing to take upon himself the publication, though most of them disgrace themselves by selling it, what can the critic say? His praise or censure ought to found itself on examples produced from the

work itself. For praise, as far as regards the poetry, many passages might be exhibited; for condemnation, as far as regards the morality, all: but none for either purpose can be produced, without insult to the ear of decency, and vexation to the heart that feels for domestic or national happiness. This poem is sold in the shops as the work of Lord Byron; but the name of neither author nor bookseller is on the title page: we are, therefore, at liberty to suppose it not to be Lord Byron's composition; and this scepticism has something to justify it in the instance which has lately occurred of the name of that nobleman having been borrowed for a tale of disgusting horror published under the title of "The Vampire."

But the strongest argument against the supposition of its being the performance of Lord Byron is this, that it can hardly be possible for an English nobleman, even in his mirth, to send forth to the public the direct and palpable falsehood contained in the 209th and 210th stanzas of the first cantò of this work. No misdeemeanor, not even that of sending into the world obscene and blasphemous poetry, the product of "studious lewdness," and "laboured impiety," appears to us in so detestable a light as the acceptance of a present by an editor of a review as the condition of praising an author; and yet the miserable man (for miserable he is, as having a soul of which he cannot get rid), who has given birth to this pestilent poem, has not scrupled to lay this to the charge of "The British Review;" and that not by insinuation, but has actually stated himself to have sent money in a letter to the Editor of this journal, who acknowledged the receipt of the same by a letter in return, with thanks. No peer of the British realm can surely be capable of so calumnious a falsehood, refuted, we trust, by the very character and spirit of the journal so defamed. We are compelled, therefore, to conclude, that this poem cannot be Lord Byron's production; and we, of course, expect that Lord Byron will, with all gentlemanly haste, disclaim a work imputed to him, containing a calumny so wholly the product of malignant invention.

Lord Byron could not have been the author of this assertion concerning us (an assertion implicating himself as well as us—for to have tendered such a bribe would have been at least as mean as to have received it); not only because he is a British peer, but because he has too much discernment not to see how little like the truth such a statement must appear concerning a Review which has so long maintained, in the cause of public and private virtue, its consistency and purity, independently of all party and of all power. He knows in what a spirit of frankness and right feeling we have criticised his works, how ready we have been to do justice to their great poetical merit,

and how firm and steady we have been in the reprobation of their mischievous tendency.

If Lord Byron had sent us money, and we had been so entirely devoid of honesty, feeling, and decency, as to have accepted it, his Lordship would have had sense enough to see, that to publish the fact would have been at once to release us from the iniquitous contract.

If somebody personating the Editor of the British Review has received money from Lord Byron, or from any other person, by way of bribe to praise his compositions, the fraud might be traced by the production of the letter which the author states himself to have received in return. Surely then, if the author of this poem has any such letter, he will produce it for this purpose. But lest it should be said that we have not in positive terms denied the charge, we do utterly deny that there is one word of truth, or the semblance of truth, as far as regards this Review or its Editor, in the assertions made in the stanzas above referred to. We really feel a sense of degradation as the idea of this odious imputation passes through our minds.

We have heard, that the author of the poem under consideration designed what he has said in the 35th stanza as a sketch of his own character :

Yet José was an honourable man,

That I must say, who knew him very well.

If then he is this honourable man, we shall not call in vain for an act of justice at his hands, in declaring that he did not mean his word to be taken when, for the sake of a jest (our readers will judge how far such a mode of jesting is defensible) he stated, with the particularity which belongs to fact, the forgery of a groundless fiction.

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THE  
BRITISH REVIEW,  
AND  
LONDON CRITICAL JOURNAL.

NOVEMBER, 1819.

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ART. XII.—CURATES' ACT AND CURATES APPEAL.

1. *An Act to Consolidate and Amend the Laws relating to Spiritual Persons holding of Farms; and for enforcing the Residence of Spiritual Persons on their Benefices; and for the Support and Maintenance of Stipendiary Curates in England.* (10th July, 1817.)
2. *The Curates' Appeal to the Equity and Christian Principles of the British Legislature, the Bishops, the Clergy, and the Public, on the Peculiar Hardships of their Situation; and on the Dangers resulting to Religion, to Morals, and to the Community, from the Arbitrary Nature of the Laws, as they are now frequently enforced against them.* Cadell and Davies. London, 1819.
3. *Appeal to Truth. A Farewell Sermon, preached at the Parish Church of Lutterworth, December 30th, 1818, in consequence of the Author's Dismissal from his Curacy by the Lord Bishop of Lincoln; being the Third Time he has been removed, under the Influence of existing Laws, &c. &c. &c.* By the Rev. G. Bugg, A. B. late Curate of Lutterworth, Author of "Spiritual Regeneration not necessarily Connected with Baptism," "The Country Pastor," &c. Seeley. London, 1819.

AT the head of this article we have placed an Act of Parliament, commonly known by the name of the Curates' Act; and

containing, amongst a variety of clauses, one which confers on bishops the power of ejecting summarily, and without process, any curate from his respective diocese by revoking his licence: a power "subject nevertheless to an appeal to the archbishop of the province, and to be determined in a summary manner." Next to this, we have placed the "Curates' Appeal;" a book purporting to be written by certain persons against whom the Act has been enforced; and to these two we have added a sermon, preached in consequence of the author's dismissal from his curacy, also under the operation, as we understand him, of the Act in question.

Concerning this Act, a person not accustomed to measure his words might exclaim, the moment he had run his eye over it, that it was framed for the express purpose of conferring an arbitrary, uncanonical, and unconstitutional power on prelates. Nothing, however, has yet come before us which amounts to a direct proof that such a purpose was formed, or that such a power has been exercised; and the Act, beyond a question, may have been partly framed with a view to other objects; some of them highly beneficial. But what will our readers say to the following extract?

"**LXIX.** And be it further enacted, that it shall be lawful for the bishop of the diocese to license any curate who is, or shall be, actually employed by the rector, vicar, or other incumbent, of any church or chapel, although no express nomination of such curate shall have been made to such bishop by the said rector, vicar, or other incumbent; and that the bishop shall have power to revoke summarily, and without process, any licence granted to any curate employed in his diocese, or subject to his jurisdiction, by virtue of this Act, and to remove such curate for any cause which shall appear to such bishop to be good and reasonable; subject nevertheless to an appeal to the archbishop of the province, and to be determined in a summary manner."

Or, what to the following?

"**LXXXIII.** And be it further enacted, that nothing in this Act contained shall be deemed, construed, or taken to derogate from, diminish, prejudice, alter, or affect, otherwise than is expressly provided, any power, authorities, rights, or jurisdiction, already vested in, or belonging to, any archbishop or bishop, under or by virtue of any statute, canon, usage, or otherwise howsoever."

In these two clauses we have a provision for every thing that men in authority can want;—against others, arbitrary power: for themselves, immunity and protection. The latter provision, perhaps, is mere matter of course; but it certainly makes the contrast striking.

It is the part of the former clause that relates to the power of removing carates, with which we have to do, and which strikes us as most extraordinary. The enactment stands amongst others, many of which appear salutary or unexceptionable. But take it out from the mass, separate it from what goes before and comes after, and then view it by itself, and it appears something so *ex genere*—so new and extraordinary—so different from any thing that was ever heard of before—so at variance with the ordinary spirit of our laws and ecclesiastical constitutions, that we are tempted to wonder how it came where we find it, and how it was suffered to remain there, and, above all, how it eluded the vigilance of the Opposition.\*

For ourselves, little acquainted as we are with the sentiments and the intentions of our prelates with regard to the point in question, we can but think it matter of regret, if they were any way concerned in devising or forming the enactment. But the question which we feel most inclined to ask is this:—If such clauses are suffered to pass, and that with scarcely an appearance of resistance, what is the use of an opposition? The opposition, we are told, are a necessary part of our constitution. It is their business to check the inroads of power—to watch and repress the many unconstitutional expedients, which men in authority betray so great an inclination to employ, for the purpose of strengthening their hands, and of facilitating the discharge of official duties, by the removal of barriers which to them are inconvenient, but which ought to remain inviolate. And, in the performance of this their office, which they have taken upon themselves, the opposition often give us a great deal of trouble, and occasion us much uneasiness. Above all, they are continually telling us that we are on the brink of ruin—they are continually calling out after us, “Stop, or you will break down.” This has been their way of dealing with us all along. As they have made, and still make it their practice to represent matters, we have been going on, from time immemorial, with our noses just above water. From the time of the dean, who wrote to his friends in Ireland, more than a hundred years ago, that the country would certainly be ruined in a fortnight, up to the present hour, when we are kept in constant apprehension by announcements of an approaching crisis, ruin of trade, and national insolvency, the system has always been the same—to excite and interest us against our rulers, by alarming our fears, stimulating our suspicions, fostering our prejudices, and feeding our bad passions with the daily

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\* One member, though he did not particularly mention the clause in question, certainly does appear, if we may use a school-boy's phrase, to have burnt. We find him objecting that “the arbitrary power which this bill proposed to create was but too likely to lead to great illiberality and injustice.”

bread of calumnious and declamatory invective. Now all this, if we thought that any good was likely to result from it, we might wish to pardon. But when we see such an enactment as that before us suffered to pass into a law, with little, if any, resistance, we feel quite in despair of any good to arise from this quarter. What are we to think of these gentlemen who constitute themselves the guardians of our liberty, and occasion us so much trouble in the discharge of the office; and, after all, do their work so badly? Shall we say, that in order to excite their zeal and attention, it is necessary to interfere with rights in which they have a personal interest—to touch them in their pockets?—to propose measures calculated to curtail their incomes and reduce their establishments? Or, is it necessary to come within the range of a contracted sphere of vigilance? Are they so keenly on the watch for evil, and could they suffer this most extraordinary clause to pass, without turning it to account? Are they really the opponents of all that is arbitrary, or only the opponents of government, however able, mild, and constitutional? Have they no hostility, no eyes, except for the encroachments of ministers? Can Argus see only in one direction? Are they really what they profess to be—the consistent friends of rational freedom, and the trusty opponents of all that is unjust and unconstitutional? Or, are they but as a broken reed, whereon if a man lean, it will run into his hand and pierce it?—But we pass on from the Curates' Act to their Appeal.

Concerning this Appeal, we must premise that its statements come to us in a very defective and unauthentic form. They are totally unsupported by documents. Having stated this, as the book has attracted notice, we shall proceed to give some account of it, accompanied with a few extracts; leaving it for the reader to decide for himself how far they are worthy of credit.

The work embraces a variety of topics. The extracts which we shall offer will principally relate to the following:

1. The arbitrary nature of the new enactment:
2. The evils to be apprehended from it: and,
3. The particular evils stated to have taken place already.

On the two former topics any man may form an opinion. Not so on the third. Here every thing depends upon evidence; and no evidence is given.

1. *The Arbitrary Nature of the New Enactment.*—On this subject, we think there is little occasion for argument. Only consider the regulation, and its hardship must be apparent. The following are the observations of the appellants.

“The nature of the power thus vested in the hands of bishops is of the highest arbitrary order possible. Nothing can be conceived more arbitrary, than for a man to dismiss another for ‘any cause which

shall appear good' unto himself, without regard or reference to any law whatever."

"As the nature of the power given to the bishop is absolutely destructive of the curates' liberty, and of the first principles of the constitution, so the nature of the 'appeal' (viz. from the bishop to the archbishop) is as arbitrary and unconstitutional as the power itself. We have seen that the archbishop, as well as the bishop, is to decide 'summarily' and at pleasure. He is not bound even to examine into the nature of the case, or to assign any reasons for his decision. And this decision is final. It happens, therefore, in fact, and has appeared, upon trial, as might naturally and necessarily be expected, that such appeals are a mere mockery and matter of form. The archbishop and bishop being both of a mind in obtaining the provisions of the Act, they are both of a mind respecting its execution. Thus, both in law and fact, the English constitution has forsaken the curate." (P. 31.)

But the Act, it seems, is still further arbitrary, in being partial. In cases of non-residence, there is nothing summary in the way of proceeding against *incumbents*.

"The provision made is, that no prosecution for penalties incurred shall be allowed, unless, 1. A month's notice be given by the prosecutor, in writing, both to the bishop of the diocese and to the incumbent. 2. Explicit cause of the action be stated. 3. The penalties be declared that are sued for. 4. The attorney's name who conducts the prosecution be made known. 5. The notice be proved to have been duly served. 6. No evidence to be admitted but what is stated in the notice. 7. And, to crown the whole, the prosecutor is to pay double costs if he be nonsuited!!" (P. 54, 55.)

Again:—

"Even the process of the bishop, in cases of non-residence without legal excuse, is nothing like the summary proceedings against curates. 1. The bishop is to issue a monition to the absentee without licence; and, if this monition be not regarded, then, 2. "An order, in writing, under his hand and seal." 3. If still there is non-compliance, the bishop may sequester the living for payment of the penalties. 4. Still the bishop is at liberty to remit any part, or the whole, of the money thus sequestered. 5. After all, the incumbent may appeal to the archbishop against the sequestration; in which case, let it be remembered, the archbishop is not at liberty to decide, as in the case of curates, in a 'summary manner.' But he must decide upon regular and full inquiry and investigation by himself, or by 'commissioners' appointed for that purpose; whose deposition is to be returned in writing." (P. 55, 56.)

Thus it appears that "the *incumbent*, by this act, is completely rescued out of the hands of every person but the bishop. So far there is consistency, viz. in the *prelate's* retaining all the power." (P. 54.)

And "beside the above, several other impediments are thrown in the way of prosecutions for non-residence, making it next to



impossible for any person but the bishop to reach the case of incumbents absent from their cures." (P. 55.)

2. *Evils to be apprehended.*—These are represented as various. The following note shows us the diocesan reduced to "an awkward and humiliating dilemma."

"The diocesan banishes a curate, the curate immediately returns to the bishop with a *presentation*, and his lordship as speedily institutes him. And should he demur (which some, indeed, have actually done, and succeeded in preventing the institution, owing to the mildness, modesty, and deference, of the parties), the temporal courts would interfere, and inflict damages on the diocesan. But how absurd! that the same man should both denounce and admit the same man to offices in the church!!" (P. 131, *note*.)

But we pass on to that which, being unauthenticated, requires to be most cautiously received.

1. *Particular Evils stated to have already taken place.*—As the Act itself is alleged to be partial, so is it alleged to have been very partially enforced.

"As to the actual exercise of power, so far as it is discretionary in the diocesan, great *indulgence* is frequently shown to incumbents. We have known various cases of rectors (who did not like to reside, and could not well frame an adequate plea for a licence), wherein the bishop has actually volunteered his kind services, and offered to levy the penalties incurred, and return the money for the sake of preventing prosecutions by other persons!!" (P. 56.)

Not so in the case of curates.

"We have seen that curates are very often dismissed from their friends and employment, without a single charge which can at all attach blame to them as ministers of the Church of England. We speak now of men of no peculiarity of views, singularity of manners, or irregularity of habits, either in their official or private character; but of clergymen (and of such only), whose doctrines and whose conduct will bear the strictest scrutiny and the most rigorous examination to which imperfect creatures can, with any reason, be subjected: men who, from principle and cordial attachment, have chosen the ministerial function of their church; and have spent much time and money in their education for a due and creditable performance of that office; and who are, without dispute or contradiction, among the firmest friends to her doctrines, and the strongest bulwarks of defence against inroads upon her regimen, or attacks upon her discipline—clergymen who have very earnestly entreated a developement of their crime in vain—who have requested strict investigation of their doctrines and habits to no purpose; and who truly.....yea, on the word of gentlemen and the faith of Christians, declare they know of no reasonable or supposable ground of their banishment, unless it be the conscientious and faithful discharge of their duty. In addition to all this, hundreds of the parishioners have testified to the truth of these statements.

And their 'adversaries' (if such there be; for none ever, or scarcely ever, avow themselves) have, 'no evil thing to say' of them." (P. 77, 78.)

That the removals have taken place *upon secret information* is particularly intimated. It is asked, whether the bishops would "state by name, in their official and public ministrations, the curates whom they had banished from their dioceses, upon the information of two or three (perhaps one) secret accusers; who dare neither state publicly the charge they have made, nor let it be known that they have made any?" (P. 50, 51.)

Again:—

"The information which they" (the bishops) "obtain is from sources which they do not and cannot reveal." (P. 123.)

It is further stated, that the informers, in some instances, have been *bad men*.

"It is no small pain to us to be under the necessity of again referring to the effect which men of really bad principles and character sometimes produce on the minds of our bishops. It is much to be regretted that a Christian bishop should be exposed to misinformation from such quarters; and more to be regretted, that he should be at all guided by it. But distressing as this is, it is true. An unexceptionable curate (only for the interposition of an unknown friend) would lately have been dismissed from his situation at the instigation of a knot of atheists!" Infandum! "So extremely dangerous is arbitrary power in the hands of man!" (P. 137, note.)

Again:—

"The curates' 'habeas corpus' is *always* suspended. Let not the reader be startled; but it is a fact, an indubitable fact, that our spiritual rulers are not unfrequently guided in their proceedings against curates, by representations from some neighbouring clergyman, who is hostile to the curate, or from profane and bad characters in his own parish.

"This is singularly illustrated by the following case, of which we have the best information. A few persons in the parish, whose hostility to the curate procured his dismissal against the earnest solicitations of many hundreds in his favour, are of so bad a character for drunkenness, profaneness, and neglect of Divine worship, that by the established rules and laws both of church and state, they ought to be severely punished. Yet so implicitly does the bishop rely upon the information he has received, that he pays not the least regard, either to the good character of the curate, or to the bad character of his accusers, though he has been made particularly acquainted with them both!!" (P. 123, 124.)

It is further stated, that *applications have been made in favour of the minister removed, and those from quarters which entitled them at least to civility and attention: that they have been made*

*in vain: and that they have been treated with superciliousness and disregard.*

"We shall not anticipate another part of our subject, by attempting to delineate here, what is and must be the mischief amongst such a people, when an order arrives from the episcopal palace for the dismissal of their minister: or when a petition is signed by five hundred or a thousand persons of all ranks, from the noble to the peasant, humbly requesting his lordship to permit the curate's continuance with them, or to give them some satisfactory reason why he ought not, and that petition is honoured with no other notice or reply, than literally this—'I cannot permit him to remain curate amongst you!!'" (P. 115, 116.)

"If a thousand witnesses volunteer their affectionate and anxious testimony in his favour, it has no weight against the pleasure of the bishop, nor any influence over his determination. The earnest solicitations of whole parishes have been treated with disregard and neglect!" (P. 33.)

"Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of all classes, have appealed to the bishop and to the archbishop, in vain. The truth is, the state has committed these pre-eminent subjects entirely to the discretion of our prelates: and they deal with appellants in a manner more arbitrary, jaconic, and disrespectful, than could easily be believed. 'The Bishop of ——— informs Messrs. E. and C. that he cannot permit Mr. ——— to continue curate of ———.' This, we know from good authority, was literally the answer, and the only answer, returned to the earnest and respectful supplications of 480 of the parishioners in favour of their curate; although the bishop preferred no charge against him, and never had preferred any!!! Nor is this a solitary instance." (P. 133, 134.)

It is further stated, that the removals have sometimes been attended with circumstances of *peculiar hardship*. Take the following instance, addressed to incumbents.

"Your own son, however pious and well qualified, might (for it has been done) be forbidden to officiate in your own church; and with whatever pain or grief you might view such a cruel case, 'so it pleases his lordship,' is all your redress." (P. 165, note.)

It is further stated, that the enforcement of the Act has led to *great inconsistencies and diversities*. We have already seen a case of inconsistency, and that unavoidable, in the instance where the diocesan is described as first banishing the curate, and then instituting the incumbent.—The following is a case of diversity.

"Diversity of judgment and action is really pursued; and instances occur in which not only the same conduct, but the very same identical men, are commended by one bishop and banished by another." (P. 118.)

It is further stated, though the matter is not quite relevant, *that innovations have taken place in the mode of ordination.*

"Some of our bishops have actually adopted a new set of articles of their own, in addition to, or explanatory of, the articles of the established church. And these they use, not for the purpose of facilitating the examination of candidates for holy orders, but for their actual signature and belief. We have copies of such articles now lying by us, the signature to which, as articles of faith, is literally required of every candidate for ordination in those dioceses. This is surely a bold step towards setting aside the established doctrines altogether." (P. 120.)

Such charges ought not to be entertained upon slight grounds. We are not to believe, upon the allegation of an anonymous pamphlet, that so strange and unjustifiable a course has been adopted. We are not to believe, except upon far different evidence, that any of our prelates would thus lend themselves to a measure, which tends to overthrow the church, which they are bound to support, by attacking it in its appointed ordinances. We are not to believe, upon mere assertion, that they would thus bring contempt, directly, on our articles, by doing that which declares them to be insufficient: indirectly, both on our articles and canons, by doing that which they do not declare to be necessary.

It is further stated, that clergymen have been removed upon the new Act, *who are orthodox men*.

"The very truths of the Scriptures, and the specific doctrine of the church of England, have been driven from the church, which was established on purpose to maintain them! And whole parishes have been thrown into an agony of grief and disappointment, because they have had rent from them, by ruthless hands, the ministers and the doctrines which their souls approved." (P. 171.)

It is further stated, that clergymen have been removed *on account of their orthodoxy*.

"From every evidence of which the subject is capable, it really appears to be a fact, that some curates have been expelled and banished for affectionately espousing and zealously preaching and defending the very doctrines they have subscribed, and for no other cause. But if our prelates incautiously lend their confidence to informers who are themselves heretical, how is this result to be avoided?" (P. 103.)

It is further stated, *that against bad men, the Act has not been very rigorously enforced*.

"It is somewhat singular, that immoral characters (which we would hope are not very numerous amongst curates) are rarely called to account." (P. 92.)

It is further stated, that "the pretence that bishops sought the curates' good" in this Act, is "not justified by facts;" for that the powers granted to the bishop in favour of curates, have not, in every instance, as they hoped and expected, been exerted.

"What is the fact, as to the execution of this discretion of the bishops over so large a portion of the curates' salaries? It was natural to expect that they would always enforce the payment of the full salary, except in cases of peculiar distress in incumbents, such as old age, large families, &c. But do they in reality act upon this principle? In such a variety of dispositions and feelings as are found amongst our prelates (many of whom, we are persuaded, are men of great humanity and justice), much difference of conduct must be expected. But we know it is not *general*, and, we believe, not at all common. Many cases, however, most manifestly and loudly speak a different language.

"We shall insert the two following circumstances in illustration of this point. The one relates to a diocese, the other to an individual.

"1. The curates of the diocese above alluded to, waited a considerable time, after the provision of the Curates' Act was granted, expecting their diocesan, who had been anxious to obtain the powers of the Act, would voluntarily advance their salaries according to the authority given him by law: but feeling some disappointment, they met in a body, and sent a deputation to the bishop, requesting him to exercise his discretion in their favour. They were received with a degree of surprise, and repelled without redress.

"2. A rector lately, having occasion to wait on his diocesan, stated to him that a difference of opinion subsisted between him and his curate upon the point, whether his lordship was authorized to allow 50*l.* more to the 150*l.* specified by the Act in his curate's case. (The rector had previously agreed to give his curate all the Act provided in his situation.) The bishop replied, that he had power to enforce the payment of 50*l.* more, but he should not do it. In consequence of this reply, the rector would only pay 150*l.* per annum.....The population, in this place, was more than three thousand six hundred persons (the curate had four full services a week, and a large Sunday school, to which he paid great attention), and the living 900*l.* a year.... The curate had a sickly wife and four children, and the rector was a single man. And his lordship refused the advancement, though he knew all this." (P. 88—90.)

But to enumerate all the evils alleged in the Appeal, would carry us beyond our limits. The seventh chapter presents a formidable array.—Personal losses and distresses of ministers: great surprise, grief, and dissatisfaction, on the part of the congregations: destruction of the church's unity: invalidation of its laws: the establishment of a system of espionage: moral obligations relaxed: prelates degraded in the eye of the world: political evils introduced: dissent and disaffection promoted: fanatics and antinomians countenanced. The clergyman, we are told,

"—is subject to the whim, or malice, or infidel antipathy, of the worst of his parishioners. He looks with longing eyes and aching heart to articles and liturgy, to bishops and archbishops, to no purpose. Dissenters mock and deride the church, and the attachment of her

ministers which is not shaken by such treatment, and invite to defection and revolt." (P. 137.)

We shall close our extracts relative to actual evils, with the following statement, which relates to a particular minister, and which it rests with our readers to believe or discredit as they see reason.

" This clergyman had been fourteen years curate of the place; had married a lady, all whose connections lived in the town; was both useful, acceptable, and beloved, especially by the Sunday scholars, to whom he attended as a father would to his children. He was both approved and commended by his (now deceased) diocesan; and was much declining in health through excess of labour and anxiety of mind; when, to his inexpressible grief, he received a sudden and peremptory order for his removal. This case was attended with many circumstances strictly illegal; which, nevertheless, the bishop both connived at and shielded; the rector all the time declaring, that he had nothing to lay to his curate's charge; that he was convinced his life and labours in the place were exemplary and useful; that his conduct to the Sunday school (which he had entirely new-formed and revived) ' could not be improved upon; ' and that, as to his principles and character, he fully believed him to be an ' orthodox and good man !! ' "

" This gentleman, independent of the grief and affliction of removing from the place (in which he had buried a beloved wife and two children), has suffered, from the circumstance of his removal, a pecuniary loss of many hundred pounds; and we are sorry to learn, that, owing to increasing years and infirmities, he is not unlikely never more to obtain a curacy which he can duly serve." (P. 112, 113.)

The work concludes with an address, to the legislature, to the bishops, to the clergy, and to the public, respectively. From that to the bishops we select the following passages.

" Nothing can excuse the treating us as guilty, before we are proved to be so. This is the burden of our complaint throughout, and the ground of all our wrongs. And we beg your lordships will pardon the strength of our feelings upon this subject. We feel for ourselves; we feel for our people; for the church of England, and the church of Christ; for the honour of our nation, and for the credit of your lordships' character, while we conclude this appeal with the following remarks:—

" 1. We assert our innocence; we plead not guilty in this important matter between ourselves and your lordships; and we do this on good grounds. We have capacities to comprehend the plain and literal meaning of the laws and ordinances of our church; and to understand the ' grammatical ' construction of our articles to which you require us *' ex animo '* to subscribe. We have subscribed them with our hands; we love and honour them in our hearts. We are sincere in our profession; and we teach what we believe. To these we appeal as our standard; and to our sermons, our publications, our hearers,"  
....." we appeal for evidence of our conformity to them."

"2. Your lordships have no proof of our guilt. Doubtless, the contrary is presumed. But we appeal against the whole proceeding, as unscriptural, unconstitutional, and highly derogatory to equity and common sense.

"We appeal against the testimony received in evidence, as prejudiced, partial, unconstitutional, and inadmissible. In not a few cases, these informers, these adversaries of their minister, deserved the censure, both of church and state, for their profaneness, drunkenness, and neglect of Divine worship.

"And we appeal against the conviction founded upon such testimony. We characterize the whole matter, as judgment without law; testimony without verity; conviction without process; condemnation without evidence of guilt; and execution without our knowledge of a crime!!!—But notwithstanding this—

"3. Your lordships treat us, not only with injustice and cruelty, but as if we were the very worst of men. Some of us have, by this cruel usage, suffered a pecuniary loss of seven or eight hundred pounds. Still, not the semblance of fault has been laid to our charge. Your lordships will not often suffer us to know either what we are supposed to have done amiss, or the testimony upon which our sentence is passed. The worst men in the state, even under a suspended habeas corpus, are not treated as your lordships treat us.

"4. This conduct is unworthy of your lordships' character, situation, and pretensions."....."The method pursued against us is not only attended with numerous and enormous evils (as we have seen), but has absolutely no assignable end worthy the dignity and responsibility of bishops to pursue." (P. 157—160.)

These are hard words.

Our readers will have perceived, indeed, by our extracts, that the Appeal is written under a deep impression of injury, and that very strong terms are employed. Some of these expressions to us appear objectionable: and would appear so, even if every assertion contained in the Appeal were attested by evidence. In the preface, the precedents afforded by the archdeacon of Bath and Mr. Whitehead, as censors of their superiors, appear, in some measure, to be depended on. But precedents do not always amount to justifications. If these gentlemen did an improper thing in an improper manner, it is no reason why others should do the same. Not that we intend, by any means, to draw a parallel between the two cases.

Nor ought it to be forgotten that the writers explicitly disclaim the intention of including all the prelates in their remarks: profess a sincere belief that "a majority of the bench would be exceedingly averse from affording any active concurrence in the conduct towards curates of which they complain" (p. 3): "expressly and earnestly desire it to be understood, that they include those, and those only, who make an improper use" of the power

committed to them: and apologize "for the general language which they have sometimes found it impossible to avoid." (P. 157, note.) Surely, however, it might have been avoided.

We have observed also, that the Curates' Act, in several places, is spoken of as *unconstitutional*. And we ourselves have used the word. But we wish to be understood to employ it with certain limitations. A *proposed* law may be contrary to laws made before; and so may be contrary to the constitution contained in those laws. Or one law, actually in being, may be contrary to the spirit of other laws. But a law, once passed, is the constitution. The constitution is contained in it, as well as in the rest of the code. It is the result of all the enactments of all the laws, which makes the constitution. On this point, we may avail ourselves of two quotations from Blackstone, given in the Appeal. Personal liberty, he says, consists "in the power of changing situation, or removing one's person to whatever place one's own inclination may direct, without imprisonment or restraint, *unless by due course of law*." And property "is an absolute right inherent in every Englishman; and it consists in the free use, enjoyment, and disposal of all his acquisitions, without any control or diminution, *save only by the laws of the land*." (P. 24, 25.) Therefore those infringements alone, either of personal liberty or of property, are unconstitutional, which are not "by due course of law," or which are not "by the laws of the land." Whatever is legal is constitutional.

Say then that the Curates' Act is unconstitutional, and we object to the expression. Say that the Curates' Act has changed the constitution, and we say the same.

But the great defect and fault of the Appeal lies in the total want of documents. The book is anonymous. It is called, indeed, the Curates' Appeal. But how are the public to know who these curates are? or even that the book is written by curates: or even that curates have any concern in it. The word "we" frequently occurs throughout: a word which reviewers are compelled to use for want of a better. Indeed, one contemporary work of criticism is much in the habit of iterating the important monosyllable with an air of demi-official authority; and offering it as the only security for the truths of the boldest assumptions, and the accuracy of very questionable allegations. But this is certainly a bad example, and ought by no means to be imitated. With reference to the work before us, we must observe, that "we," however often repeated in an anonymous appeal, will never serve to authenticate occurrences without names, and statements without documents. And of such occurrences and statements consists all that part of the book which relates to matter of fact, all that part on which are founded the representations of actual ill-usage.



Take away the facts, and the book is nothing. Yet what have the facts to rest upon? It will be questioned, perhaps, whether we are even justified in making quotations from such a work. But at any rate we have the Act. There, at least, is something in a tangible shape, which may certainly be admitted in evidence; and it goes to prove, if not that such transactions as those complained of in the Curates' Appeal have actually taken place, at least that there is an opening for them; that they are no longer stopped out by law; that there is nothing alleged in our extracts but what may some day come to pass.

Certainly, however, the writers of the Curates' Appeal, be they who they may, ought either to have accompanied their book with their own names, with the names of the persons whose cases are stated, and with documents, or references to documents, or else they ought not to have published it at all. It is in vain to tell us that "numerous cases are at hand to confirm and demonstrate" what is asserted. As it now stands, the book might serve indeed as a private remonstrance from the individuals who consider themselves aggrieved, to those whom they consider the aggressors; and might even be communicated to persons acquainted with the facts of the case: facts, we mean, such as they are: for we are by no means assuming them to be such as they are here stated to be. But, in its present state, the book is certainly not fit for general circulation; and, defective as it is, ought not to have been published. Should there be a demand for another edition, we trust that it will be accompanied with such documents as the complainants have to show, or that no fresh edition will be printed. For as yet, with all their remonstrances, positively no case can be said to have been made out, positively no ground of complaint can be said to have been established. Many of the preliminary discharges, too, which precede the grand attacks, in the form of introductory observations and opening paragraphs, might, without injury to the cause, whether good or bad, be dispensed with. But, we say it again, we must have documents. Till these are given, we have nothing to show us whether the book contain a false and injurious statement, a tissue of malignant calumnies and misrepresentations, or whether it contain a true account of unjustifiable and most extraordinary proceedings: of power unfairly acquired, and very scandalously exercised.

We now come to Mr. Bugg's Farewell Sermon, which has many good points in it. It appears to be the production of a man in whom Christian principles are triumphing over feelings of irritation produced by a sense of wrongs. His views on the nature and limits of the duty of obedience, as stated in the appendix, we found some difficulty in understanding; and, as far as we did understand, we disapproved of them. To us they appear uca-

nonical. Something is said, in the way of supposition, of a command "to preach only *written* sermons, or only *unwritten* sermons." This, perhaps, is some allusion to the circumstances which led to the author's removal. Possibly, however, the supposition is only made for the sake of illustration. But if any order was actually given, of course it was an order to preach *unwritten* sermons: that being the more primitive and apostolic custom. If any offence was given, probably it was by persisting to preach *written* sermons; since when the practice first began to gain ground at one of our universities, it was censured in an harangue of the public orator, and called down an expression of royal disapprobation. Perhaps, however, the business, after all, was, that our author had some objection to reading the homilies, and that his diocesan insisted on their being read: the right reverend prelate having spoken of these repositories of our church's doctrines, in a work of his own, in terms which evince his partiality. For though he remarks that "the English language has changed so much since these homilies were written, that they would scarcely now be understood by a common congregation;" he strongly displays his predilection a little before by observing that "when compared with the age in which they were written, they may be considered as very extraordinary compositions, though perhaps every argument and expression in them is not to be approved\*." But of course this is all matter of conjecture. We shall now proceed to offer some general observations.

Reflecting upon certain topics connected with the subject before us, more particularly upon the Act which is the occasion of all these remonstrances, we have been led into a train of thoughts upon the present state of the church of England, which are not entirely foreign to the business in hand. Our attention has principally been directed to the following inquiry:—Whether the Act under consideration, though it be in itself unjust, and though it be alleged to have been very arbitrarily enforced, might not, under certain circumstances—might not, we mean, if enforced in a proper temper, and on proper occasions, prove, in some respects a benefit to the establishment.

It is well known, that in all communities there are unworthy members. Of the Christian church, the thing has been foretold. Of that pure and reformed part of it, our own establishment, the fact cannot be denied. We by no means intend to offer a presumptuous estimate of the proportion of the evil to the good. We are willing to believe it small. Still it cannot be concealed that the pale of the church of England, with many unworthy members, contains some unworthy ministers. And we are in-

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\* Elements of Christian Theology, vol. ii. On Art. xxxv.

clined to ask, suppose a bishop, zealous for the doctrines, the discipline, and, above all, for the vital interests of the establishment—take, for instance, the Bishop of Gloucester (we are not aware that this revered and amiable prelate has profited by the powers conferred by the Act, and therefore nothing personal can be imputed to us in mentioning him in particular)—suppose such a prelate to have determined to avail himself, with discretion, of the powers granted by the legislature, where would be the mischief?—Suppose, in case of his diocese offering the occasion—suppose he were to eject such curates (we are not assuming that under his jurisdiction there are such, as by bad lives, or by heretical doctrines, have given occasion to scandal, and thus impaired the interests of the establishment), what harm would ensue? Might not the Act even, however arbitrary in its provisions, be found salutary in its effects? But we wish to put the question on a broader footing. Suppose the same thing to be done throughout the kingdom—would not good be the consequence? This point, we think, deserves further consideration.

Unworthy ministers may be of several kinds. Among the first to be mentioned are the men of bad lives, and the men whose doctrines lead to bad lives in others.

With regard to the men of bad lives, whether they be few or many (for that they are many we do not presume to assert; neither are we justified in assuming, because two or three such have fallen under our own observation, that the same has happened to each of our readers), there can be no question that it would be doing a service to the establishment to eject *them*. It is not to be expected that *they* should teach sound doctrine. For, their lives being bad, how can we suppose that they are acquainted with it? How can we believe that they have “their senses exercised” to discern it? Nor, if they did, would it be possible but that little benefit, and much evil, should be the result. Their own conduct offering so unworthy a comment upon the principles which they inculcated, not only would those principles be taught in vain, but, through their licentiousness, the truth would be evil-spoken of. Therefore, from *their* ejection, we think that good would follow of course. This, however, at present, is in a great measure matter of speculation; for the experiment has not yet been very extensively tried: few men of bad lives having yet been removed upon the new Act—at least, if we are to believe the Curates' Appeal.

But we have heard much of another class of offenders: of those, namely, whose doctrines tend to produce a bad life in their hearers. For ourselves, though we have often fallen in with ministers to whose doctrines this tendency has been imputed, we are not aware that we have ever happened to meet with a case,

within the pale, where we had the means of satisfying ourselves that there was any room for the accusation. We may in one or two instances have suspected something of a bias that way; but nothing that amounted to direct proof—nothing, indeed, that sufficed to satisfy us even in our own minds. But what we have not seen we have often heard denounced. Who has not heard of antinomian clergymen? Men, no doubt, who have so perverted the truth that, if their own lives be not corrupt, they must spread corruption around them—men, from whose pulpits, as from a morbid nucleus, licentiousness, disorder, and depravity, spread like a gangrene through their families: and, of course, accusations so loudly urged, and so constantly repeated, are not founded upon inferences, and deductions, and surmises, but upon actual proof. Those who make the charge have, no doubt, been into the parishes of the persons they accuse. They have seen a marked difference, for the worse: more sabbath-breaking, ignorance, drunkenness, and profaneness, less industry, cleanliness, and regard to religion, than in any of the neighbouring parishes, where the same doctrines are not taught. And these overflowings of wickedness they have traced to their true source, namely, to the teachings of the clergyman. All this they have done of course. Charges which such a mode of proceeding would justify would, under any other circumstances, be disingenuous. Then, we say, let the offender be expelled. Away with him—without mercy. He is a nuisance and a scandal. The Bible disowns him. His church disowns him. All good men must disown him. Whatever be that form of doctrine which sets a man at ease, under a sense of sin; which enables him to sit down quiet, under the consciousness of actual or habitual disobedience; which says peace when there is no peace; which encourages him to look on present transgressions with unconcern, or on past with complacency—that form of doctrine, we hesitate not to say it, is pernicious, and ought to be rejected and suppressed. Such doctrine is in direct opposition to the Scriptures—in direct opposition to the principles of the church of England. To such doctrine belongs, in its worst sense, the foul epithet of “antinomian:” and, of the man who teaches it, we say, Away with such a fellow from the church. Nay, we say he does not belong to the church—he has already expelled himself. Only prove his offence, and bring it home to him. Only let him to whom the power is committed satisfy himself that there is such a just occasion for exerting it as we have supposed, and be able to satisfy others. Above all, only let him be sure that he is brought to the conclusion, not by mere deductions, and inferences, and surmises, drawn from what the man has written in a book, but by evidence of facts; by having been into the parish, and seen the

effects of the culprit's doctrine in its fruits—and we say, out with him. No right-minded man will pity—no sound Christian will remonstrate—no virtuous man will own him for an associate. If with the names of any portion of the ministers of our establishment his name has been coupled, whether by their enemies or by his own artifices, it is to them especially that his continuance in the church is a misfortune and a discredit; and they are the persons who, above all others, will have reason to rejoice when he is expelled from it.

But we pass on to other classes. In speaking of the *inefficient*, we allude not to those who are so by bodily infirmity. They ought not to be ejected, but provided for. We allude rather to the *indifferent*, and to those who are nearly related to them, and whom, for want of a better name, we shall call the *quietists*. Of each of these in their turns.

Of those ministers who are *indifferent* to the duties of their office, we shall say little. Their number may or may not be considerable; for we can speak only to our own observation, not to that of other men; and they may be best described by their negative qualities. They are chargeable with no irregularities. They are guilty of no excesses. They trouble no man's conscience by their addresses from the pulpit. They meddle with no man's concerns, temporal or spiritual. They seldom join in the promotion of any scheme for the supposed benefit of their flock. In most cases where a scheme of this kind is proposed, there are reasons for supporting, and there are reasons for not supporting, it. With them, the negative reasons are generally found to prevail. For the most part, however, they are pretty punctual in performing the functions of their office. They keep nobody waiting. They wait for nobody. They go through the service with decent accuracy. They make correct entries in the parish register. They baptize, marry, and inter. The original from which our portrait is taken may be scarce, and may be becoming scarcer every day; but those who have fallen in with it will soon recognize the likeness.

Next come the *quietists*. These differ from the last, inasmuch as they are not totally inactive, but take a part. Whatever they do, however, is directed to one end—that of repelling attention, moderating zeal, and controlling inquiry. They dread nothing so much as an appearance of increased interest in spiritual concerns. They complain that the age is characterized by a feverish activity on the subject of religion. They reprobate the extravagance of enthusiasm, but are backward in offering a more sober form of doctrine in its stead. Their own preaching, therefore, is neither law nor gospel. In fact, they preach no form of doctrine, of any kind, that can be called Christian. They prove,

and secession from the church of England. But the truth is, that any form of doctrine which dwells much upon the peculiar truths of Christianity, and brings them out in a prominent manner, is sufficient to call forth their indignation and aversion. Even Arminianism, faithfully preached and pursued in all its consequences, is more than many of them can endure. Mention Pelagius and Socinus, indeed, and they shake their heads; but go ever so little beyond Pelagius and Socinus in your discourses, and they quickly take alarm. The usual "Christian theology" system of church of England doctrine is what they learned at their ordination: but in the work of the right reverend divine there are many things which they would fear to insist on, and would be displeased to hear taught; but perhaps nothing so much offends them as frequent reference to the articles and homilies.—"True," it will be said: "but that at which they take offence is not the articles and homilies themselves, but peculiar views, and those false ones, of the doctrines which they contain." Well, this question we wave for the present: and we allege, that any form of doctrine offends them, provided much be said of the gospel, and much zeal be displayed in teaching it. There will be a day of judgment, when the bad will be punished, and the good rewarded. Go two steps beyond this, and that, we allege, offends them. Nay, the neighbouring minister, if he would have their good word, must be cautious how he conducts himself even in his own parish. Let him beware how he is too exemplary or active even there. "So doing, thou reproachest us." That is the feeling. If once he transgresses the boundary, then begins the outcry. Help! help! brother extinguishers! a trespass has been committed! a right has been invaded! an injury, never to be forgotten, has been offered!—Let the neglected pauper die in his cabin, destitute of the consolations of religion. Let ignorance pore over the pages of the Bible unaided by human assistance—uncheered by human encouragement. Let vice and disorder flourish in rank luxuriance on the deserted soil. What is it to him? This is my parish, not his. Beyond his own cure, the clergyman must not exercise the functions of his office! Off his own beat, the watchman must not give the alarm of fire!

But, though this class of extinguishers so resolutely oppose evangelical teaching, and no doubt have, by nature, a strong antipathy to it, and though they charge those who thus teach with neglecting to recommend "good works," yet it is often when the necessity of good works is most earnestly insisted on, that the greatest dissatisfaction is excited. Nothing is so hateful to these extinguishers as the *legal* preaching of a faithful minister. It is when taking the standard of the Scriptures he shows them what is righteousness, and what is sin: when he shows what men are, and what they ought to be, and the difference between these states:

when he shows what are the enactments of a just and righteous law; and that either this law must be in some way fulfilled, or that the punishment of its violation remains to be inflicted: when he thus sets before them the hollowness and insufficiency of their own system, which rests so much on something to be done, but so lamentably falls short in the method of enforcing it:—then it is that their torment begins. Then it is that the conscience, which has become callous in the perfunctory discharge of professional duties, and amidst the distractions of secular pursuits, is stung to the quick: then begins the outcry, and opposition and hostility increase an hundred-fold. And what, meanwhile, is the doctrine of these extinguishers? If to go where the Divine attributes of justice and of mercy are alike disparaged—if to sit in a congregation where the all-sufficient efficacy of a Saviour's blood, and the converting and regenerating influences of a Divine Comforter are denied; if to be a listener where the orthodox principles of the church of England are curtailed, corrupted, or disowned, if to do this be a departure from the body and from the doctrines of the church—then is it an act of schism to sit under the pulpit of these extinguishers.

But, as we said before, besides the opposers of sound doctrine, there are extinguishers of another sort—the opposers of many benevolent and useful institutions and undertakings. If any expedient be left for counteracting the moral depravity and political licentiousness, now so prevalent amongst our lower orders, that expedient offers itself in these societies; of which, it is one object to propagate the knowledge of the true religion; and another, to interest the mass of the population in the undertaking. Whatever be the exigencies of the case, the expedient, we think, has been proved adequate. Such societies have an ameliorating and a restoring influence. Where they have been established, and where they have been brought into contact with the community, it has come to be no longer matter of experiment, but matter of fact and history, that they are capable of producing the most salutary results. The Divine blessing has visibly rested on them. The slothful have become industrious; the intemperate, sober; the turbulent, orderly; the sabbath-breakers, devout:—in short, it has been found the property of these societies to turn a great deal that is touched by them into gold. Now the spirit of an extinguisher is in nothing so conspicuous as in opposition to these very societies. In the first instance, they decline all concern in them. They will not join in promoting the good work. There is a recoil where there ought to be an advance. The secret cause of which we apprehend to be, a shrinking from contact with dissenters—a worse than sectarian feeling—an unwillingness to recognize them as coadjutors, even in the promotion of an useful undertaking, by

unexceptionable means. But the spirit shows itself not only in segregation but in opposition. Against one society, in particular, this opposition has directed itself with most furious animosity. Some of its opponents, indeed, have conducted themselves with candour and moderation; and have stated their objections with so much temper, and with such an appearance of sincerity, that we really are willing to believe they think themselves to have reason on their side. But not so all. Against the Bible Society, there are men who have employed all the artifices of malignant folly, and exhausted all the resources of calumny and deception. In the ardour of their antipathy, they have forgotten even the meaning of words. They have designated those as schismatics whose object it has been to promote harmony, to unite the hearts even of Christians differing in opinion. They perceive not that they themselves are the true schismatics, who are labouring to disturb this harmony, and prevent this union. The word "schism" (they must pardon our informing them of what they seem either not to know, or to have forgotten) is derived from a Greek word, which signifies *division*. Let the extinguishers, then, judge for themselves. Who are the true schismatics? The advocates of friendly union and co-operation, or the opponents? The promoters of harmony, or the disturbers? Those who would heal, or those who would perpetuate divisions? The friends of the Bible Society, or the enemies? Yet schism is for ever in their mouths. They perceive not that it is the word of their own condemnation.

One person, anxious to prove that the introduction of the Society into a parish tends to produce schism, has actually attempted to establish the point, by proving the exact converse, namely, that its *exclusion* tends to produce schism. There was a design of establishing a Bible Society in the parish: the design was opposed, and counteracted. The consequence was, the erection of a meeting. Who built this meeting-house? Unquestionably, those, in effect, who prevented the formation of the society. Thus it is that extinguishers act, and thus that they argue. They exert their personal influence, and shut out the society. Their parishioners, crossed in their inclinations, and irritated in their feelings, fall away from them. And that is imputed to the society, which arises wholly and solely from themselves, and from the opposition by them made to it. And, then, how do they argue upon the transaction? According to them, the society is a bad one; because evil results from keeping it out. In other words, food is a bad thing; because abstaining from it may lead to starving. They charge the society with the schism which is imputable only to their own resistance. We repeat our assertion—they are the schismatics.

Their terror of uniting with dissenters is greatest toward pro-



testant dissenters. Another person, lamenting the dangers of the union which this society promotes, and which, be it remembered, is, in the main, an union between protestants of different denominations, recommends, with the view of counteracting the evil, an union between the church of England and the apostate church of Rome.

In their eagerness too to detract from the merits of a society which circulates the Scriptures, the extinguishers have, most indiscreetly and heretically, detracted from the merits of the Scriptures themselves. This is a crying sin—shall we call it schism? Shall we call it popery? Shall we not rather call it infidelity? It is undoubtedly true, that things have been written of the Scriptures, by some of the more violent extinguishers, which savour much of the leaven of scepticism, and which Socinians might quote with exultation. There are expressions, not only in the “*Catholic Gentleman's Magazine*,” but in the writings of Voltaire, which one or two notorious extinguishers might transplant into their pages, and which would harmonize with the spirit of their works. There are passages in those works which modern infidels might borrow in return.

This refers only to the ultra-extinguishers: but take the whole party together, and few will be found who have correct and orthodox views of the authority and value of the Holy Scriptures. According to most of them, the Bible is a book to be venerated, indeed, by all, but not to be examined by all; to be opened with caution, not studied with attention; to be recommended with reserve, not circulated with activity: nay, the Bible has been the source, if they are to be credited, of much mischief. All the extravagancies of enthusiasts, all the errors of sectaries, may be traced to that tissue of mysteries and perplexities, that engine of heretics, the Bible. Hear the groans of an extinguisher—

“Good people, take heed, mind the rule of propriety:

A canon you break, if you form a society.

The establishment soon will be left in the lurch;

If you raise up the Bible, you pull down the Church.”

All the attacks of the extinguishers are violent and ill-concerted. Like bulls, they close their eyes before they make their onset.

They have set up the interests of the establishment as something different from the interests of religion; and as something claiming a priority of consideration and importance. They have set up ecclesiastical polity above faith, hope, and charity. They have set up the mitre above the cross.

But the extinguishers have committed themselves still farther! They have lent themselves to becoming libellers. They have advanced charges against the Bible Society as a body (a body, be

it remembered, including many of our leading men of all parties, both in church and state); which charges, they could not have advanced against individuals without danger to their ears. While professing themselves the friends of order, their conduct has been most disorderly. While calling on all men to venerate "the powers that be," they have loaded some of the best names that the country has to boast, as members of the Bible Society, with insult, calumny, and misrepresentation.

It is one great evil attending the excesses of these extinguishers, that, though their number is small, the mischief they occasion is extensive. The whole mass of *quietists*, and as many of their brethren the *indifferent* as can be brought to have an opinion upon the subject, together with a vast number of respectable clergymen who belong to neither of these classes, but have neglected to obtain proper information, have been prejudiced and misled by the extinguishers. Many have been taught to regard the Bible Society, and some other societies, as objects of suspicion and just antipathy, while they continue in total ignorance of all the facts of their history, constitution, and success. Many men think they are hating the Bible Society, when, in reality, they know nothing of it, and are hating nothing but a phantom, that offers flowers, and then strikes with a dagger—the airy creation of these dark-dealing wizards.

Thus it is to a small party of extinguishers, the enemies of sound doctrine and the opponents of benevolent institutions, that much of the division and internal jealousy by which our church is now afflicted may be attributed. Candour is a characteristic of the British nation: and, we will say it, the ministers of our establishment have their share. They display a natural inclination, if left to themselves, and not acted upon by the malicious and designing, to think and speak well of such of their brethren as differ from them either in their views of doctrine or their modes of attempting to do good. But this bias of their minds, we say it with sorrow, the extinguishers, in some instances, have succeeded in overcoming and warping. And herein lies their power of doing mischief. It is not that they have the means of repressing the efforts of benevolence as individuals. Would they really do an injury to these societies, their best plan would be to join them. It is, that they prejudice the undecided, alarm the peaceable, mislead the uninformed. There lies the secret of their strength. Beyond this there is nothing dangerous in their means of evil, nothing formidable in their resources.

We are wrong. They have done further mischief. They have brought discredit upon the ministry of the church of England. The angry and schismatical publications which they put forth from time to time have caused them to hold a situation, and

made them prominent; have occasioned them to be regarded as champions of the establishment, and representatives of the clergy. Hence views and principles have very unjustifiably been imputed to the whole body, which belong only to themselves.

Having made these observations on various classes of persons, against some of whom the terrors of ejection, we think, might, with great propriety, be held out; and against others of whom they ought certainly to be exerted; we shall be better understood, perhaps, if we proceed to observe, that there are two classes of enemies to true religion, who are generally conceived to be directly opposed to each other, but who, in fact, have many points of resemblance. Their respective characters may be better known by a comparison with each other. One of these two classes is to be found within, the other out of, the church. In what respects they agree with each other, and in what respects they differ, we will now proceed to point out.

First, then, we observe, that the two parties have one mark in common, that of entertaining very low and very unworthy views of the Christian religion. But this common characteristic has two different ways of showing itself. The former party, as we before expressed ourselves, place the mitre above the cross: the latter, avowedly reject the peculiar doctrines of Christianity, and trample both upon cross and mitre. The former brawl for the establishment, as something different from religion, and something of higher dignity and importance: the latter combine the two in their minds, under one idea, and contemplate both with a common feeling of hostility. The former display great zeal in the cause of subordination and constituted authority, but very little in the cause of sound doctrine: the latter swell with rancour against both. The former cherish a regard for the pomp and circumstance of religion, neglecting essentials: the latter professedly reject what is external, and do not abide by what they affect to retain. The former acknowledge the distinguishing truths of Christianity, but seldom touch upon them in their ministrations, except to modify, to lower, and to disfigure them: the latter openly deny the whole system as fanciful and absurd. The reason of all which is, that the former, having assumed the functions of the ministry as a profession, have an interest in the cause of the establishment without having an interest in the cause of religion; while the latter, having engaged themselves by no such tie, have as little interest in one as the other.

To return to common characteristics:—Both parties display much of the spirit of Socinus, though one only bear his name. Both show a great anxiety to gain proselytes from other sects. Both show very little to gain converts to Christianity. Perhaps, is the most striking point of resemblance of

former display their anxiety in ill-concerted and intemperate efforts to check visible dissent, and to bring back the sectary to morning and evening service (while they but coldly advocate the cause of missions, and, till lately, were disaffected to it); and the latter, sometimes by open attempts, sometimes by secret desires, to blight the hopes and poison the faith of Christians of every class, and thus to gain them to their own infidel system of belief; while they scoff at every attempt at enlightening the heathen, by the preaching of those doctrines which they reject and revile; and which their brethren acknowledge without teaching, or teach without impressing.

They have, also, another point of resemblance. Both are inclined to faction—but in different ways. The former profess, indeed, a blind attachment to government, which evidently is no other than that of interest; and which would soon betray its insincerity, in time of disorder, by neutrality—in time of revolution, by desertion. But, at the same time, they scowl upon the sincere and rational friends of the constituted authorities, as suspicious characters, unless they go to the same extent of clamorous and obtrusive loyalty with themselves: while they openly denounce the moderate and discriminative as traitors and enemies to the state—which is the true spirit of faction. The latter are often tainted with republicanism; and swell with rancour against the established dignities of the country, both in church and state, more especially with a particular kind of underbred and personal ill-will towards the sovereign; which also is the spirit of faction. What then is the difference between the two? The one class are fire-brands; the other are extinguishers.

Furthermore, the two classes agree in a common feeling of hostility to the teachers of true religion, as well as of hatred to their doctrines. This feeling of hostility is continually showing itself in a propensity to think ill of their intentions; to charge them, on the one hand, with sectarianism, and on the other with bigotry; to watch their proceedings with an eye of keen observance; above all, to triumph in their failings. No very long period has elapsed, since an occurrence, at a place destined, we trust, soon to become more celebrated for promoting the cause of truth than it has always been for learning, gave evidence of our assertion. A man of zeal and piety, there well known, was hurried, by the warmth of his temper, into an improper action. The important event was echoed, with clamorous alacrity, by divided infidels. If there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, so also was there a shout of infernal exultation, in all the dwellings of unrighteousness, over one just man that was supposed or seen to fall.

Thus it appears, that between the two classes there are various

points of agreement, though modified by circumstances; and we appear to ourselves to trace the spirit of the *ἀποστασις ἀμφότερος* in both. To both, perhaps, our comparison will be equally revolting: for, we imagine, there are hardly any two classes of men to be found who display greater aversion to each other than the two in question—but persons who are directly opposite are sometimes very near neighbours. To us the likeness appears striking. We maintain that it makes no essential difference if the one be without, and the other within, the pale. There is a close resemblance between the Socinian dissenter and the Socinian high-churchman. And now, perhaps, we have said enough to displease all classes and parties. We care not: we must write as we think and feel.

Our readers will perceive, in these details and explanations, our reasons for thinking that the Curates' Act, or even some additional enactment, conferring more extensive powers, might, under proper management, which, however, should be provided for by law, be turned to benefit. Let us not be misunderstood. We think the Act unjust; and shall continue to think so, however its power might be administered. But we conceive that the potential evil, while it exists, might be turned to practical good. If, with all the outcry, it should prove that the Act has been enforced, after all, against such persons as we have been describing only, who will say that any harm has yet been done? The consideration would be consolatory, though not exculpatory. Certainly, whatever power is granted against curates, the same ought to be granted against incumbents: otherwise, the Act would be objectionable under any circumstances; not only objectionable as matters are alleged to have been conducted, but objectionable under any aspect of clerical affairs that can be conceived.

What we say, then, amounts to this: that good would be gained by the removal from the church of those who calumniate her faithful ministers, corrupt her doctrines, and disturb her peace; that increased success in promoting the cause of religion, and a higher degree of spirituality, might soon be found to follow; that, "purged of these" (extinguishers), she might become "a vessel unto honour, sanctified and meet for the master's use, and prepared unto every good work."

And to us it appears, that many very important services may be rendered by the church to the state, and services which it falls quite within the church's province to attempt to render. We would see divines acting in the character of divines. Better are they so employed, in laying the foundation of a good and orderly life on the basis, the only sure one, of the Christian faith, than, in the character of magistrates, in repressing crimes, which a

faithful ministry ought to have prevented. The state has claims, great claims, on the establishment: and if, when disorder and discontent are so widely prevalent in the mass of the community, which never could prevail if they were rightly taught in those matters in which it is the business of the church to teach them; if, under such circumstances, men, who are provided for and supported by the state for this very purpose, through idleness, or through indifference, or through vain apprehensions of unreal mischief, or through a foolish terror of coming in contact with dissenters, have stood aloof from those efforts of improvement and conciliation which the country has a right to expect from them—efforts, too, whose success, we repeat it, has become, in many instances, no longer matter of experiment but matter of fact and history; above all, if ministers have neglected and opposed those very means of diffusing useful knowledge and soothing discontent, by the united efforts of the benevolent, which it was their duty most eagerly to have embraced; if they have endured to see their whole parishes growing up in vice and misery, rejecting those means which have been proved adequate to afford a remedy, either on the plea that they were employing other means, which have been found inadequate, or under pretence of imaginary dangers; then, that they should have been guilty of such a total dereliction of duty, attended with such effects, and covered by such excuses, ought to fill them with self-inquietude, if not dismay. But that is not what we now principally insist upon. We speak not of the reproaches of conscience, but of the claims and exigencies of the state. What those claims and those exigencies are let us learn from the disturbed districts. Our country, torn by faction, turns to the ministers of the establishment, and asks, what return she is to expect? what return has been attempted for the splendid support, the income, and the privileges, which she has provided and secured to them by law? If they show themselves active in every good design and undertaking, then the debt is paid; but, if they show themselves backward, timorous, and inefficient—if they refuse to do the work for which she employs and pays them—if they flinch from their duty—if they waver when they ought to be advancing—if they obstruct those very undertakings in which they ought to be taking the lead—then she has a right to regard them as defaulters and offenders; and we are not to wonder if her legislature not merely allow the present law to remain in force, but provide more comprehensive and more sweeping enactments, which shall include every order of clerical functionaries, and reach exalted as well as humbler delinquency, *et cetera*. Thus we have endeavoured to show, that even such enactments as that before us might be turned to the benefit of the

church. Still, however, on the other hand, it must not be denied, that the authority which the Act confers is such as may be abused : and, if the statements contained in the Curates' Appeal be founded upon fact, it has been. We explicitly maintain, that the church of England, if it be any thing, is what it was at first ; and that the men who so hold the doctrines of our faith, as they were then promulgated, constitute that church : it matters little whether their number be great or small. They are the true church. All who oppose them are schismatics : all who have renounced them are apostates ; and, if we are to believe the assertions of the Curates' Appeal, it is against some of these men that the Act has been enforced. The question turns upon this : whether the persons who have been ejected are persons holding the uncorrupted doctrines of the church of England ? whether they have been ejected in consequence of holding them ? whether, if this be not ostensibly the cause, it has supplied, nevertheless, the secret motive for ejecting them, either upon some other alleged offence, or without the allegation of any offence whatever ? What a strange and alarming thought, if these men, thus ejected, constitute, with those who agree with them in sentiment, the orthodox church of England. But what shall we say, if it be also found that they are the true, conscientious, and rational, friends of the state ? if they can affirm, in the honest sincerity of their hearts, that they are loyally attached to its appointed head, in the person of the sovereign ? that they venerate its institutions, wish well to its government, are naturally inclined, by the very principles which they profess and teach, to support constituted authorities rather than to oppose them ; consider the enemies of the state as their own ; have at all times shown themselves the opponents of faction ; and ask for nothing better than to be suffered to live in the zealous, but blameless, discharge of the duties of their calling, under the protection of the laws ? What shall we say if the men thus ejected shall prove to have faithfully executed their ministry, to have been generally beloved by their parishioners, and to have been followed, on their removal, by their esteem and regrets ? If it be against such men that the Act has been put in force, then all the severity, all the iniquity, with which the proceeding has been charged, may fairly be imputed to it : and what is most to be observed, much of the mischief also, which may be expected to ensue, or may have ensued already. The public, especially that part of the community who reside in the parishes of the ejected ministers, and are acquainted with the merits of their respective cases, will form, and will be justified in forming, the worst suspicions and surmises. They will say, none but foul motives could have led to so foul a proceeding. They will say, the plain fact is

this: that the enemies of these ministers were determined to get rid of them in some way or other; that, baffled in their attempts to proceed against them in a more public way, finding themselves neither seconded by the feelings of the community, nor sanctioned by considerations involving the interests of the state, perceiving that the contest was merely a contest between themselves and those whom they desired to expel, and that no portion of the public participated in their motives, principles, or resentments, they were resolved to provide a quiet and summary method of effecting their purpose; that they pursued their plan, not openly, but insidiously; that having influence in the legislative assemblies of the country, they used it against those who had none; that, dreading to attract the public eye, they durst not attempt to obtain a law, purporting to be framed for the specific object which they had in view, but contrived one which, while it embraced a variety of arrangements, some of them favourable in appearance to the persons in question, was principally framed with the view of acquiring power, to be directed against them; that, fearing to give the required enactment too conspicuous a situation, they placed it as one among many others; not assigning even a separate clause to it, but blending it with something relative to the *giving* of licences, that is, to the *giving* of that which they wished to take away; that, finding they had to cope with men who felt an interest in the primitive doctrines of the church, and therefore had well informed themselves of the wants and circumstances attending its establishment, and who, consequently, foiled them in every discussion, and confuted them in every appeal to facts, they were the more anxious to arm themselves with powers which should dispense with historical reference, and cut short inquiry; that thus dreading notoriety on every account, and having every motive for privacy, they wisely had recourse to this clandestine mode of exclusion; that, in conformity with these designs, they made every arrangement for secrecy; that they contented themselves with effecting their purpose, so far only as it admitted of being effected, as they hoped, with the least disturbance; that they aimed only at excluding curates, and not at excluding incumbents; that, while they ejected the moveables, they spared the fixtures; that in this manner they hoped to shovel away much of the annoyance, with the least trouble to themselves, and with the least excitement of public interest; that, moreover, in their eagerness, when the Act was passed, to profit by the powers which it conferred, they had recourse to an arbitrary, severe, and unconstitutional mode of procedure, which the legislature only omitted to provide against, because it never could have anticipated such disingenuousness and such injustice.



Let us still suppose (but not *assume*, any more than in the preceding remarks) that the Curates' Appeal contains a true statement and representation. If this be the case, what will be the feelings of the public towards the church? What will they think, if they perceive tokens of a systematic design, which perhaps hereafter may be extended, to drive out, one after another, her faithful ministers? They will think but meanly of those who remain. They will think but meanly of the establishment itself. And these sentiments will be seconded by the condition of the church, which, if the system be suffered to proceed, must of necessity ensue. What that condition will be, there can be no difficulty in divining. What that establishment must soon become, where zeal is proscribed, where sound doctrine is denounced, where the good are expelled and the bad are suffered to remain:—how cold in its ministrations, how inefficient in its ordinances, how unprofitable to every good word and work, how unheeded in its instructions, how impotent in its reproofs,—it is unnecessary for us to show. Such a state of things, even in its immediate consequences, would be most alarming. A secular church and an inquiring laity cannot long exist together. Soon will the community begin more and more to discover and perceive a total insufficiency to meet their spiritual wants; a total incompetency to guide them to the ways which men are now displaying a constantly increasing inclination to seek after, to feed them with the food for which their hunger is daily becoming greater. And when once this insufficiency and this incompetency shall have come to be evidently and generally seen and known to exist, the most barefaced denials of the fact will no longer serve to conceal it. When once the apostolic character is gone, it will be in vain to boast an authority derived even from the apostles. While in her rites and ordinances the church yet retains her spirituality, (and this, we trust, in spite of strange reports about new articles, will at least remain inviolate,) her teaching will come to be no longer evangelical, nor even legal; the desk will excite an appetite which the pulpit will not satisfy: and the formularies of our prayer book will drive men to the orthodox dissenter for a commentary. Around the deserted church, tabernacles and meeting-houses will start up, the building of extinguishers and their coadjutors. The wealthy few will soon depart to join with the unenlightened many, in attending their ministrations; and no longer form, with their domestics and dependants, a scanty congregation, to be scattered along the silent aisles, and slumber in the solitude of deserted pews. And when once things have come to this point, people will begin to think. They will say, (such will then be no longer the words of the factious only, but of the community at large:)—“Why should a system continue to receive support which has

gradually declined into inefficiency? Why should men be paid for their services who are evidently of no service whatever?" And if with this there be seen, as undoubtedly under such circumstances there will be very generally seen, a backwardness to take a part in what is good, a backwardness to embrace the means of conciliation, a backwardness to meet the spiritual wants and wishes of the community, a greater readiness to obstruct than to advise, a greater readiness to censure than to lend a hand, where will be the hold of the church upon the people? Already fallen in their esteem, already overthrown in their hearts, she will no longer be far distant from the time of her actual subversion. And no tear, except that of the merchants who were made rich through her abundance, will accompany her overthrow. The light being once extinct, who will mourn that the candlestick is removed out of its place?

Were these our forebodings to be realized,—for though it be proved that nothing to sanction them has yet taken place, we have no longer any security, in point of law, against what may take place hereafter,—how much of the misfortune will be imputable to this Act, how much more to harsh methods of enforcing it, it might be too late to inquire. "Why," it will be said, "did not the legislature consider, before they passed so arbitrary a law,—a law so open to abuse in its execution? Above all, how unfortunate, that the gentleman who introduced the bill neglected to communicate its enactments, pregnant as they were with clerical importance, to his most reverend relative! That exalted prelate, no doubt, occupied with the duties of his station, had no leisure for attention to the minutiae of an Act of Parliament. Otherwise, the business would have been very differently arranged. He would never have lent himself to countenance so harsh a measure. He would have seen, at once, the impropriety, the danger, the iniquity of the whole proceeding. He, praised as he has been in the work of a sectary for his liberality to dissenters, would surely have reprobated and rejected this disastrous expedient for oppressing the humbler ministers of his own communion. He, conversant as he must be with the institutions and the discipline of our church, would never have failed to perceive that the enactment was a positive violation both of the spirit and the letter of her articles: one of which, as we are reminded in the Curates' Appeal, declares that "it appertaineth to the discipline of the church, that inquiry be made of evil ministers, and that they be accused by those that have knowledge of their offences, and finally, *being found guilty by just judgment*, be deposed. Would he, then, have sanctioned a departure from this rule? No, no. Never would he have suffered such an inconsistency. Never

would he have consented to an arrangement which legalized the violation of a rule solemnly subscribed, and frequently recognized in subsequent signatures."\* Such are the lamentations which we should have to listen to, were the evils that we are now figuring to ourselves, under any new aspect of affairs, to occur.

But here we must observe, that we are not of those who apprehend a crisis to the establishment. The worst, we think, that could happen under any circumstances, would be an euthanasia and not a violent death. And perhaps, instead of an euthanasia, we ought to say a metempsychosis. For we appear to ourselves to perceive, in the doctrines and ordinances of our church, a strong principle of vitality; which, even if the worst came to the worst, would survive dismemberment, and communicate its identity to some kindred frame. Yet, to drop allusion, as long as there is a connexion between our church and state, and as long as the state looks for certain services to the cause of good order and constituted authority to be rendered by the church, we would warn our legislature of the danger of alienation by severity, or by a dereliction of the principles of justice, and of the constitution in their enactments, that numerous body of men, the parochial clergy. If there be any tie between the government and the mass of the community through the medium of the church, the parochial clergy in a great measure constitute that tie. And in what does its strength consist? It consists in here and there an eminently good curate, or incumbent, scattered over the face of the country; excelling even amongst his brethren, beloved for his humanity, distinguished for his piety, honoured for his example. To such a man, the affections of all that is devout, and sincere, and estimable, around him, naturally attach themselves. In him they centre and repose. In the life of such a man they perceive and learn, that in the genuine principles of religion there is something real and substantial; that in sound doctrine faithfully set forth and applied, there is a renewing and a vital power. Even schismatics give him their good word, and infidels and scoffers find no cause of reproach in him. Whatever be the hold of the church upon the country, it is mainly through such men that she

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\* In turning to the parliamentary debates, we find an additional proof that the Archbishop of Canterbury knew nothing of the enactment relating to the summary removal of curates. It was his Grace who moved the second reading of the bill in the House of Lords; but clearly, as an act of parliamentary duty, undertaken for the sake of forwarding a measure, which, he took it for granted, was unexceptionable in its outlines, though not acquainted with its particulars. For the following is the account which his Grace is stated to have given of the bill. "The object of it was, to consolidate into one act all the laws which lay scattered in the statute book, relative to spiritual persons holding farms, to the residence of beneficed clergyman on their livings, and the allowances to be made to stipendiary curates." Not one word about summary removals. It is clear, then, that this part of the arrangement was unknown to his Grace.

retains that hold. For these are the men, whether curates or incumbents, who are in actual contact with the people; and possess an honest influence, which they may exercise with credit and utility, and in which no good man need blush to acquiesce. Sorry should we be, then, if we perceived any tendency, in the proceedings of the legislature, to sacrifice their interests or to alienate their affections. Sorry are we, then, in the case of the curate in particular, to detect somewhat of such a tendency in the Act before us.

Perhaps it will be urged, that the Act, one clause excepted, is much in the curate's favour:—provides for his more liberal maintenance, and secures him, in some particular circumstances, from the caprice of the incumbent. But, be it observed, and the subject has been already touched upon, much of this favour is precarious, being committed to the discretion of the diocesan. And the same impartiality which obliged us to call for documents before, in reference to the statements of the Curates' Appeal, obliges us to call for documents now. We feel ourselves compelled to observe, that before we can form an opinion as to the degree of benefit which has actually been derived by the curate, from these discretionary enactments in his favour, we must have some means of ascertaining to what extent the discretion has been exercised—in what number of cases the power committed to the diocesan has actually been exerted for the curate's protection or relief.

We are desirous, before we conclude, to offer a few hints for the consideration of the authors of the Curates' Appeal. Who they are, we know not, nor inquire; whether persons who write of evils which they apprehend being such as have actually occurred, or ministers who have really been removed from their curacies under the new Act, or the friends of such ministers expressing their sentiments. Yet, where we have no means of forming a positive judgment, we are unwilling to form a harsh one. We suppose, therefore, we cannot well suppose less, that the work is the production of men, who, for whatever cause, have actually had their licences revoked; and who, if they have not been harshly dealt with, at least think so in their own minds. We would address them, then, in the language of sympathy and respect; of sympathy, as sufferers; of respect, as ministers of the establishment: and we would say, let them not be so intent upon obtaining redress by appeals to their country, and upon justifying themselves, in the eyes of the world, by eloquent statements of their wrongs, as upon deriving that support from higher sources of consolation, which, if they would be competent to communicate it to others, they must first know how to find for themselves. Let them not look too confidently for assistance from the legislature. It is but reasonable to suppose, if the legislature, having once

passed the enactment, suffer their attention to be any more drawn to the subject, that they will deem it prudent to pursue the obvious course, that of supporting the heads of the church against the inferior members; of listening to those who have a voice and influence in their proceedings, rather than to those who have none. Neither can any real good be expected to result, from means calculated to excite a political feeling, and to procure interference on the parts of the opponents of government. They, already, have let the enactment pass, with hardly a show of resistance. And if they are really desirous to be of service to those who are now suffering under its operation, perhaps the best thing they can do is, to be quiet. Should they determine to take the matter up, they may, indeed, turn it to account: they may find in it a new argument of the dangers to which the country is exposed by the continuance of the present ministry in their places; they may show that the principles of the constitution have been deserted; they may declaim, and deprecate, and denounce; they may profit by the opportunity to level a few incivilities at their political opponents; but they are not likely to effect any real good; they are not likely to procure redress. Neither do we expect much benefit from an appeal to prelates. Whatever may have been done in the business by diocesans, no doubt they think they have done what is right, and intend to stand to it. Nor is it likely, if they have declined to make known the motives from which they have acted to the persons principally concerned, that they will deem it necessary to communicate them to the public. As a body, united by a common interest, in the support of common rights, it is most probable that they will show a very general disposition to support one another. "Of curates in general," as it is said, "they literally know nothing, except from others."\* How then is it to be expected, that for such persons they will go out of their way, and depart from a plan of proceeding, which, no doubt, they have deliberately determined upon following? From these remarks, then, what is the inference? What but this:—that the present is an occasion for Christian principles to have their effect; an occasion for the display of patience, not perhaps under inquiry, but under affliction: an occasion where there is full room for the exercise of that passive heroism which forms such an essential ingredient of the Christian character. Whether the writers of the *Curates' Appeal* are such as they are there represented, sufferers "for righteousness sake," or sufferers without any consciousness of misconduct, or whether they have actually done wrong, we think it not impossible, if they look around them for assistance, that they may look in vain. We say, then, it only

remains for them to look upwards. All impatience implies want of confidence. It implies that, to a certain extent, they are not resting on that support on which they ought to rest. It should remind them, we say it with deference, that they have occasion to look to themselves; and are in danger, while alleging their grievances, of losing their hold upon a firmer stay than any which the removal of present wrongs can secure to them, or any which the efforts of theological hostility can take away. Neither let them lay so much to heart the circumstance of their removal from situations, where they had solaced themselves, perhaps, with the hope of usefulness. If the suddenness or the severity of the proceeding has roused their animosities, this may be the worst circumstance in the whole transaction. All things are ordered by the Supreme Disposer of events; and, no doubt, all things work together for his servants' good. When once a man has chosen the service of the good cause, or rather is chosen to it—when once he has known his master, or rather is known of him, he must remember that he is no longer a director, but a labourer; no longer an artificer, but an instrument. Such being the case, it ought to be no great object with him to be fixed: he ought to deem it no great test of his utility, whether he is employed at the station, and in the manner, which he wished and expected. What has been sown by him, another may reap. He may have done his work at one place, and it may be thought proper to transfer him to another. The faithful and accepted servant of his master is always at his post. Where he finds himself, there is his place. He is not under his own care. The charge of him is taken out of his own hands, to be transferred to better. He is to act and determine for the best. But when circumstances take such a turn as to give an entirely new aspect to his situation and prospects, he is still to think that every thing is perfectly right. Let him not complain that the laws have forsaken him. Why should he place his dependance on the laws? He has a ground of dependance which, if all law were taken away, would continue what it is. On this ground let him rest. Let him feel it as something firm beneath his feet. Let him learn to think of it and to know it as something real and something substantial. Then, though he be actually abandoned by the constituted authorities of his country, though his wrongs be overlooked by the keener eye of faction, though he be able even to make out a case which shall present the frightful picture of dissolute laymen and secular divines combining to oppress and overwhelm him, let him be in nothing terrified by his adversaries. He has resources which they cannot take away; and of which he has learnt to feel the comfort and consolation, in real temptations, real trials, and real difficulties. Should it become apparent, that the enemies of religion are his

enemies, he will not fear the desperate acts of men who are grasping at any device to save a sinking cause, and who "have great wrath, because they know that they have but a short time." And, doubtless, as the bitterness of his adversaries increases, new causes of encouragement will begin to show themselves. Reasonable men, however undecided in their religious views, will not see things growing too bad, will not endure to see downright violence and injustice, without interposing in favour of the injured :—in the same way as when the serpent in the apocalypse "cast out of his mouth water as a flood," after the victim of his persecutions, even the earth "opened her mouth," and swallowed it up.

Above all, let the man who is earnestly devoted to his master's service, endeavour to avoid needless controversy. When the enemy stands as an adversary to him in the way, he must needs make up his mind to the contest, or relinquish his journey. But we would offer it as a general rule, that the direct promotion of good is the grand object, not contention with evil. Let him not then be diverted from this object, by the malice of those who are not more his enemies than they are the enemies of religion. Let him remember that there never was offered a fitter opening for pious and benevolent exertion, than that which the present times afford. For those, in particular, whom the operation of the Act before us has suspended from any immediate concern in these endeavours ; if the punishment has really been incurred by any misconduct of their own, may they be made acquainted with their error; and, acknowledging it, offer due submission. If they are guiltless, may they be enabled to establish their innocence, both to the world, and to their clerical superiors. In either case may they be restored, in due season, if it be fitting, to the honourable functions of their profession ; and exercise them, wherever it may be best that they should be placed, with credit and utility.

While we are expressing our good wishes, we cannot refrain from extending them to the whole church. To tranquillize public feeling, and to restore a right tone of sentiment throughout the mass of the population, are objects in which all good men should unite. We do not hesitate to say it, as much rests with the parochial clergy, as with any order in the state. The exigences of the times are alarming ; but they have adequate resources. May it be their study, then, and their labour, to bring those resources to bear, and to enable them to have their full effect. While infidelity vents the sarcasm at public meetings, while faction now denounces infringements of the laws, now conspires for their overthrow ; while clamorous patriotism cackles in the streets, and collects the misguided throng to be crushed by the prompt arm of summary justice ; while Justice, in the emergency, drops the

scales, that she may lay both hands to the sword, may the church know her proper station, and perform her duties. "Lifting aloft the flaming torch of revelation," may she direct all eyes to the cross, and may all who look upon it, find healing and relief. May she catch, not thwart, the spirit of the times, which is remarkably and perceptibly impelling men to seek after the knowledge of the truth. And as means of forwarding the inquiry, may she cordially unite in those undertakings and institutions which promote the desired object by unexceptionable means, and even in the measures they adopt are attended with collateral benefits, which only become of secondary importance when compared with the ends that they pursue. For of this we feel assured, that our church, if not united, has nothing in her constitution which prevents her uniting, with every honest design, for promoting the spiritual welfare of mankind.

Our church comprises men whose sentiments are widely at variance, and that upon very important subjects. But we shall ever maintain that there is no class of her ministers which does not contain men of sincere and upright intentions (with all their outrageous inveteracy, we should be almost unwilling to except even the extinguishers), men who wish well to the cause of truth, and are willing to promote it, though they differ as to the means which ought to be employed. We rejoice then in perceiving, that the well-disposed of all classes are so far united, however they may be divided as to modes of proceeding; that they all are anxious and active for the promotion of good; and that the ultra-extinguishers, some of whom, we fear, are consistently hostile to good of every kind, are a party daily becoming less formidable for number, weight, and respectability. One consequence, we think, will unquestionably follow from the present state of affairs; that all whose minds are well-disposed, and whose intentions are good, will find themselves called upon to take a decided part. This effect we look for, from the violence and precipitance of the *ultras*. Men will perceive that this is no time to temporize; that they must range themselves on one side or on the other: that, in order to be consistent, they must either determine to stand apart from every thing professional and distinguishing, and to abstain from every useful exertion; or must devote themselves to the duties of their calling, take a concern in every thing that is good, and become decidedly clerical in their habits, occupations, and pursuits. And may it be our happiness to see a wise decision on the part of all the worthy ministers of our establishment. If they have been taught to believe that others have shown themselves extravagant in their teaching, or hypocritical in their deportment, let not this frighten them from stating true doctrine, or from exemplifying its effects in their



lives. Regulating their instructions and their conduct by the standard of Scripture, may they determine in both instances to pursue the right path, wherever it may conduct them. May they teach the truth, though truth appear to verge on the very limits of what the world censures and rejects. May their conduct be governed by the rule of right, though rectitude should sometimes bring them close upon singularity. In their attempts at usefulness, may they, above all things, be cautious of shrinking from contact with any particular set of men, or from a concern and share in any honest design of improvement. If this were right, it would be right that the advantages of an establishment, to a large portion of the community, should be entirely neutralized; and that our church, for many good purposes, should be totally unserviceable. In such a case, the enactment of good laws, or the removal of bad ones, would never remedy the evil. A clause more or less would never make amends for so material a defect.

And throughout their progress, may they take warning from the fate of those, who, after making a good beginning, have failed as they advanced, by losing their hold upon the Head of that spiritual body, the members of which cannot fail of becoming dead and unserviceable, the moment their connexion is broken with the sources of their nourishment and increase. In Him, if a man abide not, "He is cast forth as a branch, and is withered." Therefore, if others forget their master, may they not forget Him. If others become secular, may they not become secular. May they abide in Him, and He in them. In Him they may find a firm foundation and an unerring guide. Then, it may be hoped, having begun well, they will go on well even to the end. For though "even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall;" yet, "they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint."

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ART. XIV.—*The History of the Jews, from the Destruction of Jerusalem to the Present Time.* By Hannah Adams, of Boston, America. Reprinted London, 1818. 8vo.

THE attention of the public has been strongly turned, within the last few weeks, to the case of the Jews on the Continent; who have suffered a degree of unprovoked persecution scarcely exceeded in the blackest night of superstition, and not to be easily accounted for in "this enlightened age," when all creeds,

and no creeds, seem of pretty equal value among too large a portion of mankind. It would require a better knowledge of the mysteries of German intrigue than we possess to account for the real origin of these violent proceedings. In an age like this, we cannot plausibly attribute excesses, which have disgraced so many parts of the Continent, to the existence of religious fanaticism. All fever of this kind seems to have been pretty well lowered by the copious bleedings and meagre philosophical diet of the French revolutionary epoch. Nor do we think that political causes alone would account for these proceedings; for notwithstanding the inflammatory state of the public mind, in many parts of Germany, it would be difficult to see what general benefit could arise from the persecution and expulsion of the Jews. We should upon the whole therefore be rather inclined to attribute these events to commercial jealousy. The Jews are formidable rivals in the traffic of many of the places which have exhibited the hostility to which we allude; and the spirit of rivalry, unaccompanied by large and enlightened views of the nature and spirit of commerce, would readily lead a few of those who are more immediately affected by their vicinity, to wish their expulsion. The electrical battery once charged and exploded, the shock would rapidly extend to all who were united in the same circle, however distant in place, or apparently unconnected with each other.

It is certainly remarkable that Denmark and Germany should be both agitated with this strange mania for persecuting an industrious race of men, who, whatever may be their religious principles, or their moral crimes, have certainly conducted themselves for many years as peaceful members of the communities in which they are allowed to settle. Among the possible reasons which may be assigned for this burst of jealousy, may be mentioned the high tone which the Jews are said to have assumed in demanding redress of their grievances, at the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle. But the simple fact of the case is, that what was done on that occasion, on behalf of the Jews, arose from the disinterested benevolence of Christians. The Emperor of Russia, we have reason to know from private as well as official sources of information, took, not only politically, but personally, and cordially, a very active part in promoting the benefit of that long persecuted race. An English gentleman, well-known for his zealous exertions in the cause of the Jews, was, we believe, desired, to draw up a variety of papers and memorials on the subject. These were made the substratum of the proceedings in Congress, and furnished the resolutions to which the Allied Powers mutually agreed. It is true that the Jews are every where anxious for obtaining larger privileges than they at present enjoy in

many parts of the Continent; and it is equally true that they were not uninterested spectators of that memorable Congress, in which the rights of humanity at large were consulted, and where the advocates of Africans as well as Jews made their solemn appeal. But it is *not* true that the intrigues of the Jews were the cause of what was then done in their favour. The obvious fact is that the spirit of the times inclines to a large and liberal policy; France, Russia, Holland, and other states, have granted considerable privileges to the Jews; and the consideration which their case demands has been very widely recognized among the leading statesmen of Europe, especially by the Emperor of Russia, who has, in a variety of ways, encouraged them to settle in his dominions. France also has taken the same line of liberal policy. The King of the Netherlands, on coming to the throne, issued an edict recommending them to the attention and favourable regard of his subjects, and urging the duty of attending to the education of their children; which edict slept for a long time unnoticed even by the Jews themselves, till lately discovered and brought into notoriety by an English clergyman. So that should the Jews see fit to emigrate from Denmark and Germany, the scenes of these disgraceful outrages against them, they will readily find other nations by whom they will be received with welcome, for the sake of their financial and commercial utility.

But to be degraded and oppressed by their fellow-creatures is no new thing with this unfortunate race. Christians—we use the term in courtesy—have, in every age since the reverses of that nation, acted towards them with a severity which, however well deserved by them at the hands of a Higher Power, it ill became their fellow-beings to bestow. Is it that Jews are supposed to have no feeling, or that Christians have no conscience? Or do mankind think Jews are to be treated like eels and skates, to be crimped and flayed alive, and for the same reason, according to the piscatory logic, that “they are so used to it, that they do not mind it!”

It is a somewhat singular coincidence, and is certainly much to the credit of female benevolence, that among those who have exerted themselves to remove the vulgar prejudices against this long-injured and proscribed race, must be enumerated two female authors, without concert with each other, and on opposite sides of the Atlantic. Miss Edgeworth's *Harrington* was composed expressly as a recantation of some harsh things which she had herself written against that people; and though as a novel it had no great merit, and as an argument was by no means conclusive (for to exhibit a specimen of a worthy and amiable character is not a *proof* that the nation to which he be-

longs is also worthy and amiable), yet as a conquest over early prepossessions, and as a proof of benevolence and liberality of sentiment, it conferred honour upon the writer.\*

A much better, and we trust a more efficient female attempt, to direct the public sentiment of the civilized world to commiserate the Jews, and to raise their condition in the general scale of society, will be found in the volume now under consideration. It is easy for a Cumberland to picture a Sheva, or a Shakspeare a Shylock; and from such opposite representations a popular assembly easily learns to esteem or reprobate the whole race of which they are supposed to be a sort of average specimen. But such representations are equally unfair; for after all, the Jews are doubtless pretty much like other men, except so far as their conduct is influenced by national prejudices, or by the reaction of the general opinion of others upon their characters and feelings. The fair way of estimating their average worth is to study their history; and if this should be found, as we fear will be the case, to place their character in a low point of the scale, we should not forget, on the other hand, the peculiar circumstances under which they have usually existed, and the provocations and injuries which have tended to render them what they are.

Preferring therefore the testimony of facts to the speculations of imagination, we shall take our leave of Shakspeare and Cumberland and Miss Edgeworth, to weigh with impartiality the pages of history, both to ascertain the real character of the Jews, and to show the treatment which they have received at the hands of their fellow-men. As the late events in Germany have rendered the subject extremely interesting at the present moment; and as the state of the Jews, since the destruction of their city by the Romans, is comparatively little known, we think it will not be displeasing to our readers if we detail a few particulars relative to their sufferings in different ages and countries, and recommend a more enlightened and humane line of conduct on the part of Christian communities.

The *early* annals of the Jewish nation are more widely diffused and extensively read than those of any other people in the world. Relative to those remote periods, when fact and fable are so closely blended in the historical records of other communities, as to be incapable of separation, *this* singular people are known to possess authentic documents, as conspicuous for their evidence

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\* We might add the names of several other female writers, who have, of late years, been very earnest in exciting attention to the state of the Jews, and in opposing those prejudices which excluded them from the pale of general society. One English lady in particular, now deceased, is known to have been the author of some religious tracts which are said to have convinced the minds of some well-informed Jews on the Continent of the truth of Christianity.

as their antiquity. And it is not a little remarkable that the very characteristics which marked this people in those early periods, are still found among their national peculiarities at the present day. All their sufferings, their vicissitudes, their wanderings, have not been able to efface the mark of their identity. Their name and nation are written in their very countenance; and they are insulated among the nations as much by their external appearance as by the peculiarity of their religious worship.

We leave to divines to apply these facts to the confirmation of higher subjects; but even in a subordinate point of view, the circumstance is not unimportant. In truth we scarcely know of a more interesting field for the researches of a truly philosophical mind, than the history of the Jewish nation. We see in them, a people venerable for their antiquity; renowned in early periods for their martial prowess; distinguished from the rest of mankind, by peculiar habits of life, by a religion and a government equally without a precedent and a transcript. Their restoration from their long and frequent captivities, without material alteration in habits, in language, or in their civil and religious polity, is a singular and unprecedented fact. But what is not the least curious part of their history, is their modern condition. We leave the philosopher who denies revelation, to show, if he can, from what other cause it has happened that a nation universally dispersed, without a head or a government, with every possible inducement of a worldly kind to identify themselves with the communities among whom they have resided, have yet continued "a peculiar people," and instead of being melted down in the course of ages into the surrounding nations, have still retained the deep impress and prominent features of their early manners.

It is quite curious, even setting aside those higher questions which render the subject of far more importance than as a mere philosophical investigation—to observe the minute coincidence of their actual fate with the predictions of their early records. It is well known that, at a remote period of antiquity, they became the depositaries of a code of moral and religious injunctions of a very peculiar and exalted nature, and this at a time when the remainder of the world was sunk in the lowest barbarism and superstition. The knowledge of the Unity of the Deity, and of the great moral precepts which all the civilized world have since concurred to pronounce wise and good, was undeniably preserved for many generations in this singular race. And without academies or institutes for the promotion of general learning, they have produced one surprising and immortal volume, as to which no work of antiquity can be

compared for the preciousness of its instruction and the beauties of its composition. It is not easy to discover any *philosophical* cause of their superiority in these respects. They certainly were not a nation remarkable for their profundity of wisdom; they were not celebrated by antiquity as poets, or logicians; as historians or philosophers. If indeed we believe—(and who, that has fairly studied the question, will venture to *disbelieve*?) the Mosaic records, the solution of the difficulty is obvious;—they were better informed on the great subject of theology, because the Creator himself saw fit to make them the chosen depositaries of his will, in order that they might be the means of keeping up the knowledge of “the one true God,” amidst the superstitions and polytheism of those dark ages, and might transmit unimpaired to posterity, the revelation which had been disclosed to themselves. To this end it was obviously necessary that they should be segregated from the mass of mankind; that their rites, their customs, their religion, their government, should all partake of a partial and exclusive character. Now the facts of the case most closely coincide with this hypothesis. It is impossible to conceive, *supposing* such a revelation made, and such objects intended to be gained, a plan of government and religion better fitted to answer the end designed. Many of the most peculiar and otherwise unaccountable particulars detailed in the history of their early legislation, may be easily solved, on the above-mentioned supposition. But the particular point to which at the opening of this paragraph we intended to advert, was the minute correspondence of their actual history with the predictions of their early records. If an important end were intended to be secured, as was the case in question, it was naturally to be expected, that the means for its accomplishment should be correspondingly elaborate; if certain offences were to be prevented; if, for example, a breach of the moral and political rules of the community was to be strictly guarded against; if intercourse with heathen nations, by which their knowledge of the one true God might be weakened, was to be checked,—the lawgiver would naturally endeavour to strengthen the impression made on the minds of the people by predictions of the evils which should ensue in case of their disobedience. All this was very natural and obvious. But that these predictions should be *actually fulfilled*, and this in all their *minute details*, and under circumstances which, though they are daily before our eyes, we cannot account for on the usual principles which govern human society, or by analogies in the history of other nations, is doubtless a fact not a little curious and surprising.

We will select but one among many illustrations of the point upon which we have thus incidentally touched. We find among

the early records of this people (see Deuteronomy xxviii,) a minute specification of the corresponding benefits and calamities which should result to their nation in the event of their obedience or disobedience to those commands, which we have already intimated were given them for purposes of very high importance, as well to posterity and to other nations, as to themselves. Now we will venture to assert, that had that portion of allowedly authentic documents been actually written at a date several thousand years later, and with a complete knowledge of subsequent Jewish history, it could not well have been more exact or specific. It is impossible not to recognize in the narrative of their sufferings and captivities, the exact fulfilment of the threatened vengeance against certain well-defined and specified transgressions, of which idolatry was the chief. If our readers will take the trouble to compare that portion of their ancient history (and it is but one portion among many) with the subsequent facts of the case, they cannot fail to be struck with the coincidence. Have not, for instance, the Jews almost ever been, as it was predicted, in case of disobedience, they should be, "a proverb and a by-word among all nations?" Is not the very term "Jew" a trite expression for all that is mean, unjust, and odious? Has not the prediction "thou shalt be removed into all the kingdoms of the earth" been fulfilled frequently, and with a literalness which it is impossible to account for on the doctrine of chances? for no other nation whatever could, with equal propriety, be said to have exemplified this prediction. Almost the whole history of this people, both before and since their last national dispersion, is a literal comment on the threatening—"Thou shalt build a house and shalt not dwell therein; thou shalt plant a vineyard, and shalt not gather the grapes thereof. Thine ox shall be slain before thine eyes, and thou shalt not eat thereof; thine ass shall be violently taken away before thy face, and shall not be restored unto thee; thy sheep shall be given unto thine enemies, and thou shalt have none to rescue them." The Jews, we say, have but too well exemplified in their history the veracity of this threatening; for, as we shall show more fully in the progress of this paper, they have been made the victims of an arbitrary rapacity and extortion, which has never been equalled in the case of any other nation. Even the succeeding verse, which predicts that their sons and their daughters should be given unto another people, has been often literally realized. Emanuel of Portugal, for instance, ordered all Jewish children and young persons, to be forcibly taken from their parents, and consigned to others, to be educated in principles which their forefathers abhorred; and a variety of similar cases might be added. As to their being "oppressed and crushed, by nations

which they knew not," it would be superfluous to detail particular cases, when their whole history is "but as one scene, acting this argument." In Persia, for example, they were at one period stripped of all their property, and condemned to go about like dogs, with clogs of wood round their necks. The fulfilment of frequent predictions that they should be "carried away captive" is a subject of too great notoriety to need illustration; and it may with equal truth be asserted, that "all these curses have come upon them for a sign and for a wonder, and upon their seed." Let any man compare the following passages with the authentic annals of the nation, and say if it has not been accomplished with singular minuteness; especially in the siege and captivity of Jerusalem, by the Romans under Titus: "Thou shalt serve thine enemies which the Lord shall send against thee: ...and he shall put a yoke of iron upon thy neck... The Lord shall bring a nation against thee from far, from the end of the earth, as swift as the eagle flieth; a nation whose tongue thou shalt not understand; a nation of fierce countenance, which shall not regard the person of the old, nor shew favour to the young: and he shall eat the fruit of thy cattle, and the fruit of thy land, until thou be destroyed... And he shall besiege thee in all thy gates, until thy high and fenced walls come down, wherein thou trustedst... And thou shalt eat the fruit of thine own body, the flesh of thy sons and of thy daughters, ...in the siege, and in the straitness, wherewith thine enemies shall distress thee." This latter circumstance, which has not often happened to any other nation, was literally accomplished in the Jewish history *more than once*. If the reader will refer either to the scriptural narrative of the siege of Samaria (2 Kings vi. 28), or to Josephus's account of the siege of Jerusalem, he will find a dire verification of the passage, and this with the almost incredible additions mentioned in the next verse: "The tender and delicate woman among you, which would not adventure to set the sole of her foot upon the ground for delicateness and tenderness, her eye shall be evil toward the husband of her bosom, and toward her son, and toward her daughter, and toward her young one that cometh out from between her feet, and toward her children which she shall bear, for she shall eat them for want of all things secretly in the siege and straitness, wherewith thine enemies shall distress thee in thy gates." These are not the ordinary and natural features of a common siege; for what other city is there that would not have surrendered long before it came to an issue like this? So palpably was the prediction fulfilled—"The Lord shall give thee a trembling heart, and failing of eyes and sorrow of mind, and thy life shall hang in doubt before thee, and thou shalt fear day



and night, and shalt have none assurance of thy life," that it has become matter of notorious history, that the Jews, ever expecting seizure, and oppression, and spoliation, have in every age exemplified the character here described. Juvenal speaks proverbially of "*Judæa tremens*;" and a more modern author mentioning the dreadful massacre of the Jews at Lisbon in 1506, says, that "terror so overwhelmed them, that the living could not be distinguished from the dead." We might thus proceed throughout this really astonishing tissue of prophetic denunciations; in which the magnitude of their calamities is summed up, in the emphatic circumstance, that they should be offered for sale, and none should buy; the number of captives should over-satiate the market. Thus Cicero expressly says: "*Judæi et Syri, nationes servituti natæ*;" and another writer reports, that after the siege of Jerusalem, there were "*Plurimi venales, sed pauci emptores; quia Romani in servitutem Judæos dedignabantur, nec Judæi superarent qui redimerent suos*." St. Jerome relates a similar story after their last overthrow by Adrian; with the addition, that those who could not find purchasers perished by shipwreck, or famine, or were massacred by the inhabitants.

The preceding remarks may seem a little out of our province; but we have ventured upon them because the recent attacks of vulgar infidelity have especially selected the Mosaic writings for the mark of their ridicule and obloquy. We cannot forget that *our* religion is founded upon the authenticity and divinity of the Jewish dispensation; and that if the latter be exploded, the former must also fall. It is indeed with an express view of subverting Christianity, that the new race of infidel writers, who differ only from the old ones in being less literate and more scurrilous (for more malignant, and conceited, and mendacious, they could not be), have lately poured forth from the Jacobinical press the nauseous decoctions of their atheistical philosophy.

But to proceed with our immediate subject. In adverting to the sufferings of the Jewish nation we will not carry our readers farther back than the siege of their once illustrious city by Titus. Their *previous* troubles, particularly the Babylonish captivity, and the misfortunes which occurred to them under the kings of Persia, and the successors of Alexander the Great, as well as under the Ashmonean princes, till the time of their treacherous subjugation to the Romans by Pompey (B. C. 65), and thence to the birth of Christ, would be matter for a volume, and must be wholly passed over in this transient sketch. It is impossible to read of some of the scenes which occurred during these periods without feeling the utmost pity for this often oppressed and subjugated people. We are not, however, about to panegyriize their

conduct while we lament their sufferings—two points which our readers will, we trust, keep quite distinct in perusing the present sketch. In some cases, however, their honourable attachment to their religion was the cause of part of their sufferings, and so far merits eulogium; as, for example, in the siege of Jerusalem by Pompey, when their refusal to violate the Divine law by working on the sabbath day, prevented their opposing the erection of those outworks which were destined to subdue their city. The Jews always felt keenly on the subject of their hallowed observances; and among their acutest sufferings must be enumerated the frequent pollution of their temple by sacrilegious strangers. Josephus relates that Antiochus Epiphanes, after slaying forty thousand Jews, and selling as many captives, to glut his vengeance at a supposed revolt, and on account of their rejoicing at a rumour being circulated of his death, forced his way into the holy of holies; and as the grossest insult he could invent, sacrificed a large hog upon the altar of burnt offering. Indeed, if we had not determined to confine our remarks to a subsequent period of their history, we might have mentioned the persecution under this Antiochus as perhaps the most severe which they had ever been called upon to endure. He drained their capital of treasure, and filled it with blood. He dispatched Appollonius, governor of Syria, to destroy Jerusalem, to massacre the men, and sell the women and children as slaves; an order which was but too well obeyed on the day of consecrated rest, when the people were assembled for the worship of Jehovah. The city was then plundered, set on fire, and the walls demolished; though the temple was permitted to stand, its services were prohibited; and a fortress built by its side to overlook and assault all who came to worship the God of their fathers. An order was further given to dedicate the temple to Jupiter Olympus; and all who refused adoration to the idol were either massacred or compelled to endure the most exquisite tortures. Every copy of the law which could be procured was destroyed; and the penalty of immediate death was promulgated and enforced against any individual who should be found with a copy in his possession, or who should dare to put in practice any part of the ritual of Moses. At this distressing period, multitudes retreated to caves of the rocks, and subsisted on herbs and roots. Large numbers apostatized; yet so great was the constancy of others, that Antiochus, exasperated by the boldness with which they defied his edicts, visited the city in person, and with the stake and the rack endeavoured to subdue their fortitude. Among his victims were the venerable Eleazar, and a mother with her seven sons.

But it was not till the capture of Jerusalem by Titus (A. D. 70) that their measure of sufferings may be said to have been complete.

The horrors of that siege, and the subsequent carnage and dispersion, have never been exceeded, and probably were never equalled. Their previous sufferings under the Roman governors, who exercised the most arbitrary dominion over them, we might have thought were sufficiently severe. We find, for example, on one occasion, twenty-two thousand Jews massacred at Cesarea, fifty-two thousand at Alexandria, two thousand at Ptolemais, and three thousand five hundred cut off at Jerusalem by the troops of Florus in one day.\* But it was not till the siege of Jerusalem that the fatal cup of misery appeared completely full. It might have been supposed that, weakened by internal factions and intestine wars, the victims of long continued oppression, and broken down by famine and fatigue, they would have presented an easy and inglorious prize to the well-appointed and victorious armies of Rome. But on the other hand, their city was strong, and capable of sustaining a lengthened siege. Built upon rocks, and surrounded partly by deep and inaccessible valleys, and partly by triple walls, fortified with high towers, it would not easily have been subdued, had not the contending factions been too much employed in inventing new methods of mutual destruction to think of guarding against the common enemy, whose triumphant banners, crowned with "the abomination of desolation," the imperial eagle, were seen approaching their walls. Josephus relates (doubtless with some exaggeration), that in their ungoverned fury the rival parties wasted such vast quantities of provisions as would have preserved the city for many years.

The sight of the hostile army, fresh from the devastation of their provinces, and the slaughter of their countrymen, naturally produced a temporary reconciliation among the contending factions; who in union rushed upon the common invader and repulsed him to the mountains. But momentary peace brought with it a renewal of party spirit, and unfitted the city for a new attack. In the mean time the Romans rallied their forces for a decisive blow. Trees were cut down, houses were levelled, rocks cleft asunder, valleys filled up, towers raised, and battering rams of extraordinary power were constructed for the demolition of the city. The result is well known: wall after wall of the threefold enclosure was broken through; famine assisted the efforts of the conqueror, who in vain endeavoured by every means to persuade the inhabitants to surrender without entailing further calamities upon themselves and their devoted city. Vast numbers of those who, emboldened, or

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\* The Jews, it must be added, exercised similar cruelties upon the Romans and Syrians. We have before stated, that in narrating their sufferings and persecutions, we are not vindicating their innocence.

rather maddened, by hunger, issued from the walls, were seized by the Romans, and were scourged and crucified before the eyes of their fellow-countrymen. Five hundred and more are reported by Josephus to have thus suffered each day; "so that" he adds, "space was wanted for the crosses, and crosses for the captives." Discouraged and exasperated by the frequent repulses he had suffered, Titus at length determined (in remarkable, though unintentional conformity to our Lord's prediction, Luke xix. 43,) to enclose the city with a strong wall, of five miles in circuit, which by the persevering efforts of his soldiers was erected in three days; so that all ingress or regress was effectually prohibited. The famine was now dreadful; putrescent corpses were seen every where lying in the streets, too numerous to be interred by the few survivors, many of whom expired in the discharge of this last melancholy office. A Jewess, eminent for birth and opulence, rendered frantic by her sufferings, was seen to kill and feed upon her own infant. Such a spectacle filled the inhabitants with consternation and despair, and the Romans with indescribable horror and indignation, so that Titus solemnly vowed the total extirpation of the city, and called heaven to witness that they were the authors of their own destruction.

It is well known, that the Roman commander was desirous to preserve the temple, probably as a trophy of his victory, or for the sake of its immense treasures; but his design was defeated by a private soldier, who took the opportunity, while Titus was reposing, of raising himself on the shoulders of one of his comrades, and hurling through a window of the sacred edifice a handful of blazing materials, which instantly set the whole building in a flame. Titus in vain endeavoured to stop the conflagration. His soldiers, rejoicing to behold the catastrophe which they had so eagerly desired and clamorously demanded, were too much engaged in the massacre of the inhabitants, and in setting fire to every other part of the city, to listen to the voice of their general. The Jews, driven to frenzy at beholding the dead heaped around their sacred altar, and blood flowing in a copious stream at its steps, desperately rushed with violent lamentations to preserve the hallowed edifice; but it was too late: and Titus himself had scarcely time to enter the inner sanctuary and most holy place, where he beheld with admiration the golden candlestick, the table of shew-bread, and the altar of perfumes, which were all of pure gold, with the most venerable of all the sacred treasures, the volume of the Law enfolded in a rich golden tissue, all of which he seized and carried to Rome to adorn his triumph. Some soldiers set fire to *this* part also, and thus completed the destruction of the venerable pile. The pillage and massacre which followed were dreadful. The lower city, called

by the Jews "The daughter of Zion," being plundered and burnt, the upper city, which contained the royal palace of the ancient Jewish kings, was captured in twenty days, with a renewal of the same scenes of slaughter and conflagration. The number of captives taken by the Romans in this unhappy contest has been computed at nearly one hundred thousand, many of whom were sent into Syria and other provinces to fight as gladiators, or to be devoured by wild beasts. Those destroyed in the whole war, which lasted seven years, are estimated at about one million and a half.

Jerusalem, thus destroyed, and "not one stone left upon another," the rest of the country was soon reduced. The once flourishing plains of Palestine were covered with dead bodies; while the survivors fled into different parts of the world, and left their native land almost depopulated. Of Capernaum, and Bethsaida, and Chorazin, and other cities celebrated in sacred lore, nothing was left but shapeless ruins. All the lands in Judea were commanded to be sold; no cities were to be built; and the capitation tax raised for the service of the temple was transferred to the worship of Jupiter Capitolinus. To all this it may be added, that the Jews were shortly afterwards involved in the fearful persecution which Domitian raised against the Christians; for the Romans viewed the Christians as but a sect of the Jews.

We shall not trace the various events which followed this memorable dispersion. It should not, however, be forgotten that though the destruction of a considerable part of their religious worship was involved in that of their country, they adhered with inflexible pertinacity, in spite of chains, imprisonment, and death, to such of those once sacred customs as it remained in their power to practise. The eastern Jews, namely, those who migrated to Babylon, Chaldea, Assyria, and Persia, chose a sort of titular governors, entitled "Princes of the Captivity;" while the western, or those who had settled in Judea, Egypt, Italy, and various parts of the Roman empire, denominated theirs by the title of Patriarchs. The patriarchs were men of reputation for learning and piety, who decided religious controversies, and presided over the synagogues. The national attachment to oral tradition, and the decisions of their rabbi, became increasingly strengthened; and as religious rites and observances were considered by the Jews as almost the only objects worth attention, the fine arts, together with the learned and philosophical speculations of Greek and Roman literature, never made any great progress among them. Two methods of instruction prevailed in their schools, as in those of most ancient sects: the esoteric and the exoteric. The public doctrine included the law of Moses and the traditions of the fathers; the ordinary rules of conduct and

the popular articles of faith. The secret instruction related to the Divine nature and other abstruse speculations, comprehended under the celebrated title of Cabbala. The Cabbala was of different sorts; and by it they extracted fanciful and recondite meanings from Scripture; or employed the words and letters of Scripture in certain combinations, in order to hold intercourse with the good or evil inhabitants of the invisible world. The superstitions and fables of the Jews on these subjects are endless.

Notwithstanding their complicated afflictions in Palestine, they had scarcely begun to breathe after the ruin of their country, before they broke into open rebellion against the Emperor Trajan, who had interdicted them from reading their law, and otherwise treated them with great severity. After much bloodshed, they were completely subdued. Their leader, a pretended Messiah, who entitled himself "Son of a Star," in allusion to the prophecy "There shall come a star out of Jacob, and a sceptre shall rise out of Israel," was slain; and a scene ensued which even the Jewish history, so full of direful events in almost every page, cannot parallel, except in the destruction of Jerusalem. More than half a million fell in battle in this contest, besides those who perished by famine, sickness, fire, and other calamities. Numbers who survived this second ruin of their nation were exposed for sale at Terebinth at the price of horses; and those who could not be sold there were carried to distant parts in search of purchasers. Jerusalem was now finally profaned; the monuments of its ancient worship were destroyed; a hog of marble was placed on its walls in contempt for the Jews, and a statue of Venus on Mount Calvary to insult the Christians. The spot where our Lord ascended was profaned by a statue of Jupiter; and the worship of Adonis was established at the place where the Redeemer of mankind was born. To complete their miseries, the natives were obliged to bribe the soldiery to permit them to wander, covered with rags, amidst the scenes of their early associations; and as a singular indulgence they *purchased* permission to proceed once a year, on the anniversary of the destruction of their city, to weep over its ruins; or, as Bishop Gregoire expresses it, on the authority of St. Jerome, "they were obliged to pay for the right of shedding tears in those places where they purchased and shed the blood of Jesus Christ."

Hitherto we have witnessed the sufferings of this people under Pagan oppression; but the fourth century was marked by an event, one of the most important which is recorded in the annals of mankind, and which could not fail to have a powerful influence upon the conduct of the civilized world towards the Jewish nation. It will be readily understood that we allude to the subversion of Pagan superstition and the establishment of

Christianity by Constantine the Great. It is with real grief and shame we confess that this auspicious revolution was not at all favourable to the Jews. The oppressions which we have hitherto related were chiefly those which originated in war, and which were palliated, though they never can be justified, by the conduct of the Jews themselves. They were punished, not because they were Jews, but because they were enemies or rebels, or had in some other way incurred the displeasure of their oppressors. But many of the persecutions which we are about to relate were of a very different character. They were strictly *religious* persecutions; and as such, were even more unjustifiable, if possible, than those already detailed. It is a very certain, though a very melancholy and disgraceful truth, that the Jews, generally speaking, have been much better treated by Pagan and Mohammedan than by Christian communities; and before we proceed to detail a few historical facts relative to their sufferings since the establishment of Christianity, we shall endeavour to account for this circumstance,—a circumstance certainly not favourable to the character of the professors of that benignant religion which we espouse, and which places among its most authoritative dictates—“I say unto you, love even your enemies.”

It is evident from the history of the Jews in all ages, that the great peculiarity of their civil and religious polity rendered them objects of ridicule, and often of disgust, to other nations. Their long and determined resistance in the Roman war excited in their conquerors the utmost malignity against them; and they thus became throughout the Roman empire, that is, nearly throughout the then known and civilized world, the objects of implacable enmity and abhorrence. Their own infatuated conduct greatly aggravated the evil, especially their frequent seditions, which were usually caused by false Messiahs, who urged them to revolt under the promise of delivering them from a foreign yoke. The Jews had the singular fate of being both despised and hated; they were at once the objects of contempt, and the victims of cruelty.

The Christians, however, we might have supposed, would have been less hostile. Professing to believe in the same God, acknowledging the Divine authority of the Jewish Sacred Writings, and persecuted equally with themselves by Pagan nations, who could not, or would not, make distinction between them, but viewed them all but as one sect, differing only in their minuter shades,—we might at first have imagined that pity, rather than cruelty, would have marked the conduct of Christians towards this unhappy nation. But the remembrance of the great crime on Calvary effectually prevented the display of this truly *Christian* spirit. The professed followers of the Son of God had not

yet learned sufficiently the great lesson inculcated by their Founder, and re-iterated by him even in the agonies of death upon the cross. The Jews, on the other hand, were equally hostile to the Christians, whom they pursued with a malignity greater even than that which they vented upon Pagans themselves. To add to all this, the wealth of the Jews in the middle ages made them objects of jealousy and suspicion; and princes were not grieved to possess so fair an opportunity for exaction and oppression, especially as they could shield their cruelty and avarice under the plausible pretext of religion, and teach their people, that in pillaging the Jews, they were offering a grateful sacrifice to the God of the Christians. Thus it was the interest of all parties to represent them in odious colours; and as they thus had no character to lose, they very naturally availed themselves of the temporal benefit of those crimes of which they would have had all the odium, even if they had not shared the profit. Indeed the very insecurity of their persons and property, by making it necessary for them to secrete their treasures, and to keep up a clandestine intercourse with their fellow countrymen in other nations, fitted them for instruments of much private and political importance, and gave to their character a spirit of avarice and intrigue which rendered them very generally odious; especially at a time when even the reception of ordinary interest for money was designated as an impious action, and when the age was not sufficiently enlightened to separate the allowable from the reprehensible parts of their conduct.

We shall however have occasion to see, that even in the darkest and most bigoted ages, there were splendid exceptions to the general line of conduct pursued by Christians towards this people. Oftentimes when oppressed by the laity, they were sheltered by the humanity of ecclesiastics; and on some occasions, they found behind the chair of St. Peter an impregnable bulwark against the exactions and cruelties of princes themselves. As early as the seventh century they were protected by Pope Gregory the Great; and many other pontiffs followed his steps, and earnestly remonstrated with the princes of Christendom against their oppressions of this subjugated people. Innocent IV plainly declared, that they were more miserable under Christian princes, than their ancestors had been under Pharaoh. It is scarcely to be conceived, that the Jews should have found such advocates among the Romish pontiffs, had all the crimes which were currently imputed to them been fairly substantiated; for among the ordinary charges brought against them, we find them accused of poisoning the public fountains, of killing infants and drinking their blood, of profaning in the most odious manner the consecrated wafers used in the celebration of the eucharist,



with other crimes equally atrocious, and some of them almost incredible. It is possible, indeed, that the Jews whose wealth was as notorious as their sufferings, might have found a ready way of conciliating the favour and protection of the triple crown; but as we do not recollect to have read of such a fact being substantiated or even alleged in history, we are willing to give to both parties the credit which the circumstance reflects upon the character of the one, and the humanity of the other. Indeed, among the defenders of this unhappy race, we find names far above the suspicion of a bribe; as, for example, St. Bernard, who, though he promoted the second crusade, endeavoured to repress its horrors, and particularly thundered against the then current doctrine, that to honour Christ, it was necessary to exterminate his enemies. It is indeed probable, that the popes, who were not the least enlightened men of their times, saw the benefits which the wealth and commercial habits of the Jews might, if properly encouraged, confer upon the nations of Christendom; and they evidenced the soundness of their policy, by encouraging them in their own dominions.

Among the other great events which produced important effects upon the condition of the Jews, must be mentioned the appearance of Mohammed, and the institution of the crusades.

It was at first a favourite object with Mohammed, than whom no man knew better how to render religion subservient to worldly policy, to conciliate the Jews, who, being masters of many of the towns and fortresses of Arabia, and possessing experienced armies and commanders, were too formidable to be immediately reduced to subjection. So favourable was his professed regard, that he began with enjoining his followers, when they prayed, to turn their faces towards Jerusalem; and in many other instances he adopted the Jewish opinions and customs, in order to conciliate that people to his interest. The Jews, dazzled with his splendour, began to fancy him the expected Messiah, and some persons of distinction among them went so far as to embrace his false religion. The Arabian writers assert, that the Jews actually sent twelve of their doctors to assist him in compiling the Koran. But disputes soon arose; and the behaviour of the Jews gave rise to an implacable enmity on the part of the false prophet, which ended only with his life. He styles them in his Koran "a people justly cursed of God for their violation of his sabbath and his laws, and for their treatment of Jesus Christ," whom he acknowledged as a distinguished prophet. But his *chief* objection to the Jews was evidently their rejecting his own mission; and so well did he combine temporal with spiritual weapons, that he reduced them to obedience, confiscated their wealth, and enrolled them among his tributaries. By his dying command they were

transplanted to Syria, in order that but one religion might be professed in the land of his nativity.

The Jews existed with various alternations of prosperous and adverse fortune under the first caliphs. At a time when Europe was enveloped in darkness, the Saracens were the patrons of philosophy and learning in the East; and under their dominion the Jews applied to letters with considerable assiduity and success. From the beginning of the ninth to the end of the thirteenth century, eminent schools of philosophy were opened in the Saracen empire; and the Jews so far profited by the example and assistance of their Mohammedan masters, that this period has by some writers been considered the golden age of Israelitish literature.

When the Jews were expelled from the East, multitudes passed into Africa, and from thence joined their brethren in Spain, who were greatly favoured by the caliphs. This protection arose from the assistance which the Jews had given the Saracens in the conquest of that country, and it led to an intimate connexion between the disciples of Moses and those of Mohammed, which was cemented by their mutual hatred to the Christians, and subsisted till their common expulsion from that kingdom.

But the crusades had a still more powerful influence on the condition of the Jews than even the appearance of the arch-prophet of Arabia. The object of that monument of human frenzy being so intimately connected with the Holy Land, naturally turned the attention of Europe towards the Jews. If it was thought the duty of Christendom that the country which had witnessed the incarnation and death of the Saviour of mankind should be rescued, at the risk of whatever horrors and excesses, from the hands of the Infidels, it was not to be wondered at that those by whom that Saviour was persecuted and slain received their full share of the common indignation. The sufferings of the Jews during these periods were innumerable, and bore ample proportion to the extent and duration of the fanaticism which gave them birth. For two hundred years, during which the frenzy lasted, the Jews beheld leagued against them kings and people, laymen and ecclesiastics, the madness of youth and the malignity of age. In every individual of the six millions of persons who are said to have assumed the cross in these "age-lasting wars," the Jews beheld an executioner ready to inflict summary vengeance for the great crime at Calvary. This was the most terrible persecution which they had sustained since the time of Adrian; and it has been emphatically said of them, that "their population seemed to increase only to furnish new victims." The crusaders in their march through Germany massacred all who refused to submit to the cross. Within the

space of a few months, fifteen hundred Jews were burnt alive at Strasburgh, and thirteen hundred at Mayence. Five thousand were either slaughtered or drowned; and had not multitudes saved their lives by dissimulation, the numbers would have been far more considerable. The Christian historians of those ages, proud of the deeds which they record, vie with the Jewish writers in exaggerating the amount of their victims. The Bavarian annalists boast that upwards of twelve thousand were slain in their country alone; and all agree that the number which perished throughout Germany must have been almost incredible. Many, to avoid being made public victims, violently put an end to their own existence; others precipitated themselves with their wives and children into rivers; or setting fire to their houses perished with their families in the flames that consumed their property. Any thing, in short, was considered better than falling into the hands of their merciless persecutors; who, had they not been occasionally restrained by a few humane ecclesiastics, would probably have succeeded in exterminating the whole race.

Having thus massacred the Jews in their march, the crusaders advanced to invest Jerusalem, which they regarded as the consummation of their labours. After a siege of five weeks the city fell; and in the general massacre which ensued, the Jews received their full share of suffering, being universally cut off without distinction of age or sex. In the second crusade similar scenes occurred both in Europe and the East; and indeed throughout the whole of those celebrated enterprises, the conquest of the Holy Land appeared scarcely an object of greater importance than the persecution and extermination of its expatriated children.

We shall now proceed to give a sketch, necessarily a slight one, of the treatment of the Jews by different nations, in more enlightened periods; and it would be well if we could add that even in protestant ages and countries, they have, generally speaking, experienced the charitable conduct which our common humanity demands.

In Germany, which from recent occurrences ought to bear a conspicuous, we wish we could say an honourable, place in the present article, the Jews have been more frequently accused of enormous offences than in any other part of Europe. The crime of murdering the children of Christians, by way of sacrifice at their passover, has been frequently urged against them. The first instance which occurs of this horrible accusation was at Haguenau, in Lower Alsatia, in the time of Frederic II, who, not being inclined to believe the report, coldly replied, that "all he could say was, that if the children were dead they must be

buried." His incredulity exasperated his subjects : but as they could not prove the crime alleged, the Jews, on paying a *considerable sum*, obtained a favourable judgment. About the same time an old woman, at Munich, in Bavaria, having confessed that she had sold to the Jews a child, whom they murdered, the inhabitants, without waiting for the event of a trial, massacred all whom they could find. The town officers, after in vain attempting to appease the tumult, urged the Jews to retire for safety to their synagogue, where, notwithstanding the strength of the edifice, and the protection of the Duke, they were burned to ashes by the populace. Similar accusations were brought forward in other places, with similar results.

The guilt of poisoning wells and rivers was another favourite allegation against the Jews. In the year 1349, they were severely persecuted, throughout Germany, for this crime; the proof of which rested on no evidence whatever, but that they were supposed to have escaped an epidemic mortality which had raged throughout Europe. It was quite in vain that the Emperor represented to his council, that rivers and springs, having free course, cannot be contaminated by poison.

The fanatical sect of "The Flagellants" were, at this period, among their most virulent persecutors, from an opinion—that the destroying of the enemies of Christ would enhance the meritorious effect of their own penances and lacerations. Many of the Jews, who escaped from these disasters, took refuge in Bohemia; where they soon experienced equally harsh treatment. At Spire, as many as could be discovered, of all ages and both sexes, were put to death; except a few children, who were hurried to the font to be baptized. The pretext for this severity was, that they had insulted a priest, who was carrying the sacrament to a dying person. The citizens of Prague, irritated at seeing them celebrate the passover, set fire to the synagogue, in which they were collected, so that not one escaped. Pecuniary exactions, restrictive edicts, and banishment from particular cities, we pass over, as events too common in their history to need or admit of enumeration.

Among the most unfeeling of the Jewish persecutors, must be mentioned some of their own countrymen, who, having abjured the faith of their ancestors, thought they could in no way so well evidence the sincerity of their conversion, and gain the approbation of their new friends, as by their hostility to their natural brethren. At the commencement of the sixteenth century, the Bishop of Cologne, having expelled the Jews from his diocese, one Victor à Carbe, who had renounced Judaism to obtain preferment in the Roman Catholic Church, wrote a vehement invective against his brethren; in which he applauded

the Bishop, "for plucking the tares from the Lord's field:" and recommended that they should be compelled to abjure their religion by coercive measures. A few years after, another convert, named Pfeffercorn, attempted to persuade the Emperor Maximilian, that all the Jewish books ought to be burned, being replete with fables and blasphemies against Jesus Christ. The conversion and zeal of this man being much suspected, he was accused of having formed the design of seizing the Jewish books, in order to oblige his countrymen to redeem them at an extravagant price, for his own emolument. Pfeffercorn, however, found friends in the clergy; and the Emperor was, in consequence, induced to favour his request. But Reuchlin, a man well versed in Hebrew literature, having urged that it was impracticable, by an imperial decree, to suppress books, of which copies were dispersed in all parts of the world, and from which reprints might be made, and that, even if practicable, it was not desirable, except where the books were blasphemous, the whole affair, after much intemperate litigation, was submitted to the Pope, who decided against the Jewish convert, and in favour of Reuchlin. The latter, in consequence, met with much enmity from the monks; but he coolly informed them, "That he was persuaded that Martin Luther," who then began to make a figure in Germany, "would find them so much employment, that they would be glad to permit him to end his days in peace."

The Reformation had an important bearing upon the condition of the Jews. Wherever it extended, they were at least freed from that part of the odium which they had so often suffered during the middle ages, founded upon the charges of crucifying children, profaning consecrated wafers, and similar offences. The general mental activity which accompanied that important epoch, extended itself to the Jews, who began to publish lexicons and grammars in their sacred language. Their skill as physicians, had been celebrated during the dark ages; but it was now gravely determined by the theological and Lutheran faculties of Wirtemberg and Rostock, that Christians, when sick, cannot conscientiously employ Jewish physicians, "because they make use of magical remedies," and since the malediction of heaven has been pronounced against this people, "they ought not to cure Christians, who are the children of God!"

But upon the whole, the effects of the Reformation in liberalizing the minds of Christians, and rendering them less severe in their conduct towards the Jews, have been very visible, especially during the last hundred years. In 1728, some zealous Christians in Germany formed a plan for the conversion of the Jews, of a very different kind from those attempts which had been made during

the ages of papal intolerance. Instead of the usual implements of persuasion, which had hitherto consisted chiefly of racks and chains, and penal edicts, a benevolent institution was established at Halle, for the purpose of printing and distributing among them, works on the evidences and importance of Christianity. We regret, however, to add, that much success does not seem to have accompanied the attempt.

In 1781, Joseph II conferred many privileges on the Jewish people in his dominions. He granted them the right of exercising all the arts and trades, and of freely pursuing their studies at the schools and universities. Leopold, his successor, still farther increased their privileges, permitting them to take academical degrees in the lay faculties, and to assume the office of advocates in the public courts of justice.

Frankfort on the Maine has long been proverbially hostile to the Jews, especially in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when the number of Jews resident in that city is computed to have amounted, upon an average, to nearly thirty thousand. They were confined to live in one street, completely separated from the houses of the citizens, by a high wall. Every evening, both ends of the street were shut up for the night, and no Jew was on any occasion suffered, without special permission, to quit his prison during the time of Christian worship. A degrading toll had long placed them upon a level with beasts of burden. Between twenty and thirty German princes, stimulated by the example of the Primate of Germany, in whose dominions Frankfort is situated, have been persuaded to abolish these tolls. Still a variety of galling restrictions and exactions continue, some of which are so frivolous in a political, and so insignificant in a financial point of view, that it seems as if they were kept up only for the mere pleasure of thwarting this unhappy race of men. In Westphalia, however, the Jews have at length obtained the rights of humanity, and by a decree passed in Jan. 1808, are placed on the same footing as their fellow subjects.

In the states of the King of Prussia, they, till recently, were harassed by vexatious regulations. The father of a Jewish family could allow only one, or at most two, of his sons to marry; the rest were condemned to perpetual celibacy. Every Jew, on his marriage, was obliged to purchase a certain quantity of porcelain, the refuse of the Royal Manufactory. These regulations were abolished in 1809, and the Jews in the Prussian dominions are now assimilated in most respects to their neighbours. The Rabbinical system has nearly disappeared, and the commercial body is composed of men of better education and greater liberality of sentiment than the ordinary class of trading Israelites. The origin of this distinction, as well as much of the

increased consideration with which the Jews are now regarded in the Polish and Prussian dominions, may be traced to the character and writings of the celebrated Moses Mendelsohn (or Mendelshom) who was born at Dessau in Upper Saxony, in 1729, and passed the greater part of his life at Berlin, where he rose to a degree of literary fame, and personal distinction, which no other modern Jew has ever attained. Possessed of a vigorous intellect and an ardent desire for knowledge, he soon selected from the huge mass of talmudical lore, in the study of which the Jewish students had hitherto consumed their years, the works of Maimonides, which he perused almost in his infancy with incessant attention. His intense study, combined with peculiar irritability of frame, brought on him, at the age of ten years, a nervous complaint of great severity. Arriving at Berlin on foot in search of employment, in order to obtain subsistence, he lived for many years unknown, and friendless, being frequently without a home, and destitute of the common necessities of life. At length he was engaged to copy manuscripts by a Rabbi, who discovered his talents, and initiated him in the mysteries of Jewish philosophy, theology, and jurisprudence. A Polish Jew taught him Euclid's Elements, from a Hebrew version; and under the instruction of another friend who supplied him with books, he was soon able to read the works of Locke in the Latin translation. He now made rapid progress in the mathematics and modern languages, especially the English, which he learned chiefly for the sake of perusing his favourite Locke in his own idiom. In 1751, he published Philosophical Dialogues, with a translation of Rousseau's Essay on the Inequality of Man, and a Dissertation on the Sensation of the Beautiful. His subsequent works were numerous, and were so highly esteemed, that he acquired the titles of "the Jewish Socrates" and "the Jewish Plato."

But to raise his degraded nation was his first and favourite object; and both by his personal efforts, and his writings, he unremittently laboured for their benefit. The renown which he acquired awakened the genius and intellectual ambition of his nation; and many other authors, of eminence, arose in consequence of his example. The progress of the nation has, since that period, been strikingly marked: the Talmud is becoming an object of just contempt, and the study of it is rapidly giving place to more useful and manly pursuits. We fear, however, that, with the rejection of their ancient foperies, not a few of the more learned Jews, seduced by the atheistical philosophy of France, are becoming indifferent to their own accredited Scriptures, and that they are only exchanging ignorance for pride, and superstition for deism. An English clergyman (the Rev. Lewis Way), who lately made the tour of

a large part of Europe, to investigate the state of the Jews, remarks, that the writings of Mendelshom too much resemble those of Voltaire, and are by no means likely to lead the Jews from Moses to Christ: Mendelshom, in fact, acknowledges the Divine legation of neither. His followers, however, very generally consider Christ as a prophet; though they think themselves quite competent to the discovery of sacred truth, and the practice of virtue, without any revelation whatever. They are known by the name of the "Reformed Jews," and have erected a synagogue at Berlin, in which their worship is performed in a sort of cathedral style. The above-mentioned clergyman remarks of them:

"I conversed in one day with four Jews of this description. The first was a student of theology in the university; the second a magnetizing physician; the third a student in philosophy, moral and natural; and the fourth a merchant, who had more sense than the other three. Their opinions, taken together, might build a little Babel: all, however, conceived religion to lie within the compass of reason and human power, and our justification before God to be by the works of man alone. The philosopher quoted from Hesiod, '*Les dieux ont mis aux portes de la sagesse la sueur*:' he thought to climb heaven by labour, and that Pelion, well placed upon Ossa, would give him sufficient elevation. The physician thought he could bring down the heavenly spark of faith by the friction and vibration of his wand of steel, and impregnate the water in a tumbler with the powers of life. The merchant thought himself the only righteous man in Berlin, because he never asked more for his goods than he intended to take. His words and motto were, '*Garder ce qui est droit, faire ce qui est juste, c'est la religion*.' The theologian seemed never to have heard of Adam, or the fall of man; nor had he any notion of the necessity of an atonement. He considered sacrifice not as typical but as temporal, and salvation wholly within the power of man in his present state. How would the great Apostle have exhorted them all, that, with one accord, they should turn from these lying vanities to the service of the living God."

In Poland, the Jews have been less persecuted than in most other parts of Europe. Casimere the Great treated them with considerable favour, in consequence of his affection for a beautiful Israelitess, who interceded with him in their behalf. They soon engrossed the commerce of the country, built superb synagogues, purchased land, and farmed the royal demesnes. Poland has long been the chief seat of Jewish literature, and has boasted of many professors of considerable learning. We were somewhat surprised to find so brief a narrative of the history of the Polish Jews in Miss Adams's work; but must account for the fact, by reflecting that the prosperous portions of human life furnish comparatively few materials for history. The Jews in Poland are so numerous and powerful as almost to seem,



to a cursory traveller, the inhabitants of the country. They are generally the proprietors of the inns, post-houses, and ferry-boats; and, by their extensive commerce with society, have divested themselves of many of the prejudices which adhere to their less enlightened brethren. Mr. Way and his companion found them very generally open to religious instruction; and they received with avidity the copies of the Hebrew New Testament which were put into their hands. They were frequently seen collected in parties, in the public streets, reading or conversing upon the contents of that hallowed volume. Mr. Way distributed a considerable number of these Testaments in his journey without at all shocking their prejudices; he even entered their synagogues and schools, and argued the points at issue between them and Christians, without once meeting with interruption. There is scarcely a town in Poland in which there are not frequent instances of Jews entering Christian communions and receiving the sacrament of baptism; and though it is to be feared, that secular policy, and an indifference to *all* religions, is too generally the real cause of these professed changes of sentiment, yet the fact certainly argues the decline of prejudice, and seems to open a favourable opportunity for the labours of those benevolent societies which are exerting their efforts to promote the conversion of the Jews to the Christian faith.

The fluctuation of policy towards the Jews on the part of Russia exhibits a remarkable revolution of the public sentiment of modern Christendom. The Jews were formerly excluded from Russia: they are now not only tolerated, but encouraged. The Emperor Alexander issued an Ukase in 1805, which, among other privileges, granted them the liberty of educating their children in any of the schools or universities of the Russian empire. This benevolent monarch, and the leading members of his administration, have since exerted themselves in a variety of ways for this long-persecuted race of men; of whom there are said to be not less than two millions in the Russian dominions. We have seen a copy of an imperial edict, dated March 25th, 1817, which states, that "many examples having reached the royal knowledge, of Hebrews who, after they have been, by the grace of God, convinced of the truth of Christianity, and have embraced, or are willing to embrace, the Christian faith, and to be united with the fold of the good Shepherd and Redeemer of our souls," have been persecuted by their brethren and suspected by their new friends, his Imperial Majesty offers to such converts his favour and protection, and enjoins the authorities of his empire to second his benevolent intentions. Settlements are further appointed for their use, and lands are set apart, free of rent, "for an everlasting possession to them and their

posterity." To the Ukase is added a variety of regulations for their benefit, with an order that its benevolent provisions shall be promulgated throughout the Russian dominions, and carried into effect, without fee or reward, by the public authorities.

Holland has always been comparatively favourable to the Jews. The lenity of the government, by giving free scope to their commercial genius, has enabled them to accumulate wealth; and the many learned Rabbies who have flourished in that kingdom, prove that they have not been wholly inattentive to more liberal avocations. Among their celebrated men, is enumerated Menasses Ben Israel, the friend of Grotius, Episcopius, and other eminent Christian literati. He wrote a variety of learned works, and negotiated in person with Oliver Cromwell, for granting certain privileges to the Jews in England. Uriel Acosta also, who, like Menasses Ben Israel, was born in Portugal, but passed his life in Holland, is celebrated not less for his learning, than his misfortunes. His deism and religious tergiversation offended all parties, Jews as well as Christians. He was in consequence twice excommunicated by his brethren; and the last time, in spite of a promise of being kindly received, was treated with circumstances of the most deliberate and gratuitous ignominy; he was made to enter the synagogue, dressed in mourning, with a black torch in his hand, to confess that he deserved a thousand deaths; and to submit, not only to a public scourging, but to lie down at the threshold of the building, and to be trodden on by the rabble. Exasperated, or broken hearted, at this unexpected infamy, he put an end to his wretched life with a pistol. Spinoza, the Justinian of atheism (for he collected its "membra discerpta," into a sort of regular code), was a native of Amsterdam. He was a Jew by birth, a Christian through policy, but an atheist in principles. But his learning and talents were indisputable; and had they taken a more honourable scope, would have added great lustre to his native country. Gregoire, in his *Histoire des Sectes Religieuses*, mentions a number of Jews of literary celebrity, at present resident in Holland, and bears high testimony to their industry and talents.

But even in Holland, the Jews, though comparatively favoured, have not been free from odious and inquisitorial restrictions. They were forbidden the exercise of the arts and professions; and a Jew at Amsterdam, who supported a superannuated mother by his exertions, could not, without great difficulty and delay, obtain even the privilege of pursuing the business of a locksmith. A benevolent society, whose views embrace all Holland, and whose motto is *Pro bono publico*, has in the first article of its regulations excluded the Jews. The same remark applies to other societies, as the Felix Meritis, &c.

The Jews in Holland are about sixty thousand in number, two thirds of whom reside at Amsterdam. Since the French revolution, they have been admitted to the usual civil privileges of the community, and many have distinguished themselves as much by their talents, as their wealth. A schism some time since occurred, which gave rise to much vehement controversy and legal litigation. The new community are the "Liberales," of the sect; they exclude from their liturgy all imprecations against other persuasions; and prohibit the interment of their dead under forty-eight hours, contrary to the Jewish custom, which superstitiously precipitates the performance of that last ceremony, before it is *always* possible in cold climates to ascertain the death of the party.

To narrate the vicissitudes and persecutions of the Jews in that most bigoted, and any thing but *Catholic* country, Spain, would require a volume instead of a paragraph. We have already seen, that during the time of the Saracen power in Spain, they were more or less protected by their Pagan advocates; and the subsequent wars between the Christians and Mohammedans, left neither party much leisure to think of molesting the Jews. But the eleventh, twelfth, and part of the thirteenth centuries, witnessed a complete change of their condition; and so great were the persecutions carried on against them during those periods, that Abarbanel, a celebrated Jewish writer, asserts, that the crusaders alone, by their cruelties, caused more Israelites to abandon Spain, than Moses conducted out of Egypt. James I of Arragon treated them with kindness, and directed several Dominican friars to learn Hebrew, in order to convince them of their errors. Alphonso X of Castile, patronized them because he was himself a man of science, and made it his policy to encourage learned men of whatever religious denomination. He found the Jewish doctors of great use to him, in compiling his celebrated astronomical tables. Under his protection they flourished, though not without numerous plots and false accusations on the part of his Christian subjects. The Jews by their own infatuation brought on, as was almost constantly the case, their subsequent miseries; for, listening to false Messiahs, they suffered themselves to excite the prejudices of their neighbours, and not unfrequently in various parts of the world, broke out into open opposition to the authorities of the country. Alphonso the Eleventh, though, like his predecessor, a friend to the Jews, was prevailed upon by his subjects to pass a decree against them, on account of an alleged indignity offered to the sacrament by a Jewish boy. The clamour of the populace was so violent, that a council was convened to deliberate whether they should be put to death or only banished. The latter being preferred, they were

commanded to leave the kingdom in three months; an edict which would have been executed, had it not been afterwards ascertained that it was a young Christian, and not a Jew, who had inadvertently committed the alleged crime.

The imagination of our readers, aided by the foregoing circumstances, will easily supply what our limits oblige us to omit on the subject of Spanish persecutions. Vincent Ferrier, who was canonized for his miracles and zeal in converting the Jews, induced more than twenty-five thousand openly to abandon their religion; but it was well understood by all parties, that penal severities were the real, whatever might be the ostensible arguments which swayed the minds of the new devotees, who were more than suspected of still retaining in private all the rites and peculiarities of their own religion. The consequence was, that the Inquisition, which was expressly established by Ferdinand and Isabella of famous memory, to prevent the relapse of Jews and Moors, was directed to devote close attention to these delinquents, of whom seventeen thousand were devoted to severe censures and penances, two thousand were put to death, and many submitted to long imprisonment and tyrannical personal degradations. Even the repositories of the dead were not spared; the bodies of suspected persons were disinterred and burned at the stake, and the estates of the deceased confiscated, their children being declared incapable of succeeding to them.

At length, to consummate the catastrophe, Ferdinand and Isabella, having completed the reduction of the Moors, improved their leisure by issuing an edict for the immediate expulsion of the Jews from their dominions. Nearly a million of persons are stated to have abandoned the kingdom in pursuance of this decree; even Abarbanel, the personal favourite of the king and queen, could not avert the stroke, but migrated to Venice, where he soon arrived at great distinction. The sufferings of the Jewish emigrants were incalculable. Some of the vessels took fire; others were so heavily laden that they sank; others were wrecked; and in one a Spanish pilot formed the resolution of murdering his victims, to revenge the death of the Saviour of mankind. The pathetic remonstrance of the Jews prevented his executing his resolution; so that he contented himself with stripping them naked and landing them on a desert shore, where part perished by hunger, part were destroyed by beasts of prey, and part were rescued by the humanity of the master of a vessel, who happened to discover their miserable condition.

It would be endless to follow the steps of these refugees to their places of asylum. Many sought refuge in Portugal, where, upon the payment of eight golden ducats per head, they were promised protection; but the reigning king some time after marrying the

daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, was prevailed upon to issue an edict for their expulsion. Many abjured their religion on this occasion, to prevent being robbed of their children, who, as we have already mentioned, were ordered to be forcibly taken from their parents, in order to be educated in the Christian faith. So many delays were invented to retard the departure of the exiles, that numbers were obliged to remain in the kingdom, and were sold as slaves. Overwhelmed with their afflictions, many of these assumed the garb of Christianity, which exposed them to the merciless severity of the Inquisition, on the least symptom of predilection for their former customs.

The Jews at length, finding themselves baffled in all their attempts to obtain toleration in Spain and Portugal, migrated in large numbers to England and Holland. Multitudes, however, availed themselves of the liberty of dissimulation permitted in the Talmud. Externally Catholics, but Jews at heart, they abounded in various ranks and professions; not excepting the church itself. By pretending unusual zeal for the Romish faith, they have generally passed unobserved; and it has been said, that when a house is more than usually decked with lamps and relics, and the owner celebrated for being the most rigid devotee in the parish, the probability is, that the family are Israelites in disguise. The celebrated Spanish Jew Balthasar Orobio, eminent for his mathematical and metaphysical erudition, and who, himself, though a professor in the university at Salamanca, was a Jew at heart, and was most inhumanly treated in the dungeons of the Inquisition on suspicion of that fact, attests that many even among the Spanish grandes and clergy were Jews, and that Franciscan monks, Dominicans, and Jesuits, resorted annually in disguise to the synagogue at Amsterdam, to confess and expiate their dissimulation. In Portugal the name of a Jew is a term of such high reproach, that the government found it necessary to enact a law, which forbids any one to call another by that appellation, and exonerates the accused party, if in the heat of his indignation he stab the offender to the heart. For the *present* behaviour of the Spaniards to the Jews we refer our readers to the Royal Embroiderer and his most Holy Inquisition, who, no doubt, can give a satisfactory account of their conduct.

Nor was the treatment of the Jews, for some centuries, on the other side of the Appenines, one degree more merciful. The inconsistency and caprice of the French nation, in their conduct to this people, were scarcely less remarkable than their cruelty. Expulsions and recalls followed each other in rapid succession. In 1182, Philip the August, under pretence of piety and zeal for God, banished their persons, but retained their property. Soon

after, he ordered them to be recalled; and appeased the minds of the zealots, who remonstrated on the occasion, by alleging that his object was to extort money to defray the expenses of the crusade. St. Louis confirmed and extended the oppressive laws in existence against them: he commanded them, as various other monarchs, in other countries, have often done, to wear a degrading badge of distinction, and prohibited their having any intercourse with Christians. During his reign, when a Jew appeared to give evidence in a court of justice, he was officially addressed with the following specimen of forensic eloquence:—"May the Lord God send you a continual fever or ague, if you are guilty of perjury; may he destroy you in his anger—you, and your family, and your effects; may the sword and death, terrors and inquietude, pursue you on all sides; may the earth swallow you up, like Dathan and Abiram," &c. &c. We shall not detail the various charges brought against this nation at that period, because they were pretty much the same as in other countries, as were, also, the punishments inflicted upon them. As the most common allegation against them (for poisoning rivers, and sacrificing children on Good Friday, were kept for peculiar occasions) was usury, so the most common punishment was pecuniary mulcts, extorted in all the various ways which ingenuity and oppression could devise. The practice of usury, whatever it may be in a *moral* point of view, as far as the disposition of the lender is concerned, it is quite clear, is no crime at all in a commercial one, except in so far as it may be prohibited by specific laws. No man can lend unless another is willing to borrow; and the terms of the contract will not, generally speaking, exceed what is required by the degree of risk and the comparative scarcity of money. Perfect security will easily obtain money at the regular market-price; and imperfect security must be content to give proportionably more. If an individual could better himself by going from a Jew to a Christian, the option was before him: and though, in either case, the probability would be, that, if he was ignorant of the nature of the business which he was transacting, he would make an imprudent bargain; yet this is nothing more than what happens in every other transaction of life; and as much applies to a Jew-boy who retails oranges, as to a Jew-broker who contracts for national loans. If money had not been wanted it would not have been borrowed; and, if the extravagance of the terms proved the avarice of the lender, it no less proved the benefit which he conferred upon society, by having money to lend. Apart, therefore, from restrictive laws, which every subject is, of course, bound in duty to obey, the Jew committed no crime in lending his money to the highest bidder; so that the constant allegations against the usurious transactions of this

nation were founded in ignorance of the nature of public commerce; which will always find its level, unless prevented by artificial restrictions. \*

In 1275, Philip the Bold recalled the Jews, whom his predecessor, St. Louis, had banished. Philip the Fair again expelled them, in order to replenish his coffers with their wealth; and, fourteen years after, Louis X recalled them for a similar reason. The price of their return was paying a heavy tax. They were also allowed to collect their old debts, on condition of paying the king two-thirds; but were not to lend money on bond, or to dispute, either publicly or privately, on the subject of religion.

Their expulsion by Philip the Tall gave rise to bills of exchange; for not being allowed to carry away their property in bulk, they gave the foreign merchants bills upon those to whom they had entrusted it; which bills were regularly accepted and discharged. This most useful invention, by which merchants in remote places can procure the value of their commodities without the inconvenience of exporting silver or gold, or more bulky articles, produced a particularly favourable effect upon the unhappy race by whom it was invented; for being masters of this efficacious mode of communication, the richest of them having nothing perhaps but invisible property in their possession, it became impossible for any individual prince or nation to seize, as before, upon their wealth, which at a moment's notice might be transported wherever they pleased. In order therefore to retain their property, it became requisite to keep their persons,

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\* The Jews themselves allege, that the aim of their lawgiver, in forbidding the Hebrews to lend upon interest, was, to draw closer between them the bonds of fraternity, to give them a lesson of reciprocal benevolence, and to engage them to assist each other with disinterestedness.

The intention of Moses, they argue, was, to make of his people a nation of husbandmen for a long time after him; and all his regulations seemed designed to divert their attention from commerce. His prohibition must therefore be considered as a principle of charity, and not as a commercial regulation. According to the Talmud, it is to be considered as made to a man in want; for in case of a loan to a merchant, even though he be a Jew, profit adequate to the risk should be considered as lawful. The Mosaic law forbids all manner of interest on loans, not only between Jews, but between a Jew and others, without distinction of religion. The loan must be gratuitous, when it is not intended for commercial speculations. These humane laws, however, were made for a people who then formed a state, and held a rank among nations.—If the remnants of this people, now scattered among all nations, are attentively considered, it will be seen that, since they have been driven from Palestine, they no longer have had a common country, and therefore have no longer to maintain among them the primeval equality of property.

Such was the drift of the argument employed by the Jewish deputies at Paris, in their conference with Bonaparte's commissioners. They added that, although attentive to the spirit of their legislation, they were sensible that the letter of the law could no longer be obeyed when its principle was done away; and they, therefore, were accustomed without scruple to lend money on interest to trading Jews, as well as to men of different persuasions.

which rendered it necessary to restrain persecution within the limits of endurance.

We pass over their succeeding fortunes in France till the period of their final expulsion in 1304. In the course of the following ages a few families were occasionally allowed to inhabit particular places on payment of large sums of money; but even as late as 1718 we find the merchants of Mentz uniting to petition against this indulgence; and similar complaints continued to be made in other quarters till the time of the Revolution, which effectually abolished all restrictions, good and bad, and invested the Jews with the usual rights of citizens. The efforts of Bonaparte to naturalize and domesticate them are well known. A solemn meeting of their leading men was convened at Paris in the summer of 1806; where such questions were asked as were convenient to Bonaparte to propose, and such answers returned as were prudent for them to offer. A grand Sanhedrim was subsequently convoked, which met in 1807 under circumstances of great pomp and solemnity, in order "to convert into religious doctrines the answers which had been given by the Jewish deputies." The whole was evidently a master-piece of policy in Bonaparte, who completely succeeded in gaining the Jews over to his interest. The leading members of this Sanhedrim were probably many of them mere Deists, who cared no more for Moses than for Mohammed. They certainly had no suffrages from their brethren not under the French dominion, and some of the Jews in England strongly protested against their proceedings.

The fortune of the Jews in Italy has varied with the character of the reigning pontiff. Generally speaking, the heads of the Romish church have acted favourably towards them, and have admitted them into their dominions when expelled from other countries. They have long been numerous in the ecclesiastical state, where as late as the middle of the last century they are said to have possessed nearly a hundred synagogues, some of which were in Rome. They had also an academy in that city, and affected superiority over their brethren in other parts of Italy. They have had several men of eminence among them, of whom Tremellius is best-known, from his having become a convert to Christianity, and translated, in conjunction with Junius, the Old Testament from the Hebrew into Latin. David Bomburg, a Jew from Antwerp, settled in Venice, and was the first person who printed the Hebrew Scriptures.

A few, however, of the popes violated the general policy of their order, by persecuting the Jews. Paul IV compelled them to burn their books, and to sell their lands, with many other galling inflictions. During his pontificate, eighty converts from Judaism having pretended to be possessed with evil spirits, ac-



cused their unbelieving brethren of bewitching them in order to revenge their apostasy; in consequence of which the whole race would have been expelled by the credulous pontiff, had not a Jesuit examined the witnesses by scourging, and detected the fact, that the whole was a plot of the courtiers to enrich themselves with the plunder of this devoted race.

Such has been in various ages the conduct of a large part of our continental neighbours towards the descendants of Israel. It would be truly gratifying to us as Britons, to have to show that in our own happy land, where the just rights of man have been so long known and secured, the reverse of these melancholy scenes had taken place; and that the Jews had enjoyed, in common with their fellow men, all those privileges which could be conceded without injury to the recognized religion and government of the country. The just extent of these we are not about on the present occasion to discuss; but a very slight knowledge of our history is sufficient to show that whatever they may be, they have, till within a comparatively recent period, been studiously withheld from this much abused people.

The annals of our native country are too familiar to our readers to require that we should enter into a lengthened detail on the subject of the treatment of the Jews by our forefathers. William the Conqueror is supposed to have introduced them into this country, having brought a large colony of them from Rouen, in Normandy, for a stipulated sum of money. They had a place assigned them for their residence, and were by law considered as vassals to the king, who could dispose of their persons and property without their own consent. Still they flourished, and were the most opulent and intelligent portion of the laity, and were the only bankers, or as they were generally called in those ages, the usurers, of the times. They visited the Continent, conducted what existed of foreign commerce, and made themselves useful to the church itself, by their skill in executing gold and silver ornaments for the sacred edifices.

William Rufus, who made no pretence to religion, greatly favoured them, and even appointed public meetings in London, to hear them dispute with the Roman Bishops. Henry II protected them, and allowed them burying places on the outside of every city where they dwelt. In his reign, the Parliament at Northampton proposed to assess them, towards the projected war, at 60,000*l.* while all the Christians in England were to pay but 70,000*l.*; a proof, as has been justly observed, that either the Jews were extremely rich, or the Parliament shamefully tyrannical. The accession of Richard I caused a grievous reverse in their condition; for having hastened in large numbers to London, to present valuable gifts, in order to secure the Royal

protection, a report spread, that they had conspired to bewitch the King, and that, in honour of the coronation, a general order had been in consequence given for their massacre. Numbers lost their lives by the popular fury on that occasion; and the persecution continued for nearly twelve months longer throughout the country.

The crusade under the same monarch added greatly to their sufferings; for though they had lent their money to a large extent on the occasion, the people were not satisfied, but rose in several places, resolved, if possible, to exterminate the whole race. We need not add, that as usual, they seized upon their property. At York, where the Jews were great money-lenders, and lived in a splendid manner, their opulence excited the popular envy, to shield themselves from which they took refuge in York Castle, under the protection of the governor. Suspicion, however, arising, that the governor intended to betray them, they one day refused him entrance, upon which he applied to the sheriff, and to the most powerful of the violent party, who were deeply in debt to the Jews, and an order was given to attack the castle. This order was soon revoked, the superior citizens having refused them aid to execute it; but the rabble having determined upon, and begun the assault, the Jews seeing there was no chance of escape, set fire to the towers of the castle, and, destroying their wives and children, put a period to their own lives. Five hundred thus perished, and the few who surrendered were murdered by the populace. D'Israeli relates in his "*Curiosities of Literature*" that a canon regular led the assault in his surplice, exclaiming, "Destroy the enemies of Jesus," but doubts whether this spiritual laconism, or the hopes of immense plunder, had the greater share in invigorating the arm of the brutal rabble. Immediately after the massacre, the numerous parties who were indebted to the Jews repaired to the Cathedral, where the bonds were deposited, and discharged their debts by seizing and burning them with great solemnity in the church. The king gave strict orders to the Chief Justice to make severe examples of the delinquents: but he considering the whole as but the frenzy of the multitude, contented himself with levying a fine upon the opulent inhabitants, and depriving the sheriff and governor of their offices.

These persecutions having caused many of the Jews to leave the kingdom, John, upon his accession, granted them a charter, confirming their ancient privileges, relying upon which, many returned, and were more cruelly plundered than before. The odium attached to their usurious practices made the people frequently demand their expulsion; but the kings generally found it a more advantageous way to exact pecuniary fines. These

exactions made them still more usurious; for the interest of money will always more or less conform to the risk and odium attending the transaction; and the Jews knowing that they should be deprived of one half by the king, and perhaps be murdered for their retention of the other, very naturally rose in their demands.

John, notwithstanding his pledge of protection, soon ordered the whole race, women as well as men, to be imprisoned and tormented, till they should pay 66,000 marks. The story is well known of a wealthy Jew, of Bristol, who having been assessed upon this occasion in ten thousand marks of silver, and refusing to pay so ruinous a fine, was ordered by the king to have a tooth extracted every day, till it was discharged. He submitted to the operation, which we may be sure was not very tenderly performed, for seven days; and on the eighth, overcome with pain and dreading new inflictions, consented to satisfy the king's rapacity.

Henry III, his son, granted to the inhabitants of Newcastle the inhospitable privilege that no Jew should reside among them. During his reign, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishops of Lincoln and Norwich, in order to expel them from their dioceses, published injunctions of excommunication to all who should presume to sell them any provisions. When the barons appeared in arms against the King, they endeavoured to attach the citizens of London to their interest, by the massacre of seven hundred of this devoted race. Their houses, on this occasion, were plundered, and their new synagogue burnt; but being permitted to be rebuilt, it was, some time after, taken from them, by the King, and given to the Friars Penitents, who had complained that "they were not able to keep the body of Christ in quiet, for the great howlings which the Jews made during their worship." David Levi, in his Letter to Priestley, says, that the Friars in the Old Jewry, having but a small dark chapel belonging to their Friary, coveted the Jews' new synagogue, which stood next to it, and therefore begged it of the King, who was glad to be furnished with this pretext for seizing it.

A law passed the House of Commons in the reign of Edward I, which seemed to promise the Jews a qualified security, being designed to introduce a regularity in the revenue exacted from them, which had hitherto been an arbitrary demand of authority. It is true this statute was not in the most liberal spirit, as may be gathered from the provision, that "the good Christians shall not take *above half* their substance;" but even partial as it was, the King, whose prejudices against the Jews were always strong, and had been greatly increased by his expedition to the Holy Land, does not seem to have much respected it. His

exactions and oppressions continued to increase; while the Jews, groaning under their miseries, and having no character to lose, endeavoured to repay themselves for their sufferings, by every possible mode of acquiring property. They were accused of adulterating the coin, circulating counterfeit money, and making fraudulent exchanges. It is more than probable, these accusations were but too well deserved; and we have repeatedly stated, that in detailing the miseries of the Jews, we do not wish to palliate their crimes. We only deprecate the practice of first oppressing them, and then punishing them for disaffection; of tra-  
ducing them, and then wondering that, loaded with infamy, they should resort to practices to which infamy is justly attached; of preventing their exercising the ordinary modes of procuring a livelihood, and then finding fault because they make use of those which lie within their power. The habits of the Jews, and the genius of their nation, seem eminently to fit them for commercial exchanges; but much of the avarice, and subtlety, and fraud, with which their intercourse with Christians has been marked, must be attributed to the restrictions and hardships under which they have laboured. A degraded people can never be expected to exhibit an exemplar of the generous virtues; or a slave, the unsuspecting and unsuspected integrity of a free man. It would have been contrary to the usual course of human history, and the principles of the human heart, if the Jews, treated as they have usually been, should have turned out otherwise than they have usually done. We see already, that mild laws, increasing civilization, and the extension of education among them, have greatly improved their character; and among the most honourable, as well as most wealthy merchants and bankers of Europe, may be enumerated many members of this community. We have not much to say for the lower orders among them, who are too often notoriously the pests of society. Yet we can pity while we blame; and a moment's consideration of the difficulties in the way of a poor but honest Jew, who labours to subsist in a Christian country, will show that much of the criminality alleged against them is rather incidental to their circumstances than peculiar to their disposition; except, indeed, in the same way as a propensity to evil is radical in us all. The Jews are blamed for not attending to agricultural pursuits; but where is an English farmer to be found who would take one into his service? In many places the admission of a Jew child into a workshop or factory would be a signal for a general revolt throughout the concern; to say nothing of the fact that the Jew himself is naturally confined to large towns, where alone he can meet with persons of congenial views with himself, or frequent the public services of his religion.

But to return to our narrative.—In consequence of the outcry

raised against them in the reign of Edward I, all the Jews in England were imprisoned in one day; and two hundred and eighty were executed in London alone, besides vast numbers in other parts of the kingdom. Their houses, lands, and goods, were confiscated; and, at length, to complete this arbitrary scene, the whole race, to the number of sixteen thousand five hundred, were banished from the kingdom, never to return, under pain of death. The trifle allowed them out of their property to defray their expenses to foreign countries, was very generally seized by the seamen of the Cinque Ports; who, to add to their calamities, threw some hundreds of them into the sea. After this expulsion (anno 1290), the Jews never appeared again in a body in England, during three hundred and fifty years.

When England became a republic, Holland became a respectable object of emulation: and Cromwell, who had the sagacity to discern the commercial benefits which the Jews had conferred upon that country, resolved to invite their return to England. He was however too well aware of the unpopularity of the measure, and too anxious to conciliate the clergy, to attempt this on his own responsibility. He therefore summoned a convocation of divines, and other persons of influence, to whom he declared, in his usual style, "that since there was a promise of the conversion of this people; and the gospel, in its primitive purity, was preached in England; their recall might be a means of inducing them to embrace Christianity." Dr. Goodwin, and a few others, exerted themselves in the same cause; and Manasseh Ben Israel, who had come over to England for the purpose, endeavoured to conciliate the leading men of the commonwealth to the measure. But all these exertions were unsuccessful; for the minds of the lower orders of the people were too strongly entrenched in prejudices to allow of their willingly admitting a single Jew into the country. A few, however, occasionally came over, and were permitted to exercise their religion.

Charles II, being indifferent to religion, and having no objection to bribes, connived at their settlement; but the parliament never abrogated the decree which expelled them as aliens in the eye of the law. They were not permitted to purchase houses, or to exercise dignified professions. James II remitted, in their favour, the alien duty on exported goods; but the Christian merchants, fearing that the same indulgence would be extended to imported goods also, petitioned against this regulation, which, to their great joy, was rescinded at the Revolution. In the reign of Anne, the church of England appears to have used some efforts for their conversion to Christianity, and, in one instance at least, with success.

The passing of the Naturalization Bill in 1753, with the disgraceful scenes that ensued, and its consequent repeal in the very next session, are facts too recent to need more than a simple mention. Since that period, the Jews have no longer been subjected to the kind of injuries which we have so amply detailed. They are now indulged in all the free exercise of their religion; their personal liberty is ensured; and they share every civil right necessary to the acquisition or security of property. Their religion prevents their qualifying themselves for various offices, by means of the usual tests; but they do not appear to have any thing to complain of, nor, in point of fact, are they heard to do so. Many of them are well educated; a few among them are men of considerable learning or science; a large class are wealthy and respected capitalists; and some have been distinguished by their benevolence and public spirit. These classes have repeatedly remonstrated with the less honourable members of their community on the iniquitous modes of life in which too many of them indulge; and it is to be earnestly hoped, that the increase of education among them will greatly tend to check the evil.

In the year 1800, a society was formed in London with a view to attempt their moral and religious improvement. Lectures were established, tracts distributed, and schools instituted for this purpose; but the pecuniary affairs of the society becoming embarrassed, and inconveniences being foreseen, on account of the nature of its constitution, which consisted of Christians of various denominations, it was agreed, in 1815, to render it strictly a church of England institution; and a munificent individual relieved it from its pecuniary embarrassments. Two great and excellent persons, the Bishops of Gloucester and St. David's, consented to become its patrons. Since that period, its proceedings and progress have assumed a character of extreme interest; and its concerns appear to have been conducted with strict integrity, and with considerable success. Its great work has been the translation of the New Testament into Biblical Hebrew; a plan which bids more fair than any that has yet been pursued to invite the attention of these people to Christianity. The Jews upon the Continent have accepted this work with considerable avidity; and, from the veneration of the nation for their sacred language, it is to be reasonably hoped that it will prove of great utility in diminishing their prejudices against the Christian religion.

We have not had an opportunity, in this slight sketch, of noticing the general condition of the Jews in Asia and Africa since the time of the crusades: their state in Europe is that which we wished at the present moment to bring more immediately before our readers; though, in an historical point of view, few subjects are more interesting than some of the

questions connected with their oriental dispersions and wanderings. It has been conjectured, with considerable probability, that the recently discovered Affghans are the descendants of the ten tribes; and the narratives of voyagers and travellers, within the last few years, have brought many curious notices to light respecting the migrations of this people.

Of their condition in the New World not much need be said, as their numbers there are not very large; and the more recent discovery of that quarter of the globe has exempted them from those calamities which would have attended their footsteps had Columbus existed five centuries earlier. We must, however, just notice, in honour of our author, whom we have too long forgotten, and to whose work we refer our readers for ample and interesting, though sometimes desultory details, that, in the United States, they enjoy the privileges, and discharge the duties, of faithful citizens, and live in terms of peace and political unity with their neighbours.

ART. XIV.—*Specimens of the British Poets; with Biographical and Critical Notices, and an Essay on English Poetry.* By Thomas Campbell. 7 vols. 8vo. London, 1819.

**T**HERE is sometimes a disadvantage in acknowledged high reputation. It is natural to exact in proportion to our estimate of ability: and where, as is often the case, ability is rated above its due standard, the disappointment of the expectations formed is in the ratio of their vehemence or excess. Mr. Campbell has long been connected in the public mind with the classical associations of modern English poetry: he has also given proof, in literary journals, we believe, but at least in oral lectures, of his proficiency in philosophical criticism. It was quite in course that the announcement of a selection from the English poets, with critical dissertations, by one who was himself admired as a poet, and known as an accomplished and acute literary censor, should excite very high expectation: and the public impatience was heightened by those procrastinating delays in the completion of the work, which brought to recollection the proverbial uncertainty of pledges, the redemption of which depends on a poet's industry.

Much of this expectation is undoubtedly gratified: and there is quite a sufficiency of just critical discernment, of pure and cultivated taste, of accurate research, and of wary and judicious scepticism, to demonstrate the qualifications of the selector and biographer for the task which he had undertaken. It cannot,

however, be denied that there is also much of disappointment, even allowing for exaggerated anticipations. In proportion to the proofs exhibited that the public confidence in the selector's adequate erudition and ability was not misplaced, is the mortification resulting from the discovery, that this ability has not been unremittingly exerted: that the compiler has allowed occasional fits of negligence or moods of languor to paralyze his intellectual activity, and that he has disappointed us by gaps in the MS. precisely where the reader had eagerly sought the instruction or amusement of discursive criticism.

In a work of general biography it is no apology for omission to plead, that the subject under consideration has been often treated of before. A writer of biography, as well as of criticism, is to recollect that he does not write only for the well-informed and erudite; that his sketches and his comments are designed equally for those to whom even popular works may not have found their way, and to whom that which to himself may appear trite and common-place, might seem pregnant with interest and even with novelty: but even the extensively lettered reader is desirous to see the old and trodden paths decorated with the flowers of an original mind: the authority of no writer is of such precluding importance as to extinguish our curiosity to see what another may possibly be enabled to contribute of critical elucidation from the stores of peculiar research, or the resources arising from particular habits of contemplation. So differently are our minds composed, and so various are the opportunities and circumstances which determine and diversify our tastes and our habits of thinking, that there is no subject on which some new light or colouring may not be thrown: and from this conviction there arises the more eager desire of ascertaining what impressions subjects familiar to ourselves may have made on minds which we have been accustomed to regard as gifted with the power of original reflection.

Mr. Campbell has excited these expectations in no common degree; and if in some particulars they have been accomplished, in others they have been much disappointed. We have felt ourselves disappointed, as well by the want of completeness and unity in the work, as by Mr. Campbell's impenetrable reserve on points connected with the characters of men or of their writings, respecting which he was in a manner pledged by his very undertaking to be explicit. As it is, there is an appearance, if not of indolence, at least of a want of skill in arrangement. We were led to expect a notice both critical and biographical annexed to each respective author: but we are sometimes dismissed with a scrap of biography alone; and sometimes we have a critical analysis of the performances, but are left to hunt at large for the private



incidents of the life and the peculiarities of the character of the writer. In other instances "to be born and to have died" make up the whole history: thus, to our utter astonishment, on turning to the name JONATHAN SWIFT, we find, born 1667, died, 1744.—We learn of THOMAS SOUTHERN, that he "was born in Dublin in the year 1660, and died in 1746."—Of THOMAS OTWAY we have the same brief notice, that he was born in 1651 and died in 1685; and "born 1709, died 1784," is all that Mr. Campbell could afford to Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON!

With regard to the selection, there will naturally be as great a difference of opinion in various readers, as there exists a diversity of tastes and literary habits. Every reader would probably complain that his own favourite poem had been tastelessly omitted. Some will wonder that *Eoisa* had not been given in the place of the *Rape of the Lock*; and others again will think it strange, that either of these could be preferred to the *Essay on Man*. But the fault of selection in these volumes consists in this, that the specimens are too partial and confined: they do not convey, what it is the design of this kind of historical collection that they should convey, a general and complete view of the poet's character. Of Pope's ethical, satirical, and pathetic vein we know nothing, from perusing his mock-heroic. Of Thomson we have not a correct idea from his *Castle of Indolence*; which is foreign to his native and habitual manner. This fault arises from the misplaced anxiety to present the reader with whole poems. At other times the selections are made upon the proper principle of illustrating the various styles of an author. Those from Dryden are judiciously extracted for this purpose: though specimens of his plays might have been easily included by the curtailment of his imitations from Chaucer. Akenside is also well displayed; but his lyric poetry, on which he principally grounded his claims to distinction, should not have been overlooked.

The *Essay on English Poetry*, of which the first volume is entirely composed, is a rapid and skilful historical sketch, interspersed with remarks generally judicious and occasionally brilliant. It commences with the influence of the Norman conquest upon the English language, tracing the formation of our tongue from the mixture of the Anglo-Saxon with the French. The suddenness of the transition from the pure Saxon to the vulgar English, assumed by Mr. Ellis, seems to be satisfactorily refuted: as well as the position of Mr. Tyrwhitt, that the use of rhyme was taught us by the Normans. The dissertation, passing through the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and touching with brevity on Chaucer, whose merits are the subject of a critical notice, descants with correct discrimina-

tion on the Visions of Piers Plowman, and gives an amusing analysis of the "Confessio Amantis of Gower." As this poetical worthy is locked up in black letter from the access of general readers, we shall extract Mr. Campbell's lively delineation of his characteristic manner.

"Gower, though he had been earlier distinguished in French poetry, began later than Chaucer, to cultivate his native tongue. His '*Confessio Amantis*,' the only work by which he is known as an English poet, did not appear till the sixteenth year of Richard II. He must have been a highly accomplished man, for his time, and imbued with a studious and mild spirit of reflection. His French sonnets are marked by elegance and sensibility, and his English poetry contains a digest of all that constituted the knowledge of his age. His contemporaries greatly esteemed him; and the Scottish, as well as English writers of the subsequent period, speak of him with unqualified admiration. But though the placid and moral Gower might be a civilizing spirit among his contemporaries, his character has none of the bold originality which stamps an influence on the literature of a country. He was not, like Chaucer, a patriarch in the family of genius, the scattered traits of whose resemblance may be seen in such descendants as Shakespeare and Spenser. The design of his *Confessio Amantis* is peculiarly ill contrived. A lover, whose case has not a particle of interest, applies, according to the Catholic ritual, to a confessor, who, at the same time, whimsically enough, bears the additional character of a Pagan priest of Venus. The holy father, it is true, speaks like a good Christian, and communicates more scandal about the intrigues of Venus, than Pagan author ever told. A pretext is afforded by the ceremony of confession, for the priest not only to initiate his pupil in the duties of a lover, but in a wide range of ethical and physical knowledge; and at the mention of every virtue and vice, a tale is introduced by way of illustration. Does the confessor wish to warn the lover against impertinent curiosity? he introduces, apropos to that failing, the history of Actæon, of peeping memory. The confessor inquires if he is addicted to a vain-glorious disposition; because if he is, he can tell him a story about Nebuchadnezzar. Does he wish to hear of the virtue of conjugal patience? it is aptly inculcated by the anecdote respecting Socrates, who, when he received the contents of Xantippe's pail upon his head, replied to the provocation with only a witticism. Thus, with shriving, narrations, and didactic speeches, the work is extended to thirty thousand lines, in the course of which, the virtues and vices are all regularly allegorized. But in allegory Gower is cold and uninventive, and enumerates qualities, when he should conjure up visible objects. On the whole, though copiously stored with facts and fables, he is unable either to make truth appear poetical, or to render fiction the graceful vehicle of truth." (Vol. I. p. 73—76.)

We then arrive, in our progress through the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, at Surrey and Wyatt: and we are happy to find

that Mr. Campbell does not discover, like the critics of the North, that Wyatt, being no poet, may be passed by. We do not however assent to the position that in his "lyrical effusions he studied terseness rather than suavity." There is often a certain ballad flow in his numbers extremely natural and pleasing.

The merits, the deficiencies, and the redundancies of Spenser, are touched with the discrimination and decision of original thinking and a chastened taste. It is justly remarked, that the want of popular interest in the *Fairy Queen*, and the very cursory attention directed to it even by those critically competent to distinguish the sweetness of his sentiment, and the softness or magnificence of his descriptive colouring, can scarcely be ascribed to "the tedium inseparable from protracted allegory." The tale of "*Pilgrim's Progress*" is instanced as evincing the power of allegory, however extended, to captivate the fancy and interest the affections, if managed and conducted with that rigour and coherence which Spenser, notwithstanding the romantic graces of his imagination, must be confessed to have wanted.

At the close of the sixteenth century we are introduced to George Peele, whom our readers will perhaps scarcely recognize as an old acquaintance, though his "*David and Bethsabe*" is styled by Mr. Campbell "the earliest fountain of pathos and harmony that can be traced in our dramatic poetry." We think he rather over-rates the luxuriant images in the speeches of Bethsabe and David: the truth is, that it is too luxuriant for nature: the apostrophe to Zephyr, as a person, with his sister Air, "goddess of life, and governess of health," is not precisely in the character of Jewish expression: and the rapture of David, who wishes that "the silver streams" may in future "play upon rubies, sapphires, chrysolites," is foreign to his character, and moreover, in itself, puerile, tawdry, and cold; but the harmony of the metre is extraordinary. The following extract from the dialogue between Joab and David has more of vigour, though still somewhat too inflated in the diction to consist with the simple energy of passion.

"*David.* Thou man of blood! thou sepulchre of death!  
Whose marble breast entombs my bowels quick,  
Did I not charge thee, nay, entreat thy hand,  
Even for my sake, to spare my Absalom?  
And hast thou now, in spite of David's health,  
And scorn to do my heart some happiness,  
Given him the sword, and spilt his purple soul?

"*Joab.* What! irks it David, that the victor breathes,  
That Juda, and the fields of Israel  
Should cleanse their faces from their children's blood?  
What! art thou weary of thy royal rule?

Is Israel's throne a serpent in thine eyes,  
 And he that set thee there, so far from thanks,  
 That thou must curse his servant for his sake?  
 Hast thou not said, that, as the morning light,  
 The cloudless morning, so should be thine house,  
 And not as flowers, by the brightest rain,  
 Which grow up quickly, and as quickly fade?  
 Hast thou not said, the wicked are as thorns,  
 That cannot be preserved with the hand;  
 And that the man shall touch them must be armed  
 With coats of iron, and garments made of steel?  
 And art thou angry he is now cut off,  
 That led the guiltless swarming to their deaths,  
 And was more wicked than an host of men?  
 Advance thee from thy melancholy den,  
 And deck thy body with thy blissful robes,  
 Or, by the Lord that sways the Heav'n, I swear,  
 I'll lead thine armies to another king,  
 Shall cheer them for their princely chivalry;  
 And not sit daunted, frowning in the dark,  
 When his fair looks, with wine and oil refresh'd,  
 Should dart into their bosoms gladsome beams,  
 And fill their stomachs with triumphant feasts;  
 That, when elsewhere stern war shall sound his trump,  
 And call another battle to the field,  
 Fame still may bring thy valiant soldiers home,  
 And for their service happily confess  
 She wanted worthy trumps to sound their prowess:  
 Take thou this course, and live;—*Refuse, and Die.*"

(Vol. I. p. 143, 144.)

In estimating Shakspeare Mr. Campbell stops short of the *romantic* theory of Mr. Schlegel, and we deem it right to give him an opportunity of defending his qualification of that critic's boundless idolatry of our drama's glory.

"In an abstract view of dramatic art, its principles must appear to be nearer to unity than to the opposite extreme of disunion, in our conceptions of time and place. Giving up the law of unity in its literal rigour, there is still a latitude of its application which may preserve proportion and harmony in the drama.

"The brilliant and able Schlegel has traced the principles of what he denominates the *romantic*, in opposition to the *classical drama*; and conceives that Shakspeare's theatre, when tried by those principles, will be found not to have violated any of the unities, if they are largely and liberally understood. I have no doubt that Mr. Schlegel's criticism will be found to have proved this point in a considerable number of the works of our mighty poet. There are traits, however, in Shakspeare, which, I must own, appear to my humble judgment incapable of being illustrated by any system or principles of art. I do not allude to his historical plays, which, expressly from being histori-

cal, may be called a privileged class. But in those of purer fiction, it strikes me that there are licences conceded indeed to imagination's 'charter'd libertine,' but anomalous with regard to any thing which can be recognized as principles in dramatic art. When Perdita, for instance, grows from the cradle to the marriage altar in the course of the play, I can perceive no unity in the design of the piece, and take refuge in the supposition of Shakespeare's genius triumphing and trampling over art. Yet Mr. Schlegel, as far as I have observed, makes no exception to this breach of temporal unity; nor, in proving Shakespeare a regular artist on a mighty scale, does he deign to notice this circumstance, even as the *ultima Thule* of his licence. If a man contends that dramatic laws are all idle restrictions, I can understand him; or if he says that Perdita's growth on the stage is a trespass on art, but that Shakespeare's fascination over and over again redeems it, I can both understand and agree with him. But when I am left to infer that all this is right on romantic principles, I confess that those principles become too romantic for my conception. If Perdita may be born and married on the stage, why may not Webster's Duchess of Malfy lie-in between the acts, and produce a fine family of tragic children? Her Grace actually does so in Webster's drama, and he is a poet of some genius, though it is not quite so sufficient as Shakespeare's, to give a 'sweet oblivious antidote' to such 'perilous stuff.' It is not, however, either in favour of Shakespeare's or of Webster's genius that we shall be called on to make allowance, if we justify in the drama the lapse of such a number of years as may change the apparent identity of an individual. If romantic unity is to be so largely interpreted, the old Spanish dramas, where youths grow grey-beards upon the stage, the mysteries and moralities, and productions teeming with the wildest anachronism, might all come in with their grave or laughable claims to romantic legitimacy.

'Nam sic

Et Laberi mimos ut pulchra poemata mirer.' HOR.

On a general view, I conceive it may be said, that Shakespeare nobly and legitimately enlarged the boundaries of time and place in the drama; but in extreme cases, I would rather agree with Cumberland, to wave all mention of his name in speaking of dramatic laws, than accept of those licences for art which are not art, and designate irregularity by the name of order." (Vol. I. p. 152—156.)

Mr. Campbell should however have noticed, that Schlegel does not defend the extended unity, which embraces infancy and adolescence, by the general laws of the romantic drama; but by the peculiar and professed design of Shakspeare in this particular play, intimated by the title of "A Winter's Tale." There is, however, much of justness in Mr. Campbell's reasoning, as applied to other anomalies in the poet's dramas: and we ourselves perfectly remember something of an obstinate scepticism in our minds, when we heard an ingenious philosophic lecturer defend the romantic propriety of the sea coast of Bohemia.

The analysis of Massinger, of Beaumont and Fletcher, Ford and Shirley, is very admirable: and we were glad to observe that Mr. Campbell does not, like some other modern critics, consider an immoral taint as heightening the zest of dramatic enjoyment. The criticisms on Milton, on Dryden, and Pope, would have been better placed among the critical notices, where the reader would naturally look for them.

The old question, whether Pope was a poet? which Dr. Johnson decided in the affirmative by a sweep of sonorous declamation, naturally meets us at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Why Mr. Campbell should have closed his Essay on English Poetry with the observations on Pope, we are totally at a loss to account. That he has spoken of the poets who succeeded Pope in their successive biographies is a very insufficient reason, and might have equally justified the omission of Pope himself. The remarks on Pope, in the body of the volume, have a meagre appearance, from their being wholly confined to a defence of his private character: the general character of his poetry might have been defined in the essay, without descending to critical minutiae. Surely that dissertation on English poetry cannot but be pronounced unsatisfactory and incomplete which omits to mark the transition of taste and genius from the school of Pope to that which succeeded him: a transition which constitutes a remarkable era in our national poetry. As it is, the essay concludes with the superficiality of a French lyceum; and foreigners, whose extent of acquaintance with our poetical literature seldom reaches beyond Pope and Thomson, are now plunged in still deeper ignorance, and taught, under the guidance of a celebrated English poet, to retrograde still further, and fix on the grotto of Twickenham as the boundary of the English Helicon.

We do not think that Mr. Campbell has shown his usual accuracy of tact in his defence of that which is denominated the French school; although we agree with him that Dryden is not properly included in it, and that his conceptions have a native strength and original raciness, and his expressions an idiomatic boldness and peculiarity entirely English. But he has failed in proving what it was his object to prove;—that Pope, and the general contemporary writers of his day, were poets in the emphatical sense of the term. “I am free to confess,” observes Mr. Campbell, “that I can pass from the elder writers and still find a charm in the correct and agreeable sweetness of Parnell.” But this is not enough; that such poetry may be pleasing is not denied; but correctness and equable amenity are not the highest qualities of poetry: the fever and fire of invention, however “disfigured by quaintness and false metaphor,” will always suc-

ceed in producing a more vivid and lasting impression on the fancy, and will always attract more of the adoration that waits on the steps of genius, than the happiest and most polished refinements of elegant mediocrity.

"Who now reads Pope?" may be a question calculated to give great offence to those who yet retain the associations of their youthful reading; but it is not the less true, that whether justly or not, he has lost much of his hold on the public mind. His Homer indeed is read; but the temporary and personal subjects of his satires no longer interest; and the neat sententious arrangement of his periods, and the terseness of his numbers, can no longer disguise the shallowness of his moral philosophy, or the studied artificiality of his cast of sentiment. The epistle of *Eloisa* has, we venture to think, been praised beyond its intrinsic merits; it exhibits but faint proofs of original feeling or an aptitude to catch the transitions of passion: not merely the sentiments, but the very expressions are transplanted, not without injury, into the verse of Pope, from the Latin letters of *Heloisa* to *Abelard*. Of the sensible imagery of nature, of that individuality which constitutes the picturesque, Pope had but a faint perception; of which his translation of the moonlight scene in the *Iliad*, where all that is distinct is confused, and all that is solitary disturbed and crowded, is an instance sufficiently notorious. We agree with Mr. Campbell that a poet is not exclusively to be tried by the standard of a sensibility to inanimate nature; but we may well doubt the possession of a really creative imagination in any poet, who, looking on external nature, can do no more than transfer to his canvass the traditionary copies which others had transmitted. We admit that the works of art will task the powers of description, perhaps in an equal degree with those of nature; and we think that Milton displays the plasticity of his fancy no less when he describes "th' embowed roof with antique pillars massy-proof," and the "stained windows richly dight, casting a dim religious light," than when he directs our eyes to the "wandering moon, oft as if her head she bow'd, stooping through a fleecy cloud." But we may remark that Milton is not more exquisite in the one species of painting than in the other; and we cannot but think this to be the test and the triumph of the genuine poet. Mr. Campbell therefore proves nothing for his purpose when he speaks of Homer as a "minute describer of works of art," and of Milton as "full of imagery derived from it." But the truth seems to be, that Pope is not excellent, even in that limited branch, for his success in which Mr. Campbell challenges our respect and admiration: "the mossy-grown domes and spiry turrets,"—the "grotts that echo to the tinkling rills," require no peculiar exertion of fancy, and are within the

reach of all who are conversant with the common resources of verse.

We conceive Mr. Campbell peculiarly unfortunate in his selection of the lines which are meant to impress us with the excellence of Pope in familiar description. They are the lines on the Man of Ross; and we should have a difficulty in seeking for any copy of verses more divested of every thing essentially and properly poetical, if we except what never fails him, but what is notwithstanding of easy purchase, compactness of measure. In the higher provinces of animal or terrestrial nature, we think the dying pheasant and the rocks of Zembra, rather examples of cultivated versification and the mechanism of poetic art, than of that fancy which Mr. Campbell would ascribe to them: and the occasionally Virgilian diction in the Essay on Man, furnishes, in our judgment, no exception to the principle which we have advanced.

That Pope had not the "air and fire" which Drayton (we think) describes as making a poet's verses clear, is evident from the inequality of his philosophical poem. He is for ever deviating into satire and almost doggrel burlesque, and this on occasions when we should naturally look for dignity and elevation.

"Throughout the Greek tragedians," observes Mr. Campbell, "there is nothing to show them more attentive observers of inanimate objects than other men." They were, however, busied in greater things—in heroic character and high and passionate emotion. It is not enough to say that "Pope's discrimination lay in the lights and shades of human manners, which are, at least, as interesting as those of rocks and leaves." A nice observation of manners will not place him on a level with the Greek dramatists, who discriminated passions. That traits of manners, also, may be as interesting as descriptions of local scenery is very possible; but this does not prove that they are equally poetical. Sir Plume may "rap his box," yet the "desert caves, with wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown," may be more valuable in the estimation of a lover of genuine poetry. It is surprising that Mr. Campbell, himself a poet, should conceive that external scenery is interesting for its own sake; and that he should suffer himself to forget what trains of association may be awakened in the mind, even by the fluttering of an autumnal leaf. The poet and the reader who are vividly susceptible of external objects, will invariably be found to delight in them from the sympathetic and associative influence which they exert upon the mind. This feeling of the beautiful, and this interest in the minute of nature, are always accompanied by a sensibility to moral impressions, and a susceptibility of tender or passionate emotion. The observation of real nature, therefore, is some-



thing more than a "botanizing perspicuity:" and as in this particular Pope was confessedly deficient, it may at least be suspected that he was not a genuine poet. When all has been done, and when the usual changes have been rung on Eloisa and Windsor Forest, on the Prologue to Cato, and the Epistle to Lord Oxford, he will take his natural rank where posterity has placed him—with the didactic essayists in verse, and the writers of satire and the mock heroic.

The critical notices in the body of the work, though occasionally negligent and superficial, are often carefully finished and distinguished by just and felicitous remark. The series properly begins with Chaucer. We are glad that Mr. Campbell discredits the foolish tale, laboriously eked out by Mr. Godwin, of Chaucer's personal interview with Petrarch: but we must dissent from him in his assumption of Chaucer's "having been the first great architect of our versification, in giving our language the ten-syllable, or heroic measure." Dr. Nott has, we think, satisfactorily shown that the metre of Chaucer was rythmical; regulated by the rest or cesura, and not designedly distributed into syllabic times. The verses may often indeed be so read; but this is the effect of modern custom and association. That Pope has improved Chaucer, in respect of poetical imagery and expression, we cannot agree; we allow that he has made him intelligible, and smoothed and trimmed his numbers. We were afraid that a similar improvement would be hinted at in the satires of Bishop Hall, but were agreeably disappointed. It is justly said of these admirable satires, that they "are neither cramped by personal hostility, nor spun out to vague declamations on vice; but give us the form and pressure of the times exhibited in the faults of coeval literature, and in the foppery or sordid traits of prevailing manners." The picturesque beauty of the following lines, describing a deserted rural mansion, is justly pointed out:

"Beat the broad gates, a goodly hollow sound,  
With double echoes, doth again rebound;  
But not a dog doth bark to welcome thee,  
No churlish porter canst thou chafing see.  
All dumb and silent, like the dead of night,  
Or dwelling of some sleepy Sybarite;  
The marble pavement hid with desert weed,  
With house-leek, thistle, dock, and hemlock seed.

Look to the tow'ed chimnies, which should be  
The wind-pipes of good hospitality,  
Through which it breatheth to the open air,  
Betokening life and liberal welfare.

Lo, there th' unthankful swallow takes her rest,  
And fills the tunnel with her circled nest." (Vol. II. p. 258.)

We cannot always assent to the glowing encomiums which the selector lavishes on favourite pieces or authors ; thus concerning an effusion of the age of Elizabeth, entitled "The Soul's Errand," and classed with the poetry of uncertain authors, he thus magnificently speaks in his Essay, p. 169: "I know not how that short production has ever affected other readers, but it carries to my imagination an appeal which I cannot easily account for from a few simple rhymes. It places the last and inexpressibly awful hour of existence before my view, and sounds like a sentence of vanity on the things of this world, pronounced by a dying man, whose eye glares on eternity, and whose voice is raised by strength from another world." What this supernatural strength would effect, the reader may perhaps be desirous to know.

"Tell Physic of her boldness,  
Tell Skill it is pretension,  
Tell Charity of coldness,  
Tell Law it is contention;  
And as they do reply,  
So give them still the lie.

"Tell Fortune of her blindness,  
Tell Nature of decay,  
Tell Friendship of unkindness,  
Tell Justice of delay;  
And if they will reply,  
Then give them all the lie.

"Tell arts they have no soundness,  
But vary by esteeming,  
Tell schools they want profoundness,  
And stand too much on seeming;  
If arts and schools reply,  
Give arts and schools the lie." (Vol. II. p. 222.)

Just, but discriminated praise is bestowed on Carew; who, notwithstanding occasional trespasses of a too licentious warmth, is one of the most delicate, fanciful, and truly lyrical of our elder poets. His verses on a death-bed, and his translation of a shipwreck from Petronius, have uncommon merit in poetical simplicity. Fenton, in a later period, deserved also a more respectful mention. As the coadjutor of Pope in the *Odyssey*, whose books cannot be discriminated from his own, he must be considered as no insignificant poet. Several of his translations from other authors are distinguished by their elegance. From his original productions something better might surely have been culled than the stanzas "To a Lady sitting before her Glass." Of Hammond, who is, as we think, churlishly treated by Johnson, and whose life has a certain romantic interest, something might have been said, both in the way

of biography and criticism. Savage deserved equal attention. He is called the "son of the unnatural Anne Countess of Maclesfield:" and we hear nothing further but his birth and death. We have before observed that Mr. Campbell has no right to suppose his readers equally well informed with himself; but does he not know that the story so forcibly told by Johnson is contested by Boswell? A due tribute is paid to the excellent Watts, as the author of "Logic" and the "Improvement of the Mind;" but his devotional lyrics are, we think, held in too low estimation. From the mass of his poetry many finer effusions might have been selected than the stanzas entitled "Few Happy Matches." Though Watts wrote loosely, and sometimes with too little attention to elegance, he has passages of great poetical spirit. His English Sapphics, allowing for the pedantry of the taste in metre, contains some noble lines.

The article on Burns forms a feeling and judicious defence both of the poet and the man. In the notice of Cowper Mr. Campbell professes his inability to explain the personal allusion in these lines:

"Nor he who for the bane of thousands born,  
Built God a church and laugh'd his word to scorn."

Surely it is Voltaire, who built in his garden a temple, and inscribed it "Deo erexit Voltaire." The tone of criticism displayed by Mr. Campbell in his acute analysis of the poet Cowper, is more inclining to censure than the just enthusiasm of his admirers will easily endure; we shall however conclude our remarks with an extract, which may be regarded as a good specimen of the spirited manner of the writer.

"At the same time, while there is in Cowper a power of simple expression—of solid thought—and sincere feeling, which may be said, in a general view, to make the harsher and softer traits of his genius harmonize, I cannot but recur to the observation, that there are occasions when his contrarieties and asperities are positively displeasing. Mr. Hayley commends him for possessing, above any ancient or modern author, the nice art of passing, by the most delicate transition, from subjects to subjects, which might otherwise seem to be but little, or not at all, allied to each other:

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

With regard to Cowper's art of transition, I am disposed to agree with Mr. Hayley that it was very nice. In his own mind, trivial and solemn subjects were easily associated, and he appears to make no effort in bringing them together. The transition sprang from the peculiar habits of his imagination, and was marked by the delicacy and subtlety of his powers. But the general taste and frame of the human mind is not calculated to receive pleasure from such transitions, however dexterously they may be made. The reader's imagination is never so pos-

sively in the hands of an author, as not to compare the different impressions arising from successive passages; and there is no versatility in the writer's own thoughts, that will give an air of natural connexion to subjects, if it does not belong to them. Whatever Cowper's art of transition may be, the effect of it is to crowd into close contiguity his Dutch painting and Divinity. This moment we view him, as if prompted by a disdain of all the gaudy subjects of imagination, sporting agreeably with every trifle that comes in his way; in the next, a recollection of the most awful concerns of the human soul, and a belief that four-fifths of the species are living under the ban of their Creator's displeasure, come across his mind; and we then, in the compass of a page, exchange the facetious satirist, or the poet of the garden or the greenhouse, for one who speaks to us in the name of the Omnipotent, and who announces to us all his terrors. No one, undoubtedly, shall prescribe limits to the association of devout and ordinary thoughts; but still propriety dictates, that the aspect of composition shall not rapidly turn from the smile of levity to a frown that denounces eternal perdition.

"He not only passes, within a short compass, from the jocose to the awful, but he sometimes blends them intimately together. It is fair that blundering commentators on the Bible should be exposed. The idea of a drunken postilion forgetting to put the linchpin in the wheel of his carriage, may also be very entertaining to those whose safety is not endangered by his negligence; but still the comparison of a false judgment, which a perverse commentator may pass on the Holy Scriptures, with the accident of Tom the driver being in his cups, is somewhat too familiar for so grave a subject. The force, the humour, and picturesqueness of these satirical sketches, which are interspersed with his religious poems on Hope, Truth, Charity, &c. in his first volume, need not be disputed. One should be sorry to lose them, or indeed any thing that Cowper has written, always saving and excepting the story of Misagathus and his horse, which might be mistaken for an interpolation by Mrs. Unwin. But in those satirical sketches there is still a taste of something like comic sermons; whether he describes the antiquated prude going to church, followed by her foot-boy, with the dew-drop hanging at his nose, or Vinosa, in the military mess-room, thus expounding his religious belief,

"Adieu to all morality! if grace

"Make works a vain ingredient in the case."

"The Christian hope is—Waiter, draw the cork—

"If I mistake not—Blockhead! with a fork!

"Without good works, whatever some may boast,

"Mere folly and delusion—Sir, your toast.

"My firm persuasion is, at least sometimes,

"That heav'n will weigh man's virtues and his crimes.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I glide and steal along with heav'n in view,

"And,—pardon me, the bottle stands with you."

The mirth of the above lines, consists chiefly in placing the doctrine

of the importance of good works to salvation in the mouth of a drunkard. It is a Calvinistic poet making game of an anti-Calvinistic creed; and is an excellent specimen of pious bantering and evangelical railery. But Religion, which disdains the hostility of ridicule, ought also to be above its alliance. Against this practice of compounding mirth and godliness, we may quote the poet's own remark upon St. Paul:

“ So did not Paul. Direct me to a quip,

“ Or merry turn in all he ever wrote;

“ And I consent you take it for your text.”

And the Christian poet, by the solemnity of his subject, certainly identifies himself with the Christian preacher; who, as Cowper elsewhere remarks, should be sparing of his smile. The noble effect of one of his religious pieces, in which he has scarcely in any instance descended to the ludicrous, proves the justice of his own advice. His “Expostulation” is a poetical sermon—an eloquent and sublime one. But there is no Hogarth-painting in this brilliant Scripture piece. Lastly, the objects of his satire are sometimes so unskilfully selected, as to attract either a scanty portion of our indignation, or none at all. When we expose real vice and enormity, it is with a power that makes the heart triumph in their exposure. But we are very little interested by his declamations on such topics as the effeminacy of modern soldiers; the prodigality of poor gentlemen giving cast clothes to their valets; or the finery of a country girl, whose head dress is ‘indebted to some smart wig-weaver’s hand.’ There is also much of the querulous *laudator temporis acti* in reproaching the English youths of his own day, who beat the French in trials of horsemanship, for not being like their forefathers, who beat the same people in contests for crowns; as if there were any thing more laudable in men butchering their fellow-creatures, for the purposes of unprincipled ambition, than employing themselves in the rivalry of manly exercise. One would have thought too, that the gentle recluse of Olney, who had so often employed himself in making boxes and bird-cages, might have had a little more indulgence for such as amuse themselves with chess and billiards, than to inveigh so bitterly against those pastimes.

“In the mean time, while the tone of his satire becomes rigid, that of his poetry is apt to grow relaxed. The saintly and austere artist seems to be so much afraid of making song a mere fascination to the ear, that he casts, now and then, a little roughness into his versification, particularly his rhymes; not from a vicious ear, but merely to shew that he despises being smooth; forgetting that our language has no superfluous harmony to throw away, and that the roughness of verse is not its strength, but its weakness—the stagnation of the stream, and not its forcible current. Apparently, also, from the fear of ostentation in language, he occasionally sinks his expression into flatness. Even in his high-toned poem of “Expostulation,” he tells Britain of the time when she was a “puling starv’ling chit.”

“Considering the tenor and circumstances of his life, it is not much to be wondered at, that some asperities and peculiarities should have adhered to the strong stem of his genius, like the moss and fungus that

cling to some noble oak of the forest, amidst the damps of its unsunned retirement. It is more surprising that he preserved, in such seclusion, so much genuine power of comic observation. Though he himself acknowledged having written "many things with bile" in his first volume, yet his satire has many legitimate objects; and it is not abstracted and declamatory satire; but it places human manners before us in the liveliest attitudes and clearest colours. There is much of the full distinctness of Theophrastus, and of the nervous and concise spirit of La Bruyere, in his piece entitled "Conversation," with a cast of humour superadded, which is peculiarly English, and not to be found out of England." (Vol. VII. p. 352—358.)

Our opinion is certainly much at variance with some of the remarks in the above extract; though the passage is creditable to the author's perspicuity and critical powers. The harmless spirit of Cowper's amusements is very unfairly brought into comparison with games and pursuits, the tendency of which to call into exercise very different feelings from those which accompanied the recreations of the amiable poet is obvious. We suspect that Mr. Campbell has not much in common with Cowper, or he would have seen in a different light some of those particulars in the poet's character and habits which he has thought fit to mark as reprehensible, with a judgment, in our opinion, somewhat too fastidious.

We should not be sorry to see a second edition of these volumes, with the blanks in criticism or biography, wherever they occur, supplied with the same ability that distinguishes the more elaborate notices, and with the Essay on English Poetry extended to its natural dimensions, and continued to the present era.

#### ART. XV.—RECORDS OF THE REALM.

1. *Reports from the Select Committee, appointed to inquire into the State of the Public Records of the Kingdom, &c.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed 4th July, 1800. Folio.
2. *Rotuli Scotiæ in Turri Londinensi, et in Domo Capitulari Westmonasteriensi asservati.* Printed by Command of his Majesty, King George III. in pursuance of an Address of the House of Commons of Great Britain. Folio. Vol. I. 1814. Vol. II. 1819. London.

IT is a fact, to which there is uniform testimony, from the days of Lord Bacon and Lord Chief Justice Coke to our own times, that our general histories exhibit abundant marks of ignorance and incorrectness, with regard to our national records; and that many of the public statutes, and parliamentary forms of proceeding, were unknown

to the most learned men of former times, will be evident to any person who will take the trouble of referring to the rolls of parliament. It is not difficult to account for this ignorance and incorrectness. Most of the historians, who flourished before the reign of king Henry VII, were monks; and many of these residing chiefly (if not wholly) in their cloisters, and having but a small fund of erudition, possessed neither inclination nor abilities sufficient to enable them critically to investigate the history of their own country, during the preceding ages; and, therefore, they contented themselves with transcribing implicitly such accounts of English affairs as they found inserted in those historical manuscripts with which the libraries of their own or of some neighbouring monasteries happened to be furnished; and took no pains to examine the credibility, either of the narratives which they adopted, or of the authors from whom they borrowed them. A similar indolence in a great measure prevented those religious devotees from becoming acquainted with our national affairs, and with the political transactions of their own times.

Inquisitiveness, indeed, was not the characteristic of the inhabitants of the monasteries; whose researches were confined within very narrow bounds, and whose attention was principally directed to the preservation and aggrandizement of their power and revenues. In fact, they knew little of public affairs, except such occurrences as were more notorious, and the topics of general conversation. Hence they relied too much upon common reports, which, without further inquiry, they recorded in their chronicles as authenticated truths; although many of them were mere fictions, invented by artful and designing men to answer sinister views, and were industriously propagated in order to mislead the unwary, and impose upon the credulity of the people.

It must, however, be acknowledged, that *all* the historians, who flourished previously to the accession of the house of Tudor to the English throne, were not thus indolent and credulous. Some there were, who, anxious to investigate the truth of things, with laudable and scrupulous industry, sought for it among the records of the kingdom; while others, who filled important offices in the state, or who (from the business in which they were occasionally employed), possessed superior opportunities of obtaining information, have made ample use of those advantages, and have transmitted to us both faithful and judicious narratives of the transactions of their own times.

Subsequent historians have been men superior in talents, as well as more patient and diligent in research. Besides comparing the materials for the history of former ages, they have endeavoured to find out, and to consult the invaluable public records of the country; and have thus been enabled to place many

events in a more lucid and accurate point of view. Happily, our stores of records are justly considered as surpassing, in age, beauty, correctness, and authority, all similar muniments found in the choicest archives on the Continent; and, by an appeal to them, the lawyer and the historian may not only rectify the mistakes of former writers, but they will also be enabled to trace with accuracy the topography, laws, constitution, and polity of the kingdom, both civil and ecclesiastical.

By far the greater part of the public records, beginning with the books of Domesday, has been preserved to us for more than seven hundred years; although many have undoubtedly been lost or destroyed, particularly during the reigns of king Stephen, king John, and Henry III, and also, during the wars between the houses of Lancaster and York.

The attention of parliament appears to have been directed very early to the preservation of these public memorials. In some of the very first petitions upon the rolls of parliament, \* the public records are considered to be the *people's evidences*: and it is ordained, that they shall be accessible to all the king's subjects. In subsequent ages, sometimes the sovereigns alone, and sometimes the king and parliament conjointly, interposed to make special provisions and regulations for their due preservation and arrangement. Thus, in the reign of queen Elizabeth, an inquiry was instituted concerning the records of parliament, and of the courts of Chancery and Exchequer. King James I projected a state-paper office, and an office of general remembrance for all matters of record; and a commission was issued by king Charles I for searching after all records belonging to the crown. Statutes also were enacted, at various times, to protect them from falsification, erasure, and embezzlement.

Unfortunately, however, almost all the provisions established by the vigilance of the preceding reigns, were frustrated by the civil wars of the seventeenth century: and, although some useful steps were taken in the reign of Charles II, by founding the present office for state papers, and reforming the treasuries of the common law courts, yet no effectual measures were adopted until the reign of queen Anne.

At that era, under the sanction of the royal authority, and by the advice of lord Halifax and of Mr. Harley (the then Speaker of the House of Commons), afterwards earl of Oxford, the design was formed and executed, of publishing that magnificent compilation of state papers and records which the public now possess, under the name of '*Rymer's Fœdera*,' and to which Hume and other historians of later times are so deeply indebted. As that

\* Rot. Parl. 46 Edw. III. vol. ii. p. 314.



great national work chiefly related to the *foreign* transactions of England, the House of Lords afterwards, at the instance of lords Halifax and Somers, set on foot an inquiry into the state of our *domestic* records, as connected with its internal laws and government. That inquiry was prosecuted without intermission, and with many salutary consequences, through the reigns of queen Anne and George I, down to the commencement of the reign of George II.

In consequence of the fire which happened at the Cottonian Library in 1731, the House of Commons was induced to set on foot another inquiry, by its own authority; still more extensive and effectual than the former. It included some of the principal repositories of the kingdom; and a very ample report, made at the conclusion of that proceeding, together with an earnest and unanimous address of the House, in support of the measures which it recommended, was laid at the foot of the throne.

Since that great parliamentary proceeding on the subject of records, a period of nearly seventy years elapsed, until the early part of the year 1800; when, a variety of circumstances concurring to render a further inquiry necessary, the state of the public records was brought under the consideration of the House of Commons. A select committee was, in consequence, appointed to inquire into the state of the public records of Great Britain, and of such public instruments, rolls, books, and papers, as they should think proper, and to report to the House their nature and condition, together with such measures as they should judge proper for the better arrangement, use, and preservation of such records. Towards the end of the same session of parliament, the select committee presented to the House the result of their labours, in the two connected reports which stand at the head of this article.

The first of these reports, to which we are indebted for part of the preceding information relative to the history of our national records, is an elaborate memoir, containing a vast mass of particulars concerning the present state of the records of Great Britain, the manner in which business is conducted in the various offices, together with much incidental matter, of great importance in a constitutional as well as antiquarian point of view, and numerous valuable suggestions relative to the more commodious arrangement and preservation of the records, and also to perpetuating such of them as are of the greatest value, through the medium of the press. This report is illustrated by nineteen engravings of ancient charters and other records, both public and private, principally representing the modes of writing which obtained at different times, between the reigns of William the Conqueror and Henry VIII.

The second report contains a *systematic view* of the contents of

all the returns made to the committee of the House of Commons from the different record offices throughout Great Britain, and which are between three and four hundred in number.\* This systematic view is twofold, viz. 1. A table of the records, exhibiting them *classed* under the leading heads of our constitution, government, and jurisprudence; and, 2. An arrangement of them in *alphabetical order*, with the addition of explanatory notes, and references to the most authentic copies, catalogues, and indexes, relating to each of the principal articles. In this alphabetical arrangement, in the reprinted reports before us, references are made to the pages of the returns contained in the first report, which will greatly assist the future researches of the professional man, as well as of the topographer and antiquary.

Although the labours of the committee of the House of Commons terminated with the reports, of which we have thus presented a concise abstract to our readers, the benefit of their inquiries has not been lost to the public. Upon the foundation of these reports, an address from the House of Commons was immediately presented to his Majesty, humbly representing, that the public records of the kingdom were in many offices unarranged, undescribed, and unascertained; that many of them were exposed to erasure, alteration, and embezzlement, and were lodged in buildings, incommodious and insecure; that it would be beneficial to the public service that the records and papers contained in many of the principal offices and repositories should be methodized; and that certain of the more ancient and valuable among them should be printed. The address concluded with beseeching his Majesty to give such directions concerning them as he should think fit.

Accordingly, certain commissions have been issued, under his Majesty's sign manual, appointing various officers of state for the time being, and other learned persons, commissioners to superintend the different objects adverted to, in the address of the House of Commons; and these again have appointed various persons conversant in records to be their sub-commissioners in the several departments specially assigned to each. The progress made by each sub-commissioner is certified in monthly returns to the commissioners by their secretary, who annually lays before the board a summary of all the several works performed in each department: on consideration of which, the commissioners present to each house of parliament an annual report, or certificate, of the business performed in each year.

We have been led to make the preceding inquiries into the origin, design, and progress of the record commission: because

\* In 1732, the total number of returns made to the committee was only *eighteen*.

we have reason to think, that the numerous and diversified objects which are brought under the cognizance of the board, are neither sufficiently known, nor duly appreciated. We shall not, however, detain our readers by specifying all the benefits which have resulted to the public from its labours (and we can assure them that these labours are many, and of great importance), but shall proceed to give them a brief account of the second work prefixed to this article—the *Rotuli Scotiæ*. We have selected this work, partly because it will require only a short analysis, and partly because it is one of the most recently completed publications of the Record commissioners. In a future number of our Journal, we may probably consider some of their larger and still more important works.

The *Rotuli Scotiæ* contain an important collection of records, illustrative of the political transactions between England and Scotland. They commence with the nineteenth year of Edward I, and terminate with the eighth year of Henry VIII. With the exception of two rolls, relating to the thirteenth and thirty-fourth years of Edward III, which are preserved among the records, in the Chapter House at Westminster, all the *Rotuli Scotiæ* are deposited in the Record Office at the Tower of London. This valuable collection of historical documents is very correctly printed in chronological order, and with contractions, so as to represent, as exactly as possible, the original MSS.; of which a *fac-simile* is prefixed to the first volume. It is difficult to give an analysis of such a multitude of instruments, which embrace so vast a variety of topics. From a careful consideration, however, of the materials which they contain, we may arrange them under the following heads, viz.

1. *Political Transactions of Edward I.*—This class of documents relates to the disputed succession to the crown of Scotland, on the death of queen Margaret (usually called the *Maid of Norway*), without issue, in 1290, which threw that country into the utmost confusion; to the claims of king Edward I, as superior lord of Scotland; and to the contest between Baliol, Bruce, and other competitors for the Scottish throne, which terminated in his pronouncing judgment in favour of John Baliol; the attempts of the king and many of his successors to conquer Scotland; safe-conducts to ambassadors; negotiations, and treaties of peace; truces; precepts to the lords marchers respecting the keeping of them, and orders to other persons for the same purpose.

2. *Naval and Military Transactions.*—The records in this department comprise preparations for wars with Scotland; precepts to the lords marchers and to the sheriffs of counties for levying men; orders concerning their pay and provision; instructions to officers; orders for garrisoning, fortifying, and victualling cas-

tles; exemptions from serving in the wars or in garrisons; impressment of ships and seamen for various expeditions, together with notices of the particular classes of soldiers employed, and of their arms and other equipments.

3. *Proceedings relative to Prisoners of War.*—These include negotiations for ransoming them; licences and safe-conducts to their families and agents to pass and repass; and, in particular, regulations for the ransom of David (Bruce) king of Scotland, and acquittances for it.

4. *Rewards to Partisans.*—This class of instruments comprehends grants of estates, &c. generally to persons of Scotland who had rendered essential aid to the kings of England, in prosecuting their claims to the Scottish throne.

5. *Attainders* of persons having acted against Edward I, or his successors, and grants of pardon to them.

6. *Revenue.*—Under this head are contained orders for raising money by various means, particularly by customs to be levied on merchandize, especially at Berwick, the grants and orders concerning which are exceedingly numerous.

7. *Trade.*—In this class are comprised licences to Scottish merchants to trade in certain English ports, and to English and Scottish merchants to trade with foreign ports.

8. *Ecclesiastical Documents.*—These include grants of benefices, licences, and safe-conducts, to persons going on pilgrimages to reputed holy places in Palestine and elsewhere. The safe-conducts to pilgrims going to visit the shrine of the turbulent prelate, *Saint Thomas à Becket*, at Canterbury, are of frequent occurrence.

9. *Miscellaneous Papers*, which cannot, with propriety, be referred to either of the preceding classes.—These consist of grants of wardships; materials for forming lists of state officers; licences to *students* in Scotland to prosecute their studies in England, particularly at Oxford and Cambridge; and licences to particular persons to fight duels, &c. &c.

The great variety of matters to which the several instruments entered on these records relate; the insight which they give into the affairs of both kingdoms, as they stood, either separate from, or connected with, each other; and the immediate relation which many of them have to landed property in the lowlands of Scotland, and in the marches and borders of the two kingdoms, are not the least important considerations which recommend these records to public attention. They will also enable future historians to correct errors, to supply defects, and to clear up many obscurities in the histories of England and Scotland: while the orders for levying forces, and also those for collecting provisions for victualling fortresses, will furnish data, by which an estimate

may be formed of the comparative population and fertility of the different English counties in early times. And, finally, the *Rotuli Scotiæ* will, in various respects, furnish much curious incidental information relative to the state of England, its manners, and usages, during the period which these records embrace.

The editing of these rolls was confided to the late Mr. Macpherson (well known as the editor of Wyntown's Chronicle, and other publications connected with the early history of Scotland); who completed the first volume, and the greater part of the second: and the remainder of the work has been superintended by other gentlemen connected with the record commission, who have executed their task with great fidelity and accuracy.

ART. XVI.—*Sermons Preached in the Tron Church, Glasgow, by Thomas Chalmers, D.D. Minister of the Tron Church, Glasgow.* 8vo. pp. 525. Glasgow, 1818.

AN original writer, or one who has fairly thought out what he has given to the public, and has given what has essentially added to the stock of profitable knowledge, is one of a small number, who hold a sort of heroic place in the history of the mind, and form an era by their single achievements. Among the many useful and excellent productions by which the press, in these days of mental liberty, has redeemed its dishonour, and balanced its injuries, it is remarkable how very seldom the instance occurs of a genuine unborrowed display of thought in any of the great objects of human inquiry. Among these instances, however, we have little difficulty in admitting the products of Dr. Chalmers's intellect. He seems to us to belong properly to that class of writers, whose reading has been so transmuted by the force of meditation, and the energies of a superior intelligence, as to come forth with the splendor and freshness of a new creation. He has put his own mark upon whatever he has published, and has stamped it with the peculiarities of his genius.

We know not where to find the work in which our real predicament under the Gospel, and the real case of those who mistake its requisitions, or disregard it altogether, are with more exactness displayed and contrasted, than in the volume of sermons which now lies before us. It is its great object to show that the method of salvation promulged by the Gospel is exclusive of every other; that man is a delinquent before God, and an object of punishment at his hands; that the justice of God, like his other attributes, is absolutely perfect, and incapable, therefore, of falling short of its accomplishment; that it

must have satisfaction: and that, to satisfy this inviolable justice consistently with the full exercise of the counter-attribute of mercy, and to give scope to his mercy without detriment to his justice, and thus to prevent the conflict of attributes, and preserve the harmony of the Divine Character, by the mighty and mysterious operation of his grace, God has devised a method by which not only the attribute of justice and the attribute of mercy might be reconciled, but joined in operation,—each of them carried to the utmost extent of developement, and reciprocally constituted the measure of each other.

The key to the mystery of the Gospel is the depravity and degradation of the natural man, lying in sin, and under the penalty of the broken law. And if to place him within the operation of grace and pardon, it was necessary to make the stupendous sacrifice recorded in the Gospel, Dr. Chalmers reasons, and reasons irresistibly, that it were egregious folly to suppose that any other way of redemption is open to man. If it was necessary that Christ should be our Saviour, how is it to be imagined, that man, by any efforts of his own, can save himself? Faith, then, and hope in this sacrifice, preceded by self-conviction and repentance, and followed by love and obedience, make up the sum of a Christian's state and profession. Dr. Chalmers is, of course, only reasoning with those who admit the great facts of Christianity, and have adopted implicitly the nominal creed of their ancestors, but who, carrying their researches no further than into its history, its evidences, and its precepts of moral duty, have suffered its Divine characteristics of grace and mercy, the singularity of its method of reconciliation, and the infinite plan of its operative mysteries, to escape unfelt and unobserved. To such persons, not less than to the heathen Greeks, the Christian religion ought, in consistency, to appear "foolishness;" for to them it must, in reason, present itself as a scheme of operose contrivance, and disproportionate magnitude, for bringing about a very simple object. To overturn a false system of belief, going to decay of itself, and to propound a new system of rules, however excellent, for the guidance of moral conduct, or to elevate us to more spiritual contemplations of heavenly joys, or to accomplish any other general purpose of bounty or blessing to man, suggests no adequate cause for the marvellous and mysterious transaction of the suffering and death of the Son of God in the flesh. To give the appropriate explication of this mighty work of infinite love,—to show the necessity of a satisfaction, and the total incompetency of man to make it,—to prove that to bring ourselves within the reconciliation wrought by this satisfaction, we must have perfect faith in its virtue—to display, as far as to man is permitted, the unap-

proachable holiness of the Supreme Being, our judicial proscription, the invitations of grace, and the one only exclusive road to pardon and heaven, has been the design of the writer of the volume before us:—a design which he has executed with the humble piety of an honest Christian, the tact of intimate familiarity with his subject, and a compass of expression and illustration suited to the grandeur and gravity of his theme.

Dr. Chalmers has a place already in the pages of our Review. There was something of originality, as well as force and fire, in his former volume of discourses, delivered by him at Glasgow, which early enlisted us among its admirers. The whole production was full of his genius; but the seventh of those discourses gave us an assured expectation that the sword of this champion would not be sheathed until other Christian trophies should be won. In the present volume that expectation has been realized. The great lines of Gospel divinity have scarcely ever been more accurately traced. Humble and faithful men in abundance have ranged themselves on its side; but a man possessing the self-seductive talent of fine writing, and the popular fascinations of eloquence, in the degree in which these qualities are found in Dr Chalmers, is not very often seen in the ranks of those who contend for the low estate of human nature and the moral desolation of a criminal world, mounting to pardon and acceptance upon the strength of a vicarious sacrifice undertaken by the very Being whose sentence our sins have provoked.

What these sermons may have produced of salutary feeling or resolution in the congregation before whom they were preached we know not; but we are truly glad to have them preached to the world through the medium of the press; for to the world they properly belong, as propounding those truths, which are never fairly tried but when they have the opportunity of making their appeal to the universal sense of mankind. We trust the local impression and efficacy of Dr. Chalmers's discourses delivered in the Tron Church have been considerable; but it is impossible to doubt that a great deal of his vigorous argument, and vital eloquence, and spiritual learning, must have been dark to many by the excess of light, and too strictly consonant to what the Scriptures have taught, to suit the standard of popular religion. If Dr. Chalmers is a favourite preacher, we believe him to have attained to this eminence by not affecting it, and to have become so by indirect consequence from his faithful ministration of the Divine Word, in all boldness and truth. His first sermon, which is on the necessity of the Spirit to give effect to the preaching of the Gospel, contains observations of the highest import on the vanity and danger of that connexion between a Christian teacher and

his congregation which consists in admiration, on the one side, given in exchange for entertainment, on the other. With the greatest justness of sentiment and remark, the author comments on the unhappy case of a clergyman, who, by his ambitious style of preaching, has surrounded himself with listeners that hang upon his accents with the expectation, not of sound teaching in the simplicity of the Gospel, but of the display of the rhetorician's art in exciting temporary and transient emotions. It certainly does not indicate a settled state of religious feeling to be a runner after preachers: where the admiration of the minister rises very high, the religious principle is often very low; the creature stands in the way of the Creator, religion becomes rather a subject of taste and entertainment than of eternal interest, and is in danger of sinking into a mean dependance on the officiator of the hour. The observations of Dr. Chalmers on this seductive peril to both preacher and hearer are so pointed and just, that we will take from this passage our first specimen of this nervous writer.

“ How little must the presence of God be felt in that place where the high functions of the pulpit are degraded into a stipulated exchange of entertainment on the one side, and of admiration on the other; and surely it were a sight to make angels weep when a weak and vapouring mortal, surrounded by his fellow sinners, and hastening to the grave and the judgment along with them, finds it a dearer object to his bosom, to regale his hearers by the exhibition of himself, than to do in plain earnest the work of his Master, and urge on the business of repentance and of faith by the impressive simplicities of the Gospel.” (P. 25.)

The truth of the matter, according to Dr. Chalmers's way of considering it, appears to be this—the Christian religion does not unfold itself to the eye and the heart of the mere natural man, applying to it his ordinary faculties, such as he carries to other topics of research and speculation; it must be spiritually communicated and spiritually discerned; its professors and its preachers must feel and convey it in a peculiar manner, and by peculiar influence to receive and impart it aright. But the Gospel ground is too narrow for the range of that excursive eloquence, the display of which is so gratifying to human ambition. Genius and taste, and the pride which accompanies intellectual attainments, disdain a prescribed course of teaching, a standard phraseology, and an uniform basis of argument, inducement, and obligation. The Scriptural evangelical tenour, to which the apostolical humility of preaching confines itself, contracts the field of fancy, of illustration, and of pathos. By these constraints the human intellect will not consent to be robbed of its glory; it is content to receive aid from the Gospel.



where occasion suits, but it refuses to bow under its yoke, and obey its dictation. It expands what should be condensed, it volatilizes what should be fixed, it dissipates what should be concentrated; and as the work proceeds, that which was designed to penetrate is dispersed abroad, and the common atmosphere receives and neutralizes that which ought for ever to preserve its quality unchanged, and to pour upon the heart its specific virtues. By the force of mere human eloquence a man may become, as Dr. Chalmers observes, "a favourite preacher, and when he opens his exhortations upon his auditory, there may be a deep and solemn attention in every countenance. But the question is well asked by our author, "How is the heart coming on all this while? How do these people live? and what evidence are they giving of their being born again under the power of his ministry?"

"It is not enough to be told of those momentary convictions which flash from the pulpit, and carry a thrilling influence along with them through the hearts of listening admirers. Have these hearers of the word, become the doers of the word? Have they sunk down into the character of humble, and sanctified, and penitent, and pains-taking Christians? Where, where is the fruit? And while the preaching of Christ is all their joy, has the will of Christ become all their direction? Alas, he may look around him, and at the end of the year, after all the tumults of a sounding popularity, he may find the great bulk of them just where they were, as listless and unconcerned about the things of eternity,—as obstinately alienated from God,—as firmly devoted to selfish and transitory interests,—as exclusively set upon the farm, and the money, and the merchandise—and, with the covering of many external decencies, to make them as fair and plausible as their neighbours around them, proving by a heart given, with the whole tide of its affections, to the vanities of the world, that they have their full share of the wickedness which abounds in it. After all his sermons, and all his loud and passionate addresses, he finds that the power of darkness still keeps its ground among them. He is grieved to learn that all he has said, has had no more effect, than the foolish and the feeble lisps of infancy. He is overwhelmed by a sense of his own helplessness, and the lesson is a wholesome one. It makes him feel that the sufficiency is not in him, but in God; it makes him understand that another power must be brought to bear upon the mass of resistance which is before him; and let the man of confident and aspiring genius, who thought he was to assail the dark seats of human corruption, and to carry them by storm, let him be reduced in mortified and dependent humbleness to the expedient of the Apostle, let him crave the intercessions of his people, and throw himself upon their prayers." (P. 43—45.)

On this subject Dr. Chalmers is full, explicit, and decided. The preacher can do nothing effectual of himself; his ministry may be splendid, but it cannot be operative, unless he can engage the

Divine assistance in the work ; which assistance must be earnestly sought by prayer—prayer excited and impelled by the deep conviction of the utter fruitlessness of all endeavours to impress Divine truths upon the conscience and the heart without the manifestations of the grace of God. In the method of proceeding which he prescribes to the Christian teacher, and, indeed, to the general aspirant after evangelical and saving knowledge, we think him peculiarly correct and wise ; while with a vigour of expression and discrimination eminently his own, he recommends an application to the search after truth, as strenuous as if all depended upon oneself, coupled with prayers as strenuous for enabling grace as if God accomplished all without the slightest effort of our own : the maxim of a sound Christian being this—that nothing will be done for him unless he asks it with humble importunity, and by his efforts demonstrates the sincerity of his prayers. For an example of this we are referred to the practice of the Apostle Paul, in whom “you see,” says Dr. Chalmers, “a man intent on the furtherance of some great object ; and in the prosecution of it, as ever diligent, and as ever doing, as if the whole burthen lay upon himself, or as if it were reserved for his solitary arm to accomplish it ; and yet while he did as much toward the extension of the Christian faith, as if the whole success of the cause depended upon his doing, he prayed as much, and as fervently as if all his doings were of no consequence.”

We find, in turning back some pages, that we had passed over a passage in this volume, which is one of the best specimens of the author's vigorous delineation of spiritual Christianity. He contrasts the cases of the ordinary and the enlightened believer—of the man who reads the Scriptures with his natural eye, and the light of his unaided reason, and the devout and adoring recipient of the truth, as it reveals itself to the view of faith—of the speculative, or merely regular, decorous, and respectful reader of the Divine volume, and him to whom the word is communicated as the reward of prayer, and the gift of the Holy Spirit.

“His office, as defined by the Bible itself, is not to make known to us any truths which are not contained in the Bible ; but to make clear to our understandings the truths which are contained in it. He opens our understandings to understand the Scriptures. The word of God is called the sword of the Spirit. It is the instrument by which the Spirit worketh. He does not tell us any thing that is out of the record ; but all that is within it, he sends home, with clearness and effect upon the mind. He does not make us wise above that which is ; but he makes us wise up to that which is written. When a telescope is directed to some distant landscape, it enables us to see what we could not otherwise have seen ; but it does not enable us to see any thing which has not a real existence in the

a new creation of our spiritual part, and the re-purchase of us to himself by a substitutionary atonement in the person of one of the Trinity, must of course be dark, perplexing, and mysterious. The real difficulty in the way of a right understanding of the Gospel is this, that the worth of our own actions and motives is raised infinitely too high, and the requisitions of the Divine law depressed as much too low: without the admission of inherent depravity, indelible except by an immaculate expiation, the Christian scheme is an absurdity; and as man rises in the scale of self-esteem, the disproportion between the magnitude of the sacrifice and the urgency for it is increased. There is no other way of reconciling Christianity with itself, but by supposing an universal corruption over-spreading the human race, and placing it under the sentence of an infallible and righteous law, to be satisfied and averted only by a great equivalent, full of mystery and astonishment to men and angels,—the Deity itself dying in the flesh, as the commutation for man's eternal punishment. To hold forth from the pulpit the unwelcome doctrine of man's moral feebleness, and abject need; the fatal consequences of continuance in sin, unfelt, unresisted, and undeplorable; and the negative worth of our very best actions, until washed from their stains by the blood of the Saviour, is what the Bible promulgates, and those who follow the Bible preach; but this is what is branded as mysticism and enthusiasm, by men who simplify the whole consideration, by forming their fellow creatures into two classes, of bad and good; allotting them their places according to this arrangement, in another and an eternal state of being. All these self-sufficient endeavours to bring down the Gospel from its elevation of mysterious wonder end in the exchange of difficulty for contradiction, of propositions above reason for those which militate against it, of that for which nothing can account, for that which can account for nothing.

On the darkness of the Gospel dispensation to those whose moral and rational creed is coloured only with so much Christianity as it will absorb into itself without altering its own substance or form, Dr. Chalmers in his second sermon has introduced a series of illustrations and arguments, the most forcible and awakening; grounding his defence of the constituent mysteries of Christianity, not on the silence, but on the acquiescence of reason. In that system, in which some men have discovered nothing but foolishness, his penetrating research has opened a scene of astonishing wisdom; showing, at the same time, how fine a part of reason it is to know the boundary of its own proper jurisdiction. It is the leading object of Dr. Chalmers to prove, that we live under a peculiar system; of the existence and the terms of which reason may inform us, but upon the interior truths of

which it can bring no earthly analogies to bear, nor make out any harmony between such truths and our common experiences and pre-conceived opinions; but he compels us to see, that beyond the verge of our gross perceptions, there lies a scene of beauty and wonder, to which the soul is carried by faith before its final change, and in which it enjoys the foretaste of blessedness in spiritual communion with its Redeemer. All this may possibly be cherished to excess; it may assume an unsober character; the errors of an unbalanced imagination are only not so dangerous as the pretensions of presumptuous reason. They are perhaps nearer to each other, than at first view may seem to be the case; faith, inflated by enthusiasm, often ends where reason intoxicated by vanity begins; when Christian humility is lost, whether it be in the tumult of an overpowering conviction, or in the mazes of philosophical unbelief, the practical result on the heart and conduct is very similar.

The whole strain of Dr. Chalmers's discourses is to show that religion is a peculiar system, making demands upon us, which rise far above the general duties of commutative justice and benevolence between man and man. It is an affair between the Creator and the creature. After the whole debt which we owe to man is paid, there is still a reckoning with God of an incalculable amount. We are to love him with all our strength, and infinitely to prefer him to his creatures, the giver to his gifts; but all this remains undone; nature sinks under the obligation; there are no funds, or fiscal powers in man to pay the tribute demanded. It is only to the riches which are in Christ Jesus that he can look for the means of answering the requisition. In the 4th, 5th, and 6th of these discourses, the writer presses these points home to us with remarkable force and fidelity. In them unregenerate man may see his true face as in a mirror, and will find himself so overborne by facts, as to be utterly incapable of denying that without a total change in his spiritual nature, he can neither love God, nor obey his ordinances. To act the part of a good father, a good husband, and a good neighbour, in all the seeming perfection of these characters; to fulfil all the requisites of moral and social life, so as to live in a blaze of reputation and earthly honour; to act the part in every way consistent with the well-being of human society; and to practise even the virtues of self-denial to an extent answerable to all the demands of equity, humanity, and civility, may be the case of a man whose heart is all the while very far from God. He to whom the motives of our actions are as clear as to us are the actions themselves, will not pass upon those actions a judgment agreeable to our own, nor will he be satisfied with our own testimonials of each other. When actions are done for the sake of multiplying terrestrial enjoyment, or even from motives the

most humane and charitable, but in respect to which the love of him, to whom all is due, has but a secondary, if any, place in our hearts, he who is so jealous of his honour will refuse to ratify such rival claims, or to admit as a title to his rewards such irrelative and unsanctified pretensions.

“Man and man may come together in judgment, and retire from each other in mutual complacency. But when man and God thus come together, there is another principle, and another standard of examination. There is a claim of justice on the part of the Creator, totally distinct from any claim which a fellow creature can prefer,—and while the one will tolerate all that is consistent with the economy and the interest of the society upon earth, the other can tolerate nothing that is inconsistent with the economy and the character of the society in heaven. God made us for eternity. He designed us to be the members of a family which never separates, and over which he himself presides in the visible glory of all that worth, and of all that moral excellence which belong to him. He formed us at first after his own likeness; and ere we can be re-admitted into that paradise from which we have been exiled, we must be created anew in the image of God. These spirits must be made perfect, and every taint of selfishness and impurity be done away from them. Heaven is the place into which nothing that is unclean or unholy can enter; and we are not preparing for our inheritance there, unless there be gathering upon us here, the lineaments of a celestial character. Now, a man may be accomplished in the moralities of civil and of social life, without so much as the semblance of such a character resting upon him. He may have no share whatsoever in the tastes, or in the enjoyments, or in the affections of paradise. There might not be a single trace of the mark of the Lamb of God upon his forehead. He who ponders so intelligently the secrets of the heart, may be able to discover there no vestige of any love for himself—no sensibility at all to what is amiable or to what is great in the character of the Godhead,—no desire whatever after his glory,—no such feeling towards him who is to tabernacle with men, as will qualify him to bear a joyful part in the songs, and the praises of that city which has foundations. Surrounded as he is by the perishable admiration of his fellows, he is altogether out of affection, and out of acquaintance with that Being with whom he has to do; and it will be found, on the great day of the doings, and the deliberations of the judgment-seat, that as he had no relish for God in time, so is he utterly unfit for his presence, or for his friendship in eternity.” (P. 159—161.)

Dr. Chalmers has with great propriety referred for the practical illustration of these great topics to the Book of Job; who mistook the real value of his good actions, which he measured by the standard of human praise, and by comparison with human deservings. Their real worth only became visible to him when the holiness of God, with a portion of its effulgence burst upon his soul; then his eye, which till then had declared his inward trust in

his own integrity, turned downward upon himself, saw the deep secret of sin in his own interior nature disclosed, and the sad testimonies of his real alienation from the source of all purity and holiness, traced in the characters of death. "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee; wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes."

Sermon the seventh, on the folly of measuring ourselves by ourselves, is truly admirable. The source of all spiritual and moral error is the wilful or ignorant adoption of standards of estimation which have no deciding authority. All communities and classes of men are regulated in their consideration of each other by a rule of convenient morality, insensibly produced by the interests of reciprocal dependance; and this standard is usually as low as the exigencies of the particular society will admit. Thus goodness among men has no fixed or steady acceptance. It scarcely holds an independent and substantive existence, much less any fixed and immutable character. It wears the uniform of the corps to which it belongs, the badge and collar of its fraternity and order. It is the way in which men sin collectively, as well as individually, and oppose a sort of corporate resistance to the ordinances of JEHOVAH. They not only transgress, but they justify their transgressions; and, relying upon the association of numbers, they set up the banner, if not of defiance, at least of independence. In measuring ourselves by ourselves we virtually revolt from the sovereign of the universe, who has declared his ways not to be as our ways, and has pronounced his will, and published his holy charter plainly and authoritatively. The radical propensity of our nature to settle a rule for ourselves in deciding the moral quality of actions, independently of scriptural sanction, and the immutable rescripts of our Great Judge and Legislator, declares itself in all the degrees and distinctions of social life; its branching influence casts an unholy shade between God and man, deeper, indeed, and darker, as moral character descends, but more or less hiding from the view of the best ordered and wisest among the moral, and even religious classes of mankind, the pure irradiation of Divine goodness.

The members of each class compare their whole body with other orders of a lower degree of respectability, and with the individuals of their own corps, and settle a ratio and scale of worth in which they place themselves at a decent, if not a dignified elevation. But such is the distance to which all human beings are thrown when they measure themselves by the requisitions of that high and holy rule which Divine justice and purity present to us, that under the awful sense of a common unworthiness we pare hardly insist upon the degrees into which our own estimate

with reference to ourselves, have divided and subdivided human actions and character;—we can safely pronounce some to be much worse than others; but to rest with complacency upon any as meritorious before God, is the delusion of spiritual blindness. Even those who rank with the most select class, and move in a society the most ostensibly religious, are frightfully exposed to the danger of this illusory measure of their own worth:—a fact which should alarm even the professors of a strict and peculiar Christianity.

“There is much in this consideration to alarm many of those who, within the pale of a select and peculiar circle, look upon themselves as firmly seated in an enclosure of safety. They may be recognised by the society around them, as one of us; and they may keep the even pace of acquirement along with them; and they may wear all those marks of distinction which separate them from the general and unprofessing public; and, in respect of church, and of sacrament, and of family observances, and of exclusive preference for each other's conversation, and of meetings for prayer and the other exercises of Christian fellowship, they may stand most decidedly out from the world, and most decidedly in with those of their own cast and their own denomination;—and yet, in fact, there may be individuals, even of such a body as this, who instead of looking upwards to the Being with whom they have to do, are looking no farther than to the testimony and example of those who are immediately around them; who count it enough that they are highly esteemed among men; who feel no earnestness, and put forth no strength in the pursuit of a lofty sanctification; who are not living as in the sight of God, and are not in the habit of bringing their conduct into measurement with the principles of that great day, when God's righteousness shall be vindicated in the eyes of all his creatures; who, satisfied, in short, with the countenance of the people of their own communion, come under the charge of my text, that measuring themselves by themselves, and comparing themselves among themselves, they are not wise.” (P. 192, 193.)

The fatal security produced in the mind by this almost universal practice of measuring ourselves by ourselves, is exemplified in desperate forms of resistance to the humbling requisitions of the Gospel, whithersoever we turn our regards. All humanity reels under the intoxicating delusion. Because we can walk erect among our own species, we trust we can stand upright before God. The fallacious rule speaks peace where there is no peace, and reconciles man to his ruin. Even among the outcasts from society, this fallacious measurement of ourselves by ourselves affords the same treacherous solace;—a scale of value where no value is. It finds its way downwards to the very dregs of humanity. Men extract morality even from their transgressions. A banditti of robbers have the distinctions of good and bad among themselves in as marked degrees, as the best classes of the sound part of

society; reasoning on an inverted principle they decorate their crimes with the ensigns of virtue; each becoming great in the estimation of his fellows, in proportion as he has aggravated on himself the righteous punishment of the laws. But supposing a better rule of estimation to exist among men of this desperate order, and that the value of courage, honour, and fidelity, is fully recognized by them in their appreciation of character, the sovereign or state has nothing to do with these standards of merit among criminals, unless it be to select for punishment those who are most conspicuous among their fellows, "by merit raised to that bad eminence." No government is satisfied by the obedience of those who live under it to some laws of their own. It looks only to that obedience and allegiance to itself, which acknowledges its supremacy, and demonstrates the loyalty and attachment of the subject. The world, which is at enmity with God, and little better with respect to Him than a band of transgressors against his government, violators of his laws, and contemners of his authority, thus set up among themselves standards of worth and character founded on reciprocities of service or benevolence to each other, with little or no regard to the paramount claim of Him who is the source of all good; working what is good in their own eyes for the sake of themselves, and founding upon these interchanges of benefit, high claims of worth and excellence, independently of that which alone infuses good into any action, however goodly it may seem,—the entire devotedness of the heart to God in doing it, and the derivation of its motive from pure allegiance and love to his holy will. Where then are found the data on which the maxims of a vain philosophy have erected the dignity of human nature? every where, and no where; reasoning in a circle, each class assumes it, first supposing it, and then proving it: measuring themselves by themselves, they proceed in an indefinite course of repetition, ending where they began. Without the love of God they find it impossible, in the full latitude of the phrase, to love one another; for the love of our neighbour is an emanation from the love of God. This is that profound and seraphic centre, of which all inferior affections must feel the attraction, and obey the influence, to be harmonious, secure, or continuing.

"The measure by which we compare ourselves with ourselves, is not the measure of the sanctuary. When the Judge comes to take account of us, he will come fraught with the maxims of a celestial jurisprudence, and his question will be, not, what have you done at the shrine of popularity,—not, what have you done to sustain a character amongst men,—not, what have you done at the mere impulse of sensibilities however amiable, or of native principles however upright, and elevated, and manly,—but what have you done unto me? how



much of God, and of God's will was there in the principle of your doings? This is the heavenly measure, and it will set aside all your earthly measures and comparisons. It will sweep away all these refuges of lies. The man whose accomplishments of character, however lively, were all social and worldly, and relative, will hang his head in confusion when the utter wickedness of his pretensions is thus laid open,—when the God who gave him every breath, and endowed him with every faculty, enquires after his share of reverence and acknowledgment,—when he tells him from the judgment seat, I was the Being with whom you had to do, and yet in the vast multiplicity of your doings, I was seldom or never thought of,—when he convicts him of habitual forgetfulness of God, and setting aside all the paltry measurements which men apply in their estimates of one another, he brings the high standard of Heaven's law, and Heaven's allegiance to bear upon them." (P. 219, 220.)

The various lights and aspects into which Dr. Chalmers throws this greatest and most dangerous of all fallacies, to which the contractedness of our minds exposes us—the fallacy of measuring ourselves by ourselves—belong not merely to that descriptive power and activity of thought, eminently the gifts of this original writer, but to an intense feeling of his subject, by which his mind is peculiarly characterised. He may by some, perhaps, be considered as liable to the charge of amplification; but it is not to be forgotten, that every auxiliary force of argument and illustration is necessary to be pressed into the service of truths so vital and so unacceptable. His illustration of the fluctuating standard of virtue, where the different classes of society form their comparative estimate of each from their own average state of purity and virtue, is altogether admirable.

"It must be quite palpable to any man who has seen much of life, and still more if he has travelled extensively, and witnessed the varied complexions of morality that obtain in distant societies,—it must be quite obvious to such a man, how readily the moral feeling, in each of them, accommodates itself to the general state of practice and observation,—that the practices of one country, for which there is a most complacent toleration, would be shuddered at as so many atrocities in another country,—that in every given neighbourhood, the sense of right and of wrong, becomes just as fine or as obtuse as to square with its average purity, and its average humanity, and its average uprightness,—that what would revolt the public feeling of a retired parish in Scotland as gross licentiousness or outrageous cruelty, might attach no disgrace whatever to a residenter in some colonial settlement,—that, nevertheless, in the more corrupt and degraded of the two communities, there is a scale of differences, a range of character, along which are placed the comparative stations of the disreputable, and the passable, and the respectable, and the super-excellent; and yet it is a very possible thing, that if a man in the last of these stations were to import all his habits and all his profligacies

into his native land, superexcellent as he may be abroad, at home he would be banished from the general association of virtuous and well-ordered families." (P. 220, 221.)

The author then comes to the grand conclusion of this part of his subject, by carrying the argument from analogy up to the relation in which the whole world stands to God—similar, indeed, but infinitely extended in distance and disparity. As some classes of men, to whom others of a higher and better description deny the very semblance of virtue or worth, have yet a scale of virtue, so called, among themselves, so while, with reference to themselves, the world at large has all the various grades, from infamy the lowest to excellence the most exalted, with reference to God it is radically and universally corrupt.

"Now all we ask of you," says Dr. Chalmers, "is to transfer this consideration to the matter before us: to think how possible a thing it is that the moral principle of the world at large may have sunk to a peaceable and approving acquiescence in the existing practice of the world at large; that the security which is inspired by the habit of measuring ourselves by ourselves, and comparing ourselves amongst ourselves, may therefore be a delusion altogether; that the very best member of society upon earth may be utterly unfit for the society of heaven."

To what then does all this tend? clearly to this ultimate conclusion: that, brought to the bar of heaven, every individual upon earth will be found undeserving. "Unless, then, some great moral renovation take effect upon man, he can never be admitted," says Dr. Chalmers, "into the empire of righteousness." And thus is ushered in that blessed name—the only one under heaven by which we can be saved—the name of the LORD JESUS CHRIST.

The eighth of these Discourses treats then of the only way in which man can be reconciled to his Maker, how he is to be changed, and re-cast, and made a new creature, and rendered capable, through faith in the blood of the atonement, of loving God above the world, its interests, and its pleasures. As soon as this faith takes place in the mind, not as a name, but as an active principle, "having," as Dr. Chalmers expresses it, "a locality and operation there," its reforming influence is felt through all the thoughts, and views, and feelings of the person who experiences it; and one of the first of those holy indications which announces its spiritual and beatific progress, is its substitution of a new rule of measurement in the place of that by which man compares himself with man, and estimates himself with reference to those personal accomplishments of character which may belong to those who are aliens from the

fountain of all real righteousness. Thus, to become capable of loving God, and of measuring oneself by the true standard, the author insists upon the necessity—not of a great advancement of virtue—not of a mere enlargement of the old principle,—but of the introduction into the heart of something entirely new—Gospel humility; the utter abdication of all self-dependence and self-esteem; an exclusive trust in the arm of redeeming grace. “We would not say then,” says the author, “of the personal righteousness of a believer, that it consisted, in a higher degree, of that virtue which may exist, in a lower degree, with him who is not a believer. It consists in the dawn, and the progress, and the perfecting of a virtue which, before he was a believer, had no existence whatever. The principle of Christian sanctification, which, if we were to express it by another name, we should call devotedness to God, is no more to be found in the unbelieving world than the principle of an allegiance to their rightful sovereign is to be found in the outcasts of banishment.”

“There is a new principle now, which formerly had no operation, even that of godliness,—and a new influence now, even that of the Holy Ghost, given to the prayers of the believer;—and under these provisions will he attain a splendour and an energy of character, with which, the better and the best of this world can no more be brought into comparison, than earth will compare with heaven, or the passions and the frivolities of time, with the pure ambition and the lofty principles of eternity.

“And let it not be said, that the transformation of which we are now speaking, instead of being thus entire and universal, consists only, with a good man of the world, in the addition of one virtue to his previous stock of many virtues. We admit that he had justice before, and humanity before, and courteousness before, and that the godliness which he had not before, is only one virtue. But the station which it asserts, among the other virtues, is a station of supreme authority. It no sooner takes its place among them, than it animates them all, and subordinates them all. It sends forth among them a new and pervading quality, which makes them essentially different from what they were before. I may take daily exercise from a regard to my health, and by so doing I may deserve the character of a man of prudence; or I may take daily exercise apart from this consideration altogether, and because it is the accidental wish of my parents that I should do so,—and thus may I deserve the character of a man of filial piety. The external habit is the same; but under the one principle, the moral character of this habit is totally and essentially different from what it is under the other principle. Yet the difference here is, most assuredly, not greater than is the difference between the justice of a good man of society, and the justice of a Christian disciple. In the former case, it is done unto others, or done unto himself. In the latter case, it is done unto God. The frame-work of his outer doings is animated by another spirit altogether. There is the breath of another life in it.

The inscription of holiness to God stands engraven on the action of the believer; and if this character of holiness be utterly effaced from the corresponding action of the good man of society, then, surely, in character, in worth, in spiritual and intelligent estimation, there is the utmost possible diversity between the two actions. So that, should the most upright and amiable man upon earth embrace the gospel faith, and become the subject of the gospel regeneration,—it is true of him, too, that all old things are done away, and that all things have become new." (P. 246—248.)

We think our readers will agree with us, that what we have produced from this important work deserves, in this age particularly, the most serious attention of those who are in earnest about their salvation, and holds out a fearful denunciation to such as have taken into their own hands the adjustment of their claims to pardon, or to reward, independently of the method of the revealed dispensation of grace and redemption. The view which Dr. Chalmers has presented to us of Christianity is precisely that which constitutes its peculiarity, and sequesters it from the world and its decrees. Thus considered, it opens a new life in the soul, and spreads a new scenery before the moral imagination. The world's mechanism and nature's grandeur, the monuments of beneficence, the temples of virtue, the groves of a terrestrial paradise, the shrines of human praise, all that intercept Divine Glory, falls level with the ground, and the vista of eternity stands clear before us; the "holy mountain" where God has made himself an everlasting name," and where "salvation burns as a lamp," and the "treasures of darkness" and "a day for the ransomed" all burst upon the view.

It is very gratifying to observe, that the high temperature of this author's feelings does not transport him into any disregard of the moralities of social life; his object, on the contrary, is to give to them dignity and security, by engrafting them on a celestial stock.

"There is all which the Christian knows to be real, and which the world hates, and denounces as visionary, in the secret, but sublime and substantial processes of experimental religion. But, on the other hand, there is also much in the doings of an altogether Christian, of that palpable virtue which forces itself upon general observation; and he is most grievously untrue to his Master's cause, if he do not, on this ground, so outrun the world, as to force from the men of it, an approving testimony. The eye of the world cannot enter within the spiritual recesses of his heart; but let him ever remember that it is fastened, and that too, with keen and scrutinizing jealousy, on the path of his visible history. It will offer no homage to the mere sanctity of his complexion; nor, unless there be shed over it the expression of what is mild in domestic, or honourable in public virtue, will it ever look upon him in any other light, than as an object of the most

unmingled disgust. And therefore it is, that he must enter on the field of ostensible accomplishment, and there bear away the palm of superiority, and be the most eminent of his fellows in all those recognized virtues, that can bless or embellish the condition of society, the most untainted in honour, and the most disinterested in justice, and the most alert in beneficence, and the most unwearied in all these graces, under every discouragement and every provocation. (P. 250, 251.)

Sermons the ninth and tenth are bestowed on an analysis of the different motives to love; from which are derived the distinctive appellations of the love which springs from mere personal kindness, that which is produced by moral esteem, and that which arises from a feeling of gratitude. According to the author, the love of human beings towards each other can properly partake less of moral esteem than of kindness; but it may be a combination of both. The love of God towards his creatures must be wholly the love of kindness; a love so great and prevailing as to extend to us even while we are his enemies. Of the love of moral esteem the Creator can have none for a creature so far gone in aberration from his commandments, and contumacy towards his holy will. The love of man towards his maker must be compounded of admiration of his excellencies (we cannot reconcile ourselves to the adoption of the author's phrase of "moral esteem" as applied to the Deity) and the feeling of gratitude—gratitude for that transcendent love of kindness which we have experienced, and perpetually experience, at his hands; and here Dr. Chalmers opposes and confutes the hard and impracticable requisition of some theologians—that the only love to God which is truly acceptable is that which is perfectly disinterested, and that man must set out with this love in his heart in the first stage of his conversion. The love of gratitude is first vindicated from all taint of selfishness, and he shows it to be, by many illustrations, a free, and pure, and gratuitous emotion; and then the true and only practicable source of this love to God is, by a beautiful series of deductions and examples, assigned to faith in the Gospel of Jesus, as the forerunner of that great change in the heart which qualifies it for the admission of this sublime and holy sentiment. To produce this love of gratitude in the heart of man, there must be a full sense of the benefaction; and this comes only by faith in what has been done for us, and promised to us. It is then only that the love which God bears towards his creatures begins to be known in its full extent. The terrors of his righteous anger, the threatenings of his offended majesty, the vengeance of his insulted purity, might subdue, but it could not win, us. But these impediments to our loving God, his own unsearchable wisdom has found out a way of removing, without de-

rogation from his holiness and justice. It was impossible to love Him in whom we saw only an implacable Judge and Castigator: but, when the doors of heaven opened, and the stupendous miracle of his mercy administering to his justice was displayed—when, by a deed of unutterable tenderness, He paid the forfeiture of our transgressions against himself, saying only, “Son, give me thy heart” as the condition of thy ransom, nothing but the believing mind was wanted to raise in us a love of gratitude correspondent to that love of kindness in our forgotten yet forgiving Father, which has caused the desert to blossom like the rose, and has built up again, for his rebellious children, the walls of a second Zion.

Here, then, is the whole matter. We must believe the whole love of God to us before we can begin to feel the love of Him in our hearts. The love of God, if it is not believed, can exert no power over us. It shines upon us only to display our barrenness, not to excite our productiveness. It is faith only which makes us the proper recipients of its influence. The order of the process is simple: by faith the love of God is produced in the heart; in the love of God, is included and implied the desire of conforming to His will; and in the agency of grace, which succeeds, the desire is carried towards its accomplishment. But faith is not a single act: the exercise of it must be perpetual. It must also be progressive, or it will be transitory. It has a tendency to slip from us unless by a constant effort the hold upon it is continued. Just so it is in the intercourse of friendship: all the demonstrations of the kindness of a friend must be kept alive in the memory by frequent recurrences of thought, or the principle of friendship languishes for want of its proper sustenance and support.

There is a piety of elegance and pathos with which some persons amuse their minds, and, by the help of which they frame an image of an indulgent Deity, over-looking, out of pure consideration for our infirmities, our violations of His holy will and commandments. Full of atheism of their own making, and pardoned by themselves, under the illusory representation of a God, whom they crown with an unscriptural mercy and loving-kindness, they proceed, with much allowance for others, and much complacency with themselves, to dress up a sentimental creed; expatiating largely upon the advantage of a cheerful religion, and devotional feelings, founded on principles of nature, and confirmed by the sanction of the heart. These persons not only measure themselves by themselves; but, by themselves also and their own standard of goodness, they measure the height, and depth, and breadth, of the Divine attributes. In the sacred Scriptures, wherein the method of salva-

tion is specially defined, there is no warrant for this liberal creed. In its practical developement, the baseness of its birth is apparent: dressed in the complexional tints of the passing hour, it exhibits all the varieties of accidental emotion; but it gives no settled character to the principles, maintains no permanent influence on the habits, opens no spring of felicity in the soul: in the day of our prosperity it is green, but it has no more vitality or value than the grass upon the house-top—fresh and flourishing while the dew of the morning is upon it, but demanding perpetual supplies of moisture, and withering with the first moment of privation. Dr. Chalmers has in no part of his volume been more forcible, and feeling, and accurate, in his observations, than in his treatment of this general and poetical sort of faith. There is scarcely a stronger and more prevailing delusion. It is a species of idolatry which men are little apt to suspect themselves of committing. The true God can only be approached in one way—through faith in Jesus Christ; but if, rather than take this trouble, we fancy it may serve our purpose as well to carve a deity out of our own heads, and so describe him to ourselves as to make it easy and convenient to obey him, we are not far removed from the mythology of the heathens—we worship from the imagination, and not from the heart. It is thus that Dr. Chalmers deals with this false persuasion:—

“Nor does it palliate the representation which we have now given, that a God, in the fancied array of poetic loveliness—that a God of mere natural perfection, and without one other moral attribute than the single attribute of indulgence—that a God, divested of all which can make him repulsive to sinners, and, for this purpose, shorn of all those glories, which truth and authority, and holiness, throw around his character—that such a God should be idolized at times by many a sentimentalist. It would form no deduction from our enmity against the true God, that we gave an occasional hour to the worship of a graven image, made with our own hands—and it is just of as little significancy to the argument, that we feel an occasional glow of affection or of reverence, towards a fictitious being of our own imagination. If there be truth in the Bible, it is there where God has made an authentic exhibition of his nature,—and if God in Christ be an offence to you—if you dislike this way of approach—if you shrink from the contemplation of that Being, who bids you sanctify him in your hearts, and who claims such a preference in your regard, as shall dispossess your affections for all that is earthly—if you have no relish for the intercourse of prayer, and of spiritual communion with such a God—if your memory neither love to recall him, nor your fancy to dwell upon him, nor he be the being with whom you greatly delight yourself, the habitation to which you resort continually,—then be assured, that amid the painted insignificancy of all your other accomplishments, your heart is not right with God; and he, who is the Father of your existence,

and of all that gladdens it, may still be to you a loathing and an abomination." (P. 414, 415.)

It will, we are sure, appear to many readers that Dr. Chalmers is too strong in some of the language used by him, and that his favourite positions have, occasionally, something excessive in the energy with which they are conceived; among the examples of which, perhaps, may be mentioned the concluding words of the fine passage last above extracted. "Loathing and abomination" might seem hardly, with any propriety, to be applied to the mere sentimental religionist. That he does not love the ways of God as he thinks he does; that he cherishes an aversion from that self-denial which is a main pillar of evangelical belief; that he is ignorant of the corruption of his own nature, and the relation in which this places him to God and the Saviour might not be denied; but it might strike the pious mind that none of those who cherish these vague and unauthorised notions of the indulgent nature of the Deity above alluded to, can be said to receive the true and Gospel picture of his character with "loathing and abomination;" and yet, when it is recollected with what extreme difficulty such persons are detained for a moment in the contemplation of the peculiar truths of Christianity; with what haste they turn aside from the awful verities of our natural delinquency, of our rejection under the law, and our miserable need of the Saviour, one can scarcely say how a loathing of the God of the Scriptures can be more decidedly announced, without an express declaration of unqualified antipathy. Nothing is clearer than that we must seek for the demonstration of God's love in the great sacrifice which has been made for us. It is only through this aperture that we see the lovely and indulgent side of his character. On every other part he is intrenched in his holiness; an impassable barrier surrounds Him; the flaming sword of his justice turns every way but one; and through that only way there is one only Guide, whose mantle we must take, having first cast away our own, and in whose name we must supplicate admission. The stupendous work of mercy, which has been wrought to purchase this way for us, evincing a Divine tenderness equal to the Divine judicial holiness, is the great mysterious method by which God has enabled us and engaged us to love Him with the love "that casteth out fear." This, as Dr. Chalmers says, is a case of difficulty; and, in the Bible, God is said to have lavished all the riches of his unsearchable wisdom in the business of managing it. We will produce the passage in which this subject is considered at large; and we offer it to our readers with peculiar interest and satisfaction, as one which we ourselves have perused with the greatest delight.

"It appears a matter of direct and obvious facility to intimidate man;



and to bring his body into a forced subordination to all the requirements. But the great matter was, how to attach man,—how to work in him a liking to God, and a relish for his character;—or, in other words, how to communicate to human obedience, that principle, without which, it is no obedience at all,—to make him serve God, because he loved him; and to run in the way of all his commandments, because this was the thing in which he greatly delighted himself. To lay upon us the demand of satisfaction for his violated law, could not do it. To press home the claims of justice upon any sense of authority within us, could not do it. To bring forward, in threatening array, the terrors of his judgment, and of his power against us, could not do it. To unveil the glories of that throne where he sitteth in equity, and manifests to his guilty creatures the awful inflexibilities of his truth and righteousness, could not do it. To look out from the cloud of vengeance, and trouble our darkened souls as he did those of the Egyptians of old, with the aspect of a menacing Deity, could not do it. To spread the field of an undone eternity before us, and tell us of those dreary abodes where each criminal hath his bed in hell, and the centuries of despair which pass over him are not counted, because there no seasons roll, and the unhappy victims of the tribulation, and the wrath, and the anguish, know, that for the mighty burden of the sufferings which weigh upon them, there is no end, and no mitigation; this prospect appalling as it is, and coming home upon the belief with all the characters of the most immutable certainty, could not do it. The affections of the inner man remain as unmoved as ever, under the successive and repeated influence of all these dreadful applications. There is not one of them, which, instead of conciliating, does not stir up a principle of resistance; and, subject any human creature to the treatment of them all, and to nothing else, and he may tremble at God, and shrink from the contemplation of God, and feel an overpowering awe at the thought of God, when that thought visits him,—but we maintain, that not one particle of influence has been sent into his heart, to make him love God. Under such applications as these, we can conceive the creature gathering a new energy from despair, and mustering up a stouter defiance than ever, to the God who threatens him. Strange contest between the thing formed and him who formed it;—but we see it exhibited among the determined votaries of wickedness in life; and it is the very contest which gives its moral aspect to hell throughout all eternity. There, God reigns in vindictive majesty, and there, every heart of every outcast, sheathed in impenetrable hardness, mutters its blasphemies against him. O hideous and revolting spectacle! and how awful to think, that the unreclaimed sons of profligacy, who pour along our streets, and throng our markets, and form the fearful majority in almost every chamber of business, and in every workshop of industry, are thither speeding their infatuated way! What a wretched field of contemplation is around us, when we see on every side of it the mutual encouragement, the ever-plying allurements,—the tacit, though effectual and well-understood, combination, sustaining, over the whole face of this alienated world, a firm and systematic rebellion against God: We are not

offering an exaggerated picture when we say, that within reach of the walk of a single hour, there are thousands, and thousands more, who have cast away from them the authority of God; and who have been nerved by all his threatenings into a more determined attitude of wickedness; and who glory in their unprincipled dissipations; and who, without one sigh at the moving spectacle of ruined innocence, will, in the hearing of companions younger than themselves, scatter their pestilential levities around them, and care not though the hope of parents, and the yet unwitiated delicacy of youth, shall wither and expire under the contagion of their ruffian example; and will patronise every step of that progress which leads from one depravity to another, till their ill-fated proselyte, made as much the child of hell as themselves, shall share in that common ruin, which, in the great day of the revelation of the righteous judgment of God, will come forth from the storehouse of his wrath, in one mighty torrent, on the heads of all who boast of their iniquity. (P. 429—433.)

The sermon upon false security, the 15th in the book, is extremely valuable. It disturbs, it alarms, it shakes the bosom with salutary terror. We see in it the extreme folly and fatuity of depending upon any disposition our faculties can form of the Divine display of the opposite attributes of mercy and justice. Where is man's ground of secure belief that his sins are such as to fall within the province of Divine mercy? "When he casts his eye along the scale of character, he sees the better and the worse on each side of him; and the difficulty still recurs, how far down in the scale does mercy begin? or, how far upwards in the scale does justice carry its fiery sentence of condemnation?" Each attribute is perfect: how, then, shall we adjust their interfering claims? It is a problem for which there is no solution in the compass of human calculation. There is, therefore, no security or comfort, in any assignable proportions, to which man can reduce the characteristics of the Godhead: all is dark, and deep, and full of fearful possibilities. We can only settle the balance of the Divine properties of mercy and justice by bringing both to a measure short of perfection; and are still, supposing this difficulty surmounted, in absolute ignorance as to their ratios and degrees, their divisions and approximations. In this uncertain and arbitrary scale of measurement, each may bring himself within the grade of an accepted sinner, by comparing himself with a lower rate of character; or take comfort from the consideration of the decent average character of those by whom he is surrounded, and in whose general worth he shares. He has only to determine that, while the state of those below him is ambiguous, he stands at a point of comparative elevation, which brings him assuredly within the scope of the Divine mercy. It would be uncharitable in others to judge of him otherwise; and he is resolved not to want this charity towards himself. "This," says Dr

Chalmers, "is a sore evil. The want of a fixed and clearly perceptible line between the justice and placability of the Divine nature, not only buries in utter darkness the question of our acceptance with God, but, by throwing every thing loose and undetermined, it opens up the range of a most lawless and uncontrolled impunity for the disobedience of man, from its gentler deviations, to its most profligate and daring excesses."

"If there be no intelligible line to separate the exercise of the justice of God from the exercise of his placability, every individual will fix this line for himself; and he will make these two attributes to be yea and nay, or fast and loose with each other; and he will stretch out the placability, and he will press upon the justice, just as much as to accommodate the standard of his religious principles to the state of his religious practice; and he will make every thing to square with his own existing taste, and wishes, and convenience; and his mind will soon work its own way to a system of religious opinions which gives him no disturbance; and the spirit of a deep slumber will lay hold of his deluded conscience." (P. 476.)

The reconciliation of infinite mercy with infinite justice, by the stupendous scheme of the Gospel, makes the subject of the sixteenth sermon. The mercy of the redemption has silenced the requisitions of justice; and so far is this contrivance from interfering with the severer perfections of the Godhead, that it is upon the truth of God, nay, even upon his justice, that the promises of the Gospel are founded, and their fulfilment secured to us.

To show how the truths of the Gospel "operate upon the springs of human action;" how "its privileges can be appropriated by faith, and yet its precepts retain their practical authority over the conduct of a believer," is the main topic of the last discourse; which is altogether excellent. The problem which it explains is this:—"That those men who most cordially assent to the doctrine of salvation being all of grace, and not of works, are most assiduous in so walking, and in so working, and in so pains-taking, as if salvation were all of works, and not of grace." In the solution of this problem, the view which the author presents to us of the sanctifying influence of faith, of its large character, of its practical adoption of the whole of the Gospel scheme, of its totality, its consistency, its solidity, its efficacy, is all that we might expect from the energetic, and accurate, and initiated pen of Dr. Chalmers, dipt, as it sometimes is, we had almost said, in the colours of heaven. But we dare not enter upon this new field, inviting as it is: all the room we can allow ourselves is already exhausted. We regret, indeed, that, over a ground so interesting, and so well laid out and cultivated by this strenuous and captivating writer, we have been obliged to run with so much rapidity. It would have gratified us to have taken many a rest,

and to have endeavoured to have filled our minds with the surrounding objects; but we have scarcely had time to ascertain the leading features of the region over which we have passed, and to collect for our readers a few specimens of its riches and its fruits. Some blemishes, chiefly, if not wholly, relating to the style and expression, we might have noticed; but we have two reasons for passing them over in silence: they bear so small a proportion to the excellence of the work that it would be almost invidious to mark them; and they are nearly the same, though greatly diminished in number, as those on which we have already commented, as the habitual peculiarities of this writer, in our review of his former volume of sermons.

ART. XVII.—*Voyage dans le Levant, en 1817 et 1818.* Par le Comte de Forbin. 8vo. pp. 460. Paris, 1819.

**M. LE COMTE DE FORBIN** dedicates this volume of Travels in Greece, Syria, and Egypt to his Majesty Louis XVIII, whose "name and high virtues," he says, "are often pronounced afar off; space being as just as time, and distance declaring its judgments with as much impartiality as futurity." M. le Comte is a Frenchman, and therefore we are not surprised to find him, in the body of a work thus placed under the protection of the head of the Bourbon family, fervently wishing that he had been *the meanest soldier in the rear-guard of Buonaparté's army*. (P. 314.) "Toujours guidé par ses trophées, je n'ai marché qu'à l'ombre des palmes qui marquèrent tous ses pas dans l'héritage des Pharaons, et des Ptolémées." (P. 315.) If his Oriental friends really said much to him of the name and high virtues of Louis XVIII, he is, it must be allowed, a very unfaithful reporter; but he tells us with exultation that, "rien n'est si doux pour un Français, que de recueillir l'expression des regrets laissés par l'armée Française en Egypte." (P. 221.) The grateful nature of these regrets may be divined from the accounts, given by M. le Comte, of the behaviour of the French army towards the people of the country in question:—"Les Français enlevèrent d'assaut la ville de Jafa en 1799: ils pénétrèrent par le quartier des Chrétiens, situé dans la partie la plus élevée de la ville, et commirent la faute d'en massacrer un grand nombre, LES PRENANT POUR DES MUSULMANS." (P. 134.) Of course these wretched Christians bore no appearance of being Turkish soldiers: they were massacred, however, because they were taken for *Musulmen*; so that, it seems, unarmed Mussulmen were intentionally massacred by these French troops, who have left behind them regrets,

the expression of which sounds so sweet on a French ear! What was done to the Turkish prisoners, after the capture of the place, has been put beyond doubt or denial; and the fact stands prominently among the "*fustes*" of French glory. Yet not even the batchery of these prisoners in cold blood, nor the massacre of the Christians who were taken for Mussulmen, appears to us so characteristic of this generous nation, as the *impaling alive* of the fanatic Arab who assassinated Kleber! This sublime spectacle took place in consequence of a regular sentence passed by a French court, composed of the superiors of the French army: it was inflicted, for aught we know, by French hands;—at all events, the ranks of "*les braves*" were drawn up to hear the shrieks and witness the writhings of this self-devoted child of the desert, who, with the Koran in his heart, and enthusiasm, or, perhaps, madness in his head, acted on those dreadfully-mistaken principles, which have not, however, hindered the world from regarding the fate of Charlotte Cordé with pity, and which have recently been sanctioned with Mr. Cobbett's full approbation, as exemplified in the act of Sandt.\* That, by the law of nations and of nature, the murderer of Kleber had exposed himself to the punishment of death, cannot consistently be disputed, but by those who are prepared to overthrow all the foundations of society, to break the most important conditions of its compact, and reduce the species to a scattered herd of hateful and hating individuals, each jealous and fearful of all, and of necessity for ever acting either on the offensive or the defensive. Considerations as to the justice of the French invasion of Egypt, have nothing to do with this question;—the instincts of human nature, adapted to the social condition, and not to the state of wild

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\* It is proper that some attention should be paid to the nature of the doctrines, which, by means of convenient channels of conveyance, are now directed exclusively towards the large labouring portion of our people, and recommended to their feelings and convictions, by a power of language, and dexterous use of circumstances, which necessarily ensure them a deep and extensive influence. *Proscription*, matured and brought forth in the slow conception of cherished and incultivated revenge, is the great and avowed end of Mr. Cobbett's exertions. He recommends his readers to keep lists, specifying names, dates, and places, of all acts that shall come to their knowledge, which may appear to them oppressive or unjust; in order that when the day of account, as he says, arrives, they may be prepared for the grand work of settlement, which is to have reference to the past as well as to the future. He anticipates the time when the ruffians "*shall repent in tears of blood.*" In the mean time, as a guide to the conduct which may be pursued by patriotic individuals, while waiting for this consummation, he tells them, that, "*if oppression exist in Germany, and if Kotzebue was a voluntary instrument in that oppression, Sandt had a right to kill him, not only according to the law of reason and nature, but according to the law and usages of England.*" As to the motives of Sandt, and as to his whole conduct, nothing could possibly be more noble or generous. . . . It is pleasing to find that, even on the Continent, there is such a deep-rooted hatred of despotism." (Cobbett's Weekly Political Register, Vol. xxxv. No. 3.)

life, which Rousseau regards as the perfection of man's existence, have secured certain points of primary morality from the jargon of debate and the confusion of doubtful evidence, to which the secondary cases of propriety and policy, arising out of human conduct, are left exposed. Wars, and the forms and measures of governments are included in the last class; but that species of private homicide which is called assassination clearly belongs to the first. It is totally insufferable in society, because it would be necessarily fatal to its existence.

The crime once committed, each particular instance of it will be judged according to the circumstances of aggravation or extenuation proper to itself; and, as ages elapse from its occurrence, and the imagination becomes impressed with such features of courage, enthusiasm, and sincerity, as may happen to belong to it, the vile and pernicious nature of the act may almost disappear from the view, obscured by a sort of misty halo of fame, the effect partly of distance, and partly perhaps of poetical exaggeration. But, in character and consequence, in fact and precedent, assassination is a crime of enormous guilt and turpitude; and to lay down principles for defending it, is scarcely less atrocious than the perpetration of it. To submit the lives of individuals to the opinions and fancies of their neighbours, allowed to act secretly and separately on such grounds without concert, authority, or intimation,—to render the conceptions, or misconceptions of one man a valid commission to inflict death on another, taking him unprepared for defence, and unwarned of his fate,—to make mere personal belief, so often ignorant and prejudiced, the absolute master of human life, without check from any form of consultation, public inquiry, or announcement,—is so hideously absurd, as well as wicked, that, though deluded fanatics may be found to act on such a doctrine, coolly to justify it upon paper under any circumstances requires the combination of cowardice and cruelty in their basest and most malignant extremes. It has been attempted to confound secret assassination with cases of popular resistance to government (call it rebellion, or patriotic insurrection)—and with private resistance to direct violence; but the attempt is full of dishonesty and inconsistency. Resistance, even when most unjustifiable, possesses features which totally distinguish it from assassination. It presents instantly a debatable case; and, at all events, the great essential conditions of the social compact are not necessarily broken by it. Whoever attempts to practise force, is forewarned, by its very necessity, that he ought to be prepared for resistance. The constable who comes to execute a legal warrant, comes with a knowledge that its execution may be resisted: the government that exercises authority over a people,

is aware that it must be prepared to maintain itself by powerful means; and the people that seek to throw-off the authority of its government, knows that penalties await the failure of the attempt. In all these cases, the conditions of the undertaking are known beforehand; the very nature of the violence employed in any one of them imports a challenge, gives the alarm, and sounds the note of preparation:—moreover, its execution is necessarily encompassed with difficulties and checks of various kinds, and mankind are benefited when the daringness which thus maintains a just cause, is crowned by success. Assassination is totally different in all these respects. It is *easy* of execution; it is *secret*; it offers no security against mistake; society must inevitably break up under its practice; and the advantage given to malevolence and infuriated ignorance by precedent and invitation, cannot but outweigh any good that could result from any particular instance of its commission, under the impulse of the soundest judgment and the purest motives. “It were a delicate stratagem to shoe a troop of horse with felt,” said poor Lear, in the madness of his agony; this, however, is not easily done; the trampling summons to defence: but the listed slipper of “the foot that leaves the print of blood where’er it walks,” gives no notice, and our guard against it ought to be the public horror directed against its use. Should that ever fail, our only resource would be misanthropical seclusion, or deadly anticipation.

This digression will not, we presume, appear totally unnecessary, or irrelevant, to the reader who has given himself the trouble to peruse the note affixed to a previous page:—and now to return to the French army in Egypt. The life of the Bedouin who plunged his dagger in the bosom of Kleber, one of the most estimable of the revolutionary captains, was due as a sacrifice to the most sacred principle of society and morality;—but that a band of *savans* and soldiers, from a country of academies and salons, should revenge themselves on a solitary wretch, by perpetrating one of the most dreadful cruelties in practice amongst the barbarians whose country they had invaded with the pretence of bringing them civilization and humanity, is an abominable fact, the infamy of which should make the sound of Egypt’s name tingle in a Frenchman’s ear. We cannot resist the temptation of citing an instance of the conduct of English officers, in a case which, though not entirely similar, possesses much resemblance to this, but which furnishes a most satisfactory contrast to its cruelty; and, indeed, such citations are as due to the cause of sound principle as of England’s honour, for the purpose of repelling the insolent, faithless boastings, with which it is attempted to emblazon the career of levity, treachery, violence, and rapa-

city. The memorable circumstances that attended and followed the shipwreck of the *Alceste*, British frigate, must now be familiar to our readers: they furnish one of the most striking examples on record of that union of courage, magnanimity, honour, and discipline, which forms the strength and beauty of the naval character of our country; which has caused it to assume (as we have ourselves particular reason to know) a godlike aspect of sublimity, as well as of force, to the imaginations of the strangers who have beheld its winged and thundering glory. These circumstances are rendered additionally memorable and striking from their opposing, in point of time, as well as quality, a direct contrast to the barbarity, tumult, disorder, cowardice, and perfidy, that caused the destruction of the French crew of the *Meduse*, and which render the account of their destruction a hateful and horrible picture of human agony, made doubly loathsome by meanness and crime. But not alone in examples of that cool determination under danger, which is valour's highest attainment; of that submission to presiding authority, which gives order and object to exertion, and which, when manifested amidst perils, bespeaks the strength of mental faculty, and the high pitch of enthusiastic feeling;—not in indications of these firm and severe qualities only, but in the characteristics of delicate feeling, and pathetic self-denial, the narrative of the shipwreck of the *Alceste* is rich and exemplary. Surrounded by thousands of Malay pirates, the most cruel and cunning race of depredators, our small band of British seamen had to maintain a ceaseless watch, night and day, against menaced torture and death. After a fierce struggle, a Malay, on one occasion, fell into their hands: he had inflicted wounds,—and he had received severe ones: breathing rage and despair, he became their captive; and, while expecting nothing but death and torture from the victors, he was consigned to the skill of the surgeon, soothed under his pain, supplied with every thing necessary under his circumstances, and dismissed full of astonishment at a behaviour so far exalted above any standard of practice with which he was acquainted. His story he carried back to his barbarous countrymen; and it could not fail to strike them, with respect at least, for a people whose warriors acted on maxims which are instinctively admired even by those who are the greatest strangers to their effects. Let this fact be put in contrast with the *impaling alive* of Kleber's murderer by the French troops in Egypt! M. le Comte de Forbin chooses to speak of the regret left by these troops; but it may be safely pronounced, that the hideous spectacle of this impalement, with the other horrors of an unprecedented nature, which stain the conduct of the expedition in question, belongs peculiarly to the modern military history of France.



They form atrocities which we really believe the soldiers of no other European nation, whatever may be the inevitable irregularities and excesses of war, would, under any circumstances, have committed; and are, at the same time, but too similar in feature to the systematic behaviour of the French armies in countries nearer home. In a recent review of the work of Napoleon's apothecary, we were led to notice the confessions and anecdotes of the author, proving that his countrymen had no rivals in pillage, outrage, and murder; and that their allies and enemies were pure in comparison. The history of the campaign of 1813, by the Saxon Baron D'Odeleben, one of the general officers of the army, confirms this serious charge to the full, and deepens the infamy which thus attaches to the national character.

“ Le triste égoïsme avait, surtout pendant la dernière campagne, étouffé dans le Français toute bienveillance, même envers ses compatriotes. Combien peu d'égards pouvoit-on attendre d'eux pour les besoins des étrangers avec de pareilles dispositions? Ils étoient accoutumés à voir des villages en feu et détruits, des femmes et des enfans dans la douleur; des propriétés dévastées, des habitans en fuite; et ils excusaient quelquefois toutes ces horreurs, avec une *sensibilité affectée*, par la diction, ‘ c'est la guerre.’ Mais ils ne réfléchissaient pas qu'on avait fait souvent des guerres exemptes de ce désordre effréné, de ces inhumanités, lorsqu'une attention exacte aux ressources des pays occupés, au bien-être des habitans, maintenant la discipline, adoucissait les calamités inséparables de ce fléau. On pou-  
vait, donc, dire, au plus juste titre, ‘ c'est le désordre.’ ” \*

M. le Comte de Forbin who exults, along the whole of his Egyptian course, in recognizing the tracts of French glory every where, as he says, apparent, recalls to the memory of his readers, in the following passage, another very signal exploit of that commander, in whose rear-guard he wishes that he had been happy enough to figure, even as the meanest soldier. This exploit may also be said to appertain *peculiarly* to the history of France, like several others of the period; and, considering how much the reputation of a country is necessarily coloured by the acts of its authorities, which constitute its records, the reader will judge how far it is calculated to make us excuse the excessive demonstrations of the author's pride in the name of a Frenchman, which, he says, was so awakened and stimulated by the suggestions of the objects which he saw about him in Egypt. At Cairo he learns that,

“ We had just lost, in a way which bore signs of *Divine vengeance*, a surgeon named Royer. This wretch, after the refusal of M. Desgenettes, which he had not the courage to imitate, was charged to

\* Relation circonstanciée de la Campagne de 1813, en Saxe, par M. le Baron D'Odeleben, &c. Paris, 1817.

execute the order given to poison the few wounded soldiers which the French army was compelled to abandon, after raising the siege of St. Jean D'Acree. This man, who could not have been very certain that he would have been permitted to live in France, chose to establish himself in Egypt. In consequence of a fall from his horse, the effects of which seemed at first trifling, he became afflicted with a wound, which by degrees eat into his bowels, and caused him ultimately to perish, after suffering the most dreadful torments." (P. 289.)

We do not wish unfairly to press the fact of poisoning the wounded men against the French national character; yet the popularity and influence of the individual who gave this order, which it does not appear to have diminished; the circumstance of there having been found a medical officer of some rank to execute it; and other instances of similar cruelty, to which the soldiers themselves were accessaries,\* certainly extend a share of the infamy from the principal agent to the people to whose history the event belongs. But—whatever may be thought of this,—we would ask if Europe is to be insulted by the boastings and levities of a Frenchman, who, with objects about him the suggestions of which ought to have made him blush and be dumb, stuns us with his self-congratulations, elevates the vanity of his nation upon the ruins of truth and morality; and, without condescending to conceal the shame of his country, demands that it should be respected as a title to honour! From the heaped bones of the Turkish prisoners massacred in cold blood, some days after the battle; from the city where his countrymen murdered the defenceless Christians, mistaking them for defenceless Musulmen; from the funeral of another countryman, who, in submission to the orders of the adventurer whom France permitted to mount her throne, *poisoned the French soldiers placed under his care*, and who had just perished in exile and rottenness,—M. le Comte de Forbin comes back upon us, singing triumphal songs. To be sure we find him observing, "*C'est peut-être sur le tillac d'un vaisseau battu par la tempête, que le monde est le mieux jugé.*" (P. 67.) We are very far from thinking that a person in this condition is peculiarly well placed for sound reflection: indeed, it is positively the last position we should ourselves choose;—but not even the inconvenience of the situation, which seems to have been selected by our author for forming his judgments of men and things, can, we think, excuse their inconsistency. Even on the deck of a vessel tossed in a storm, a man ought to have his wits more about him than to deem such facts as we have been noticing honourable to his

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\* See Cadet de Gassicourt's Account of the Scene at the Bridge of Ersberg, where by Massena's command the French soldiers threw their wounded companions into the river.

country; and no derangement of stomach or head, produced by the violence of winds and waves, can justify the excessive giddiness of dedicating to Louis XVIII a panegyric of the foulest deeds committed by those who expelled his family, and would to-morrow expel himself, if they had power corresponding with their desires! *The name and high virtues of Louis* may possibly be celebrated afar off, as M. le Comte de Forbin affirms they are; but certainly they are not celebrated in his book: on the contrary, the conduct and qualities which it lauds, and which raise the transports of the author, are as opposed to the personal character, as they were to the interests, of the present monarch of France. There is more of profligacy than of levity, or even of vanity, in these inconsistencies, of which almost every modern French publication furnishes numerous instances.

M. de Forbin is, as a traveller, amusing enough; he sketches in a lively manner the exterior appearance and manners of the interesting places through which he passes. His work is, in all respects, the work of a Frenchman: it is full of himself; but in general he connects this favourite subject, not unpleasantly, with other objects of more interest, which his journey brings before him. No questions, either of science, or of art, or of politics, or of morals, are discussed in his book; he travels in Greece and in Egypt, without agitating seriously any point of history or chronology, or treating critically any matter of sculpture or of architecture; he offers nothing, in fact, to the professional and learned reader, although the road by which he passes has long been thought to appertain peculiarly to those who cater for their tastes. He does not pretend, as he himself says, to enlighten; his sole object is to interest by a few exact and lively views. In this respect he cannot be said to have failed; and, as his light, airy, rapid style, though neither a rarity nor a recommendation generally speaking, is rather a novelty as applied to a description of Athens, Grand Cairo, Thebes, and Jerusalem, we shall follow the traces of our Mercùrial traveller across the Desert and up the Nile; sympathizing with his sentimental fits, which are frequent, and endeavouring to change our moods to the heroic, the sublime, or the gay, with the velocity necessary to keep up with him.

He had from early youth, he says, made an engagement with himself to visit the East; and his *will*, he adds, became the *master* of circumstances, and procured him an opportunity to carry his desire into effect. Yet this *opportunity*, we suspect, would scarcely have passed for one with a German or an Englishman, for, we are informed, that prudent and judicious considerations still opposed themselves to the execution of his project, and

he inwardly regretted his resolution, "as one might complain of an unjust or despotic law."

"I traversed France with rapidity; and, at Marseilles, enlightened counsels decided me to sell a family estate; the place where I was born, and which contains the graves of my ancestors! It is a large mansion on the banks of the Durance, surrounded with old trees; the recollection of my mother's virtues there perpetuates itself in every heart. Sad considerations of fortune constrained me to make this sacrifice, with which I reproach myself as a fault." (P. 2, 3.)

They sailed from the road of Toulon the 21st August, 1817: on the 25th they were in sight of the coast of Africa; and M. l'Abbé Janson, the author's cousin, celebrated mass on the poop, the moment of consecration being notified to the other vessels of the fleet by the discharge of a cannon.

"The frigate, on the same day, saluted with twenty-one guns, the shore where St. Louis resigned his noble spirit to his Maker. This fine recollection struck all the crew; what a coincidence, in fact, what a spectacle! that of the desert which formerly witnessed the mourning of the lilies, and which still contains the ruins of Carthage!" (P. 4, 5.)

These passages, though they do not advance us much on our course, will, we think, be relished as characteristic. The melancholy death of a young artist, who expired at sea, leads our author to misemploy, curiously enough, an English phrase; the body was consigned to the deep near the coasts of Cerigo: "*C'est là qu'il fut, selon l'expression Anglaise, lancé dans l'éternité.*" (P. 6.) The expression, "launched into eternity," cannot, with any propriety, be applied to the act of interring a lifeless corpse; and, being, in practice, only used with reference to cases of violent death by the hands of the public executioner, it has very unfortunately occurred to the traveller's recollection, in describing the last obsequies of a deserving and respectable young painter.

The island of Milo, the ancient Melos, was the first point of Greece which the Count de Forbin touched at.

"The pilot who came to conduct the frigate was the first Greek who presented himself to my view. My imagination, possessed with his origin, sought to recognize it, in the gravity of his features and the harmony of his language." (P. 7.)

In the morning, guided by this man, he climbed a high mountain, on the top of which he found a monastery dedicated to the prophet Elias, inhabited only by a poor *Caloyer*. From the door of this building he had a superb view of the whole Grecian Archipelago. The light blue of the sea, peculiar to these glorious climates, struck him with admiration: retiring into fainter and fainter shades, it spread itself far out amongst the famous islands that lie about on its surface like abodes of enchantment. Those

who have visited the south of Italy, and who recollect the *Mola de Gaeta*, *Sorrento*, *Stabia*, *Puzzuoli*, &c. will recognize features with which they are acquainted in the following description; but the beauty and brilliancy of earth, and air, and water, as well as the intensity of the interest, are heightened to the Grecian traveller.

"At my feet was the small town of *Castri*, and the white marble ruins of a theatre, that sketched themselves in, as it were, amidst the dark green of a forest of cypress trees. On the shore, where the waves fell, was a line of ancient tombs, and near them, the ruins of *Milo*, a Venetian city, now deserted, the domes and towers of which seemed only sustained by the palms that grew around. These trees rise here in the aisles of churches, their roots spread about amongst sepulchres, and their tops surmount the Corinthian capitals that present but a feeble imitation of their elegance. The groves, thus picturesquely placed amidst decayed edifices and fallen masses, have had time to grow up since the desertion of this town, once so cheerful, and now pestilential, and almost entirely forgotten." (P. 8.)

The traveller in regions where the external objects that chiefly strike attention are monuments of past magnificence, which mark the degeneracy of the present hour, is at first unprepared for that burst of life and gaiety which comes upon him when, after traversing a solitary and poetical country, he enters one of the isolated towns, which for some considerable time before he has seen lying like a white spot against the dark side of a mountain, or crowning its summit. He finds the narrow streets teeming with men, and women, and children, and dogs, all evidently in the lowest state of poverty, but all merry, and indolent, and unabashed. The town of *Castri*, which *M. de Forbin* visited on his descent from the hermitage, is itself placed on the top of a steep hill; it contains all the present population of the island, amounting to about two or three thousand souls, and with its small white houses, opening on garden platforms, and looking out on the blue sea, presents a much cleaner and more pleasing spectacle than the gaunt Italian receptacles for an animated but dirty population, that lie scattered along the skirts and lower ridges of the *Appenines*, between *Rome* and *Naples*. The girls were working and singing on the terraces; and, as our author is careful to add, "lancing very expressive looks down the abrupt and difficult streets, which the young Greeks mounted with surprising agility." (P. 9.)

*M. de Forbin* found the small island of *Argentiere*, distant only a mile from *Milo*, plunged in distress by the hardy, lawless enterprises of *Spiro Franco Paulo*, a *Mainote* chief, who indulged himself in the habit of carrying off their young women. He had recently almost surprised the French vice-consul, whose

wife, it would appear, was just in time, and no more, to escape his violence. The couple, thus exposed to unpleasant accidents, are young and amiable, we are told; the lady has been educated at Constantinople, from which capital she followed her husband to the miserable place, thus exposed to the disagreeable visits of Franco Paulo:—"Ce jeune ménage ne trouvent de consolations, que dans une union que fut long-temps contrariée." (P. 12.)

Returning late from this island to Milo, the boat passed under the shade of a bold craggy coast, along which the rocks rose, in the clearness of a Grecian night, "like giants armed for the defence of the shore." The breeze from the land wafted the odour of the orange-tree, the elder, and the numerous balsamic plants, which impregnate the air of these delicious regions. On the 4th of September they set sail for Athens; and the next day a wind from the south-east brought them down on the island of Egina: the sky was lowering; the form of the mountains could only be occasionally perceived by the flashes of lightning; a storm seemed coming on, and "the distant thunder, was heard all the night growling over the city of Minerva." The morning, however, broke tranquilly; and, on the 6th of September, M. de Forbin entered the port of Pireus. The shore near the water is flat and sandy, and afterwards looks blackish and flinty. It is covered with small ruins, in the midst of which stands the Turkish custom-house.

"Instead of waiting for horses, we set off in haste. The road at first passes over a small barren hill; it afterwards descends into a cheerful plain, planted with olive trees, and intersected by the ruins of the grand wall of Themistocles. A thick forest of olives, of the age of Pericles, covers the vines, whose leaves and tendrils entwine themselves amongst the branches of these venerable trees, the aged witnesses of the most glorious triumphs. The cultivation of Attica brought to my memory that of the south of Italy. We proceeded rapidly towards a height, from whence we knew that Athens would be discernible: we approached the summit: I felt my heart beat with violence: another step, and I saw before me this sacred city, the temple of liberty, of glory, and of art! The Acropolis detached itself finely above a dark cloud, the only remnant of the storm of the previous evening: the sun struck forcibly on the masses of white marble, whose pure colour still distinguishes them amongst the numerous constructions of barbarous ages. The old walls that surround the propyleum, confound themselves with its edifices, as if to augment the importance and splendour of the little that now remains to us of the masterpieces of Ictinus and of Phydias. Afterwards the temple of Theseus discovers itself: further off, on the right, appear the Pryx, the mount of the Museum, and the Areopagus; on the left is the hill Anchesme, completing a picture that realizes a composition quite as masculine and poetical as the finest of the landscapes imagined by Poussin." (P. 16, 17.)

The above passage, we think, contains good description. The character of this sort of scenery is impressive, to a degree that can scarcely be fancied by those who have not had opportunities of beholding it. The features of nature in these climates, are broad, reposing, and dignified: an image of power is displayed in her attitudes: she seems to reject the tampering of man, and to lie satiating herself with the glory of a pure and burning heaven. No appearance of patchwork disfigures her, no prettiness adorns her: her barrenness is grand; her cultivation is careless and irregular. Every line of every object cuts clear and distinct against the sky; and a sense of the *perfect presence* of all objects, producing an indescribable emotion in the mind of the stranger, is the consequence of the pellucidness of the medium through which they are viewed. Every thing *tells*; every thing appears complete and independent. The shifting, hiding, and uncertain effects of Northern scenery are unknown here: the shadows are defined and massy: the mist lies, like a solid substance, against the sides of the hill, whose summit springs up as from a magic base, delineating its sharp, bold outline upon the bright surface of the air. The towns lie heavy, isolated, and lifeless, freckling the vast expanse of country: castles and towers shine like crowns on the abrupt eminences that detach themselves from the great mountain-chain: the lakes lie still and deep in rocky basins: the rivers sparkle in their beds: the ocean comes up quiet and blue upon the land: silence and heat are in the air by day; and at night a rosy hue, of unspeakable beauty, colours the freshness which is then felt undulating about the eye-lids, and calming the senses: myriads of fire-flies dart here and there fantastic corruscations; and, along the height of the great vault, the host of stars look forth, pure, large, and watchful—

“As if their silent company were charged  
With peaceful admonitions for the heart  
Of all-beholding man, earth’s thoughtful lord.”

M. de Forbin observed Athens, “crouched as a slave, ashamed of its chains and its misery,” at the foot of the Acropolis. It is discoverable at a distance by the tops of its minarets; and is enclosed by small walls, whose gates, says our author, may be compared to those of the most neglected farm-yards in the neighbourhood of Paris. On entering the town, he proceeded by narrow streets, and across the grand Bazaar to the house of the French consul, M. Fauvel, a gentleman, according to the description given of him, possessing considerable taste and erudition; and whose residence is happily placed between the ruins of the Library of the Ptolemies and those of the temple of Theseus. Here the Count took up his abode; and on an evening, seated on

the terrace with his host, used to listen to "the music of the Egyptian slaves, who assembled to go through Numidian dances, and forget the hardships of their servitude." Having ascended the temple of Minerva, we are told by M. de Forbin, that he "would have kissed its venerable marbles, had they not been covered by the obscure names of all the travellers who have visited Athens during several centuries." At Thebes our author quite loses his temper at this profanation, his irritability being increased during his journey, by finding English faces, names, bargains, and acquisitions, every where before him, in more senses than one. "An obscure Baronet," he says "has thought it necessary to inform us of his journey to Thebes. One perceives, traced laboriously on the granite, by the side of the name of Cæsar, the title of this gentleman, who appears to have desired, that, down to the remotest posterity, it should be known in what quarter of London he generally resides." An affectation of this sort is sufficiently provoking, we admit: it has happened to ourselves to have opportunities of looking over a number of these depositories of the effusions of travelling folly and egotism, which are to be found, at various remarkable stations in Europe. Singular farragoes they do indeed present, of which the stupidity and coarseness, oftener than the wit of our countrymen, form at present, we are sorry to say, a large part of the composition. The album of the Hermit of Vesuvius is a most checkered medley of all people, and tongues, and languages, pursuits, professions, and dispositions. It may be observed of the inscriptions in this book, as characteristic of the various nations, that the Germans have usually written the longest; that the French give the minutest details relative to their own conduct at the crater; and that the English divide themselves into two classes,—one of which simply inscribe the name of the traveller, and the date of the journey; and the other disgrace themselves by coarse, dull, or licentious jokes. A gentleman has taken the pains to write incorrectly the whole of King Henry's Soliloquy on Sleep in the poor hermit's pages, the extreme aptness of which quotation to the situation and its suggestions, must excuse the unmerciful occupation of paper. The police books in which the continental innkeepers are obliged to cause travellers to register themselves, seem to be selected by our countrymen for the chief and favourite display of their ridiculous whims, gross pleasantries, absurdities, and wilful blunders. A general sentiment of dislike to the impertinent interference of authority in matters of private business or pleasure, appears to have led to this mischievous, and not very decorous disfigurement of the official columns; and in proportion to the minuteness of the particulars demanded, is the determination to make a mockery of the order. The na-



tives of the country, however, cannot enter into this feeling; and our rough jokes, when they are explained to them by some foreigner who can read English, excite their disgust and contempt. The humours of such a country as ours, however rich and pregnant they may appear when regarded in the mass by an observer of a masculine taste, are ill-calculated to please in transplanted single specimens, which, assorting with nothing about them, attract an attention that is not repaid by the discovery of any transcendent merit in the sally.

M. de Forbin, however, cannot have been shocked by memorials of this nature in Greece:—travellers in that country are surely of too select a description to stoop to such indignities: but on the French and Italian roads, the anger, which he cannot contain under the excitement of a single baronet's title, would have been inflamed by a host of buffooneries; and we tremble to think what might have been the severity of its manifestation.—Seated at sun-set on the summit of the marble walls of the Parthenon, he tells us that he invoked recollections, and saw victorious fleets, and heard triumphant songs, and listened to the discourses of orators; but his "reveries," as he calls them, do not interest us much; they were no doubt very pleasant to himself, but such things never gain by telling. We like him better when he observes with his bodily eyes—not those of his mind—and records his observations in plain language. We are pleased to hear that the mother of the present Sultan, Mahmoud, possessed the city of Athens as one of her domains, and afforded it a protection which seemed the result of a feeling for its ancient honours. "*Sa protection remplaçait assez bien celle de Minerve, pour la ville de Cécrops.*" (P. 48.) Our traveller tried his fortune in excavations on the side of the port,—but he was not very lucky. A sepulchral vase seems to have been his only acquisition. "When, after several fruitless attempts, the digging tools are heard to strike against some piece of masonry, the workmen and the assistants display the liveliest joy. This sort of labour excites as much interest as a chase or a lottery. Every one waits with impatience the removal of the first brick." (P. 24.) Great indeed is the interest that attaches to these enterprises, flowing naturally from the veneration and curiosity with which antiquity is regarded, and excited by the certainty that we yet continue to tread under foot a countless number of important and beautiful monuments of past ages. The Duchess of Devonshire's excavations in the Roman Forum, and the plan set on foot for searching the bed of the Tiber, excited the liveliest sensations amongst the Romans, as well as among their numerous visitors; although the latter enter-

prise does not, we believe, promise much, and the former has not produced any discoveries of consequence.

Our author was present at a dance of dervises, given in the Tower of the Winds. These reverend persons were just then labouring under an excess of religious fury, calculated to make them very disagreeable partners. The arrival of a saint from Mecca, who had brought with him several drops of the holy water of the wells of Zemzem, had exalted their devotion to delirium; and the measured step of the dance, and the regular notes of their hymns, were soon inoustrously exceeded, in their frenzy. They shrieked, rolled on the ground, and tore their clothes: at last, being totally exhausted, they were carried out of the temple, in a state of intoxication and wretchedness difficult to describe.

The grand entry into Athens of the Bey of Caristo furnishes our author with materials for a lively description; and suggests some touching reflections on the present oppressed and servile state of the Greeks, once the proud masters of all these objects, that still ennoble and illustrate the scene of their degradation and slavery.

“Several discharges of cannon from the Acropolis announced the approach of the Bey; and, placed on the peristyle of the temple of Theseus, we enjoyed, in common with a great part of the population of Athens, a spectacle that had for us the charm, at least, of novelty. The procession was picturesque, composed of Albanians on foot, and janissaries and spahis on horseback: all the Turks of consequence, followed by their attendants, capered and wheeled about near the person of the Bey; while the low mussulman militia shouted, waved flags, and discharged muskets. The Bey of Caristo, mounted on an African horse, and concealed under an immense turban, regarded with stern and insolent looks the unhappy town which he came to drain. The Greeks near me expressed sadness and embarrassment in their physiognomies, always so significant; and I saw, in more than one instance, patriotic tears fall on the marble that testified to the old and, alas! departed glory of Athens.” (P. 29.)

Before leaving Athens, our author introduces us to the fashionable society of the place, and favours us with a little of the small-talk and scandal of the most respectable circles.

“People spoke a good deal at this time about a marriage affair—which, in fact, may be said to have occupied the whole town of Athens. A young Englishman had been desperately smitten by a fair Greek, Mina Macri. This lady has a sister; and the charms of both have been celebrated in the poetry of Lord Byron. Their beauty did not strike me much.....The most agreeable parties are, beyond all comparison, at the house of Mrs. Groppius, the lady of the Austrian Ambassador: she is a young Greek from Constantinople, who is very pretty, and speaks several languages, with all the grace and dexterity natural to her country-folks.....The English Consul, a Greek, is not much seen,

and does not seem to be on very good terms with the Consul of France ..... The Archbishop of Athens is distinguished by a sort of Greek politeness and cunning, and is a good deal occupied with the things of this life. I found him on the point of marrying his sister to the French agent at Zea; and this important matter, which just then animated all the tittle-tattle of Athens, interested the Primate more than the memory of Paul's sermon in the Areopagus. I must not forget Dr. Avramiotti, and his anger against M. Chateaubriand, in consequence of believing himself to be injured by some expressions in the 'Itinerary.' He has distilled his vengeance into a Greek pamphlet; which has been translated into Italian at Padoua, without adding much to its celebrity." (P. 37, 38.)

Our traveller proceeded from Athens to Constantinople. He was becalmed in front of the temple of Sunium, and saw the first rays of the rising sun gild this spot, chosen by Plato as the scene of his demonstration of the immortality of the soul. "On this promontory, ceaselessly beaten by tempests, these noble ruins still rise, like a religious pharo, an eternal monument of inspired genius." (P. 39.)

They proceeded, coasting the shore of Troy, until they entered by the Dardanelles into the Sea of Marmora. The sides of this strait are covered with villages and country-houses; and one can scarcely believe that despotism of the most hideous description reigns over such rich and cheerful-looking valleys. The moment the inhabitants are seen, however, all doubt vanishes on this point. Every face bears the expression either of tyrant or slave. The vessel anchored under the walls of the seraglio; and the appearance of Constantinople dazzled our traveller by its sublime beauty. The water, covered with light boats, that seemed to fly over its surface; the sun shining on the domes of the mosques, and the golden spires of the minarets; buildings light as basket-work, and sumptuously rich, made Constantinople seem to have been expressly built to please the eyes; while its beauty bears so much of a fantastic character, that it is felt as the effect of enchantment, and the stranger hastens to engrave the features of the singular scene on his memory, almost expecting every instant the illusion to cease. Thousands of vessels cover the sea: foreign and Turkish sailors cry to each other in all languages, demanding news of the plague before any thing else; while, on the quays in the neighbourhood, the grave mussulman, established in a kiosk advanced over the water, smokes slowly a pipe filled with perfumes, and seems to regret the trouble which his coffee causes him in carrying it to his mouth. The plague was in Constantinople when M. de Forbin arrived there: the Austrian Minister had just lost his son by this awful disease; and the wretched family, retired to a small distance from the city, were

left entirely to themselves, abandoned even by their domestics, for two whole months, notwithstanding their misfortune had excited great interest—such is the terror excited by the scourge whose dreadful visitation they had experienced. At the least symptom of the disorder, every one flies from the victim: delirium soon renders him insensible to the horrors of his situation; and it often happens, that fire spreads in the quarter which he inhabits, catches the house where he lies deserted, and reaches to his very bed, shortening the duration of his hopeless agony.

Fires, says our author, form the political remonstrances of the Turks; they constitute the practical exercise of the right of petition; and advertise the government of the discontent of the people. They have recently been deplorably frequent and destructive.

The Grand Signior appeared to M. de Forbin to be about thirty years of age: his countenance is pale and noble; his features regular. Mounted on a white horse, decked in a rich tissue of gold and pearls, the saddle, &c. studded with diamonds, he casts his large black eyes over the crowd of his subjects, which assemble every day to see him go to the mosque; and the most profound silence reigns while he thus regards them. When he enters the sacred gate, loud shouts of joy are raised. The seraglio of the present Commander of the Faithful is understood to be better stored than that of almost any of his predecessors.

“I was often struck,” says our author, “by the contrast which the noble physiognomy of the East, and the external appearance of dignity which man there carries, present to the actual degradation of his character. One is inclined to entertain respect for persons whose countenances are always calm, and often majestic, until experience tells of their cupidity and bad faith. Deceived by a fine tall figure, a grave carriage, and a venerable beard, I have often imagined patriarchal virtues to exist in a bosom which I afterwards found the abode of baseness and all the general depravity of slavery.” (P. 46.)

Certain of the more southern countries of Europe forcibly suggest a remark similar to the above: among heads, that might still furnish models for such artists as Titian and Raphael, we find manners the most vile, and sentiments the most relaxed and dissolute. Observing the ignorance and indiscipline of the Turkish troops, it seems difficult to account for the continuance of the existence of the Ottoman empire. Our author explains it, by saying, that “England protects its weakness, which is favourable to the commercial tyranny of that country.” He is most probably unprepared with any one fact to support this assertion; but the commercial tyranny of England is a phrase in the mouth of every “*bon Français*.”

From Constantinople our traveller proceeded to Smyrna.

Here trade has produced tolerance: the Turks seem of another race; and mosques, Catholic churches, and Jewish synagogues, are to be found in peaceable neighbourhood. The manners in this commercial place present a singular medley of European and Oriental customs; in general, however, there is a gaiety of deportment prevalent, which speaks the influence of the softest and most laughing climate of Ionia. "In the streets," says our susceptible author, "you see charming young females, dressed with an elegance *quite French* (*toute Française*), skipping lightly through the openings of a line of camels, composing a caravan from Seyde or from Damas." (P. 50.)

From Smyrna our author made an excursion to the ruins of Ephesus. The French Consul-general gave him his first janissary, Ismael, as an escort; and a young Frenchman, attached to the consulship, joined the party. They breakfasted in the hut of a Turkish peasant, having, in the morning, amused themselves in frightening a Jewish caravan, which they encountered, by galloping down upon it at full speed. This trick seems to have been suggested by the janissary, to whom the terror of the Jews would naturally furnish excellent sport. They then followed a road, which was nothing else but the dry bed of a torrent, through a savage country, where sharp-pointed rocks display their dark projections above thick bushes of laurels, olives, and stunted oaks. In the wildest parts of Asia Minor, you are pretty sure to find, sufficiently often for the purposes of refreshment, small *cafés*, where the favourite Turkish beverage is certainly to be had; and generally, also, rice, bad fruit, and fresh water. This we mention for the information of any of our readers who may be thinking of a spring or summer tour in that direction. The same day, after crossing the Cayistrus, by means of a ferry-boat, they observed the remains of the quay in the suburbs of Ephesus, and the foundations of several magnificent monuments. By climbing a rocky hill in the neighbourhood, one commands the whole plain of Ephesus: it is about three leagues long, covered with heath, and intersected by small streamlets; amongst which, rise very thickly, over the whole of this large space, the trunks of columns, and ruins of private houses, the distribution of which last is still plainly to be made out. The traveller walks over the substructions which contained the water, and amongst an innumerable quantity of blocks of granite, marble, and porphyry. The magnificent amphitheatre remains; and, with the aqueducts, and arches of triumph, tells of the elegance and luxury of this great city. The hills which surround the plain are entirely excavated: at each step, you stumble on tombs and monuments, the fragments of which are mingled with the proud inscriptions of a fallen trophy of victory. To the right, the pharos still

risers, as if the navigator had not ceased to touch at this deserted strand. A road, paved with large pieces of marble, leads up from what was the port of Ephesus: you ascend it from the angle of the quay, passing by the ruins of the magazines, in front of the theatre, and so along into that part of the valley where were placed the principal buildings of the town. The arena of the *stadium* is on a level with this road; and the seats for the spectators are cut into the sides of the mountain, up to its very summit. M. de Forbin thinks it must have held three times the number of spectators that the Coliseum of Rome could contain! Another immense theatre is also cut in the side of the rock: in whatever part of its enclosure the spectator might be placed, he had, full before him, the sea, the circus, the naval games, the mountains, the gulf, the harbour, and the temple of Diana! Beyond this is another similar theatre, which seems to have been constructed of the most costly materials: then come immense baths; and, walking onward from these, through ruins rising on all sides, the traveller arrives at the walls and gates of the city, at the extremity opposite to the port, lost in astonishment at its prodigious extent and magnificence.

"I reached with considerable difficulty," says our author, "the day being of a burning heat, the vast enclosure of the temple of Diana. The space it occupies appears to be of the size of the Louvre and the Thuilleries together, including the garden. The mass of constructions on which the principal edifice was erected still remains; but no columns are now to be found, the greater number having been carried off to Constantinople. Subterraneous channels, constructed with large blocks of white stone, which present an infinity of passages, afford, at present, the best idea of the dimensions of this vast building. The sight of these enormous ruins suggest the immense expense which the temple must have cost to the people of Greece and Asia..... They form a hill of very considerable size, which is surrounded by others, composed of the dependencies of the temple; and all these elevations are made of fragments, that still bear the marvellous impress of the exquisite taste of the Greeks at the brilliant era of their national power, and of their success in every kind of achievement." (P. 61.)

Our traveller and his party dined near two or three miserable and unhealthy huts that constitute *modern Ephesus*! The inhabitants looked pale and sickly. An Aga, as wretched as the people he was appointed to govern, seemed dying of the slow fever. "It is a remarkable thing," says the author, "but the sites of all the great cities that are now ruined or deserted are extremely dangerous: I have seen frequent examples of this in Italy, in the Morea, and in Syria."—Rousseau states this striking fact with great eloquence: the powers of mute and unintelligent nature, he says, are every where opposed to the influence of man. What he gains from them he gains only by struggling with them; and when cir-

cumstances weaken his hold they hasten to retake their dominion, and exercise it with severity. In the same way the chemical affinities of bodies are at variance with all the phenomena of life: the latter seems only to perpetuate itself by continual opposition to them, and the moment death takes place they begin to exert themselves with activity. The general aspect of Ephesus at present, or rather of its seat, suggested to our author that of the Pontine Marshes between Rome and Naples:—

“At the hour when the sun descended into the sea, the harmony of the lines of objects, the warm vapour hanging over the distant country, the veil of the mysterious hour, formed a most touching and melancholy scene, superior in effect to the finest landscapes of Claude Lorraine.” (P. 64.)

We have ourselves witnessed the effect of that extraordinary tract, to which M. de Forbin likens the still more interesting valley of Ephesus. We have looked over the extent of the Pontine Marshes from the height of Delletri, and at the hour too, when, as he justly says, their waste assumes the most touching appearance. Walking round by the old ramparts of the above wretched town, while the day was declining, the view towards the sea, and down on the vast flat below, suddenly caught an aspect of poetical grandeur, the image of which can scarcely flash feebly across the conception of those who have not realized it for themselves. The islands of the Mediterranean were lighted up by the setting rays, and looked like glorious shadows of some more glorious substances than it could be given to the eye of man to behold. The Volcian mountains, on the east, forsaken by the light, threw out their dark woods into the clear twilight air, as if in defiance: the line of water up to the southward, towards Circe's Promontory and the Elysian Fields, bore a gentle, gleaming, soft character, finely contrasting itself with the opposite black ridge of Appennines: then the Pontine Marshes, “stretching their huge length” between the mountains and the water, seemed lower than the latter, and sent up a mysterious steaming vapour, which, from its well-known influence on the inhabitants, added a moral effect to the picture, striking the mind with horror, as if its pestilential congregation bore a living and demoniac character. The bells of the Ave-Maria suddenly sounded from the churches of the town behind: at its signal, there issued from the narrow and wild paths, that run down into the fens, and up into the mountains, groupes of men, and women, and children, the labouring peasants of the country, who with their asses and dogs soon covered the great road that led towards the gate. Their picturesque dress was strictly in keeping with every thing around. The sun sunk entirely: the marshes confounded themselves in a misty equality with the water: the moon took an ascendancy in

the deepening blue of the sky,—and its familiar face seemed the only sympathy the scene afforded with the ties and recollections of the spectator come from another and a bleaker climate, where all natural objects wear so very different a look.

From Smyrna, to which M. de Forbin returned from Ephesus, he proceeded by sea to Syria. On the 29th of October he commenced his voyage to Palestine: they passed the island of Scio, beautifully studded with romantic villages, and remarkable for the amenity of the manners of its inhabitants. Afterwards a brisk breeze from the north-west swept them by Nacri, Lipso, Lero, Stanco, Nicero, and at length Rhodes. The mountains of Syria came in sight, rising above the fogs and storms which lengthened, and rendered disagreeable, their voyage. Mount Carmel was the first land they saw; and soon after they entered the small harbour of Saint Jean D'Acre. Eight or ten thousand Turks, Arabs, Jews, and Christians, carry about with them into the polluted streets and bazaars of this place, an air of dark and ferocious melancholy. Every human sense is disagreeably affected by objects of deformity, filth, and wretchedness. Beings that look as if they were risen from tombs, drag themselves along half naked, with a sort of covering of dirty white, streaked with black. At each step one sees by the side of the wretched victims of ophthalmia, the sufferers under the cruelty of Gezzar Pacha (the Butcher, as the name signifies) deprived of their eyes, noses, and ears. These miserable creatures rest always abroad, lying under the walls of the seraglio gardens. The present inhabitant of this palace, the successor of the Butcher, seldom stirs out,—“deaf to the cries of a starved population, he passes his life in groves of myrtles which are refreshed by limpid rivulets.” (P. 71.) His minister, who relieves him entirely from the weight of public business, occupied the same honourable and elevated situation under the Butcher of blessed memory, and in one and the same day had his salary doubled, and his nose and ears cut off, by the commands of his gracious master. This tried servant of the public is described by M. de Forbin, as supple, clever, and incalculably rich. Our author was introduced to the present Pacha, Soliman; he found him squatting in the corner of a sofa, and surrounded by courtiers, who received his permission, when it was thought proper, that they should laugh at the sallies of a favourite buffoon who held a high reputation at court. He examined the traveller's uniform very particularly, and described at great length the excellence of his Arabian horses, smoking as he spoke, and ordering coffee to be brought in for his visitor.

Our author left St. Jean D'Acre with a numerous caravan. Barren hills lie along the coast, about a league from the sea, and the intervening space is a white sandy beach. The ruins of



Athlit present themselves; it was the last possession held by the crusaders; its port is now filled with sand, its ramparts are fallen, and its fine gardens are stagnant marshes. The *kan* (inn) of Santoura was found entirely occupied by another caravan: our traveller and his companions lay down in some small cabins, from which toads and centipedes soon drove them. The town of Caesarea presents a very striking sight: it is entirely deserted, yet, strange to say, stands in a state of perfect preservation. The view of its ramparts, ports, and monuments, excites an undefineable surprise. The streets and the public squares are perfect: nothing would be wanting but gates to its high and frowning battlements to render it susceptible of defence. The walls of the churches are yet black with the smoke of incense: the pulpit, illustrated by learned and courageous bishops, still stands; the graves alone seem to have sustained violence; they are open; and the human bones scattered about give the sole proof that man has once dwelt in the midst of this frightful solitude. The silence that reigns around is only broken by the monotonous noise of the tide, that comes rolling on—dashing over upon the piers and quays of the port, where no step of mariner or merchant ever treads. The ceaseless beating of the waves has here shaken and shifted the stone-work: the wall of the light-house is split, and its staircase and chambers are seen within, mouldering away, though as yet they afford a sanctuary to the sea-birds, which have there found an undisturbed habitation. Superb columns are still standing in this town.

Next evening the caravan bivouacked under some sycamores, near which there was an abundant well; and young and handsome women! "*y apportaient, d'un pas majestueux, la cruche de Rachel.*" The 15th November, they arrived at Jafa, where our author was received in a miserable convent of fathers of the Holy Land, who are obliged to perform their rites in a secret vault, and are a prey to constant persecution. From Jafa he proceeded to Rama, where he found the superior of the religious fraternity, by whom he was received, to be "a Spaniard with a thundering voice and an imposing stature. This good monk did not seem to me at all to like the state of martyrdom to which he was devoted. He gave me a clean chamber, looking out on a terrace shaded by palm-trees."

From Rama to Jerusalem, the road passes for two or three miles over the well-cultivated plains of the ancient Arimathea: afterwards the traveller passes by the hills of Latrous into profound valleys, where vegetation becomes rare and feeble: complete barrenness succeeds; and up to Jerusalem one traverses a red and sterile soil. The eye discovers nothing in the distance but the signs of vast natural eruptions and catastrophes; dry beds of

torrents; and winding roads covered with sharp flints. To these may be added, to complete the picture, ruined easterns, at the bottom of which a little stagnant water lies fetid and green, with bare craggy mountains rising around.—Such, says our author, is the scenery depicted by Jeremiah; such is the valley of Terebintha; such is the approach; preparing the mind for the awful impression about to be made upon it by the first appearance of Jerusalem.

Jerusalem, says M. Chateaubriand, has been taken and sacked seventeen times; millions of men have been massacred within its bosom, and it may almost be said that these massacres still continue:—a person who would take lodgings in the town would be daily in danger of his life, observes the author whom we have just mentioned. Great cities, and even whole nations, have been cast down and destroyed:

Great Carthage self in ashes cold doth lie;  
Her ruins poor the herbs in height scant pass;  
So cities fall, so perish kingdoms high;  
Their pride and pomp are hid in sand and grass;—

FAIRFAX.

but Jerusalem still exists, still drags on a cadaverous life, to excite horror, while these utterly fallen abodes of past greatness inspire a fine melancholy. She presents the aspect of dreary, and gaunt, and painful disease; they offer the spectacle of calm death. Jerusalem was founded, if tradition is to be believed, by Melchisedec, in the year of the world 2023. It was taken and rased by Nebuchadnezzar: when destroyed by Titus 200,000 persons are said to have perished before the storming, and the young men and women who were then made captives were sold in Rome at the rate of thirty for a denier! The historian Dion says, that in the rebellion which Julius Severus was sent by Adrian to quench, 585,000 Jews perished by the edge of the sword, and that it was impossible to number those who were destroyed by fire, famine, and disease. The whole remaining race may be said to have been afterwards sold at Mambra and Gaza,—so that the fair of the valley of Terebintha became an abomination to the Jews. When Adrian rebuilt the city, changing its name, a hog was sculptured on the gates as a mockery of its original inhabitants; and the Jews were prohibited, on pain of death, from entering within its walls, except on the sole day of the fair. To these horrors of history is added the brand of nature on the face of the country: the fields, says Chateaubriand, no longer return to the sweat of man the promised food; the springs have been lost under the ruins of generations; the sterility is without sublimity,—it is sandy, unpicturesque, and dull. “The landscape which surrounds the town is frightful: on all sides

appear naked mountains with flat or rounded summits; many of them in the distance bearing the ruins of fortresses or convents.—Where the intervals between the mountains invite the eye further into the country, nothing is discerned but long lines of rocks, as arid and heavy as those that are more near.”—*Chateaubriand's Itinerary*.

The sun was on the point of setting when M. de Forbin, from an elevated part of his rough and inconvenient road, caught the first view of this celebrated place. “I perceived, in fine, long ramparts, towers, and vast edifices, surrounded by barren and black ground, and rocks that looked as if they had been smitten by thunder. Here and there ruined chapels were to be observed: Mount Sion rose in view; and more distant, the rugged mountains of the Arabian desert.” Our author, with a very just feeling, expresses his indignant contempt for the poor-minded creature, of whatever country or belief, who should regard this lost city in a temper of ironical sceptical malice. “*Quelles que soient les opinions religieuses, le seul engourdissement de l'esprit pourrait s'opposer à la sensation de surprise et de respect qu'inspire Jerusalem. Tout est silencieux autour de cette ville; tout est muet: le dernier cri de l'Homme-Dieu semble avoir été le dernier bruit répété par les échos de Siloé et de Gehennon.*” (P. 84—85.)

The very day of his arrival afforded him a most interesting spectacle, in a meeting of the whole Jewish population of Jerusalem, which took place in the valley of Josaphat. The Turkish governor had sold to these poor creatures permission to celebrate the feast of tombs. “At the view of these captives seated in silence on the sepulchral stones of their ancestors, it might have been almost thought, that the awful trumpet had made itself heard, that the generations of mankind crowded the borders of Cedron, and that from the bosom of the cloud the words of joy and of sorrow were about to issue.” (P. 85.)

It is supposed that Jerusalem contains about twenty-five thousand inhabitants. Not more than two hundred Christian families reside there. Our author calculates the Jews still remaining in this ancient capital of their people at about eight or nine thousand. Scarcely ought one to call by the name of street, the narrow, filthy, and steep passage which divides the half-fallen houses in the quarter of the Hebrews. Squalid and diseased wretches, with features strongly marked, quarrel and tear each other to pieces for the pittance which charity throws to their misery. Descending by a ruined staircase into vaults that were falling in, where they were not partially sustained by a few pillars that indicated they had been formerly gilt and sculptured, our author found himself, to his astonishment, in the grand

synagogue. Some children in rags were learning, from a blind old man, the ancient history of the city, and heard that their fathers adored the God of Israel, not in the wretched den where they then were, but under porticos of marble, and roofs built of the cedars of Lebanon ! Such is now the condition of the remnant of the extraordinary people, whose hands raised, and whose sweat and blood bathed the proudest monuments of Memphis and of Rome.—The space within the walls would contain six times the number of inhabitants above specified ; so that a great part of its unpaved and steep streets are uninhabited, and a large quantity of houses, churches, and monasteries, are entirely deserted. The inhabited houses generally receive the light only by means of the door, and one or two small holes for windows, with wooden bars. In a few poor shops, they sell olives and fruits brought from Damas, rice, corn, and some dried vegetables : a group of starving Arabs may be seen devouring these luxuries with their eyes ; while the Turkish shopkeeper smokes his pipe with indifference, utterly regardless, to all appearance, of his own interests.

M. de Forbin went from Jerusalem to Bethlehem, which received its name, it is said, from Abraham himself. David there guarded his flock, and Boaz and Ruth were Bethlehemites. The first Christians built a small chapel over the spot where the stable stood in which our Saviour was born : the Emperor Adrian substituted the altar of Adonis, which was afterwards thrown down by St. Helen, who caused the church to be erected that stands there to this day. The Armenians are now in possession of this temple. The convent has all the appearance of a fortress ; the principal gate is made very low, to hinder, as our author says, the Arabs from entering on horseback, or in too great number. The town had just been visited with an order for a contribution of 8000 piastres ; and the population, which is entirely Christian, was in a state of great agitation. The young women of Bethlehem are described as graceful, and finely featured : a veil envelopes, without hiding, their countenance ; and their arms are naked. M. de Forbin visited many families of the place, and was kindly received. Going out of the town, you see the mountains of Hebron, where the pretended tomb of Abraham is still shown : in the valley of Mambre repose the ashes of Caleb : further distant they point out the rock in a cave of which David hid himself from the fury of Saul.

To go to Jericho, it is necessary to leave Jerusalem by the gate Setty-Mariam, and to cross the torrent Cedron. When M. de Forbin took this journey it was winter ; but the temperature of the air scarcely permitted him to believe this. Throughout the whole of Judea, occasional rain is the only indication of winter : “ autumn brings no fruits, spring expands no

flowers; yet the heats of summer dry the source of Siloa: it would appear that there are no longer seasons for this unhappy country." (P. 92.) The road to Jericho passes through narrow valleys and deep ravines, almost impracticable, that seemed made by some recent convulsion. The mountains looked as if they were stained with sulphur, as at the Solfatara in the neighbourhood of Naples. The traveller, after having descended into dismal chasms, must climb sharp and steep rocks to discover the plain of Jericho. The Arabs call it *Ryah*: a crowd of huts, built of earth and reeds, and roofed with a sort of heath, is all that now remains bearing the name of this city, whose once celebrated walls are replaced by fagots of thorns and thistles, that hardly serve to defend the cattle against the frequent attacks of wild beasts. The Aga, as wretched as his subjects, inhabited a ruined tower, which our traveller climbed with much difficulty. The best abode in the place was assigned him for the night; but he could not support its bad smell: he joined his companions round a large fire in the open air, where they supped on a kid killed before them, and broiled on the wood ashes.

"Wrapped up in my cloak, and stretched on the ground, I slept in spite of my bad supper, and the noise of my entertainers. The principal persons of Jericho (*les notables*) came to chat with the Turks of my escort,—and the conversation was long and loud. We were all on the alert again before break of day, and saw the sun rise behind the mountains of the Arabian desert." (P. 94.)

The Dead Sea, or Asphaltic Lake of Sodom, is seen on the right of Jericho: the Jordan discovers itself far off in the distance on the left, between two small hills covered with thorny shrubs. The Aga added some fresh men to our traveller's escort, who proceeded towards the spot where the sinful towns were destroyed by the fire of heaven. The road lay over a sandy plain, thinly spotted with small shrubs, and some plants of an exquisite perfume. The party was on its guard against Arab robbers, and took prisoner a Bedouin whose companions fled at its approach. He was afterwards permitted to get off by throwing himself into the Jordan. The banks of this river are high, and covered with trees; its water is yellow, troubled, and pretty deep. Its width here is trifling—about a quarter that of the Seine at Paris.

Our author's description of the Asphaltic Lake contains nothing new: he says, the Jews believe that, at the birth of Messiah, the fire-destroyed cities will re-appear. From a hill formed of ruins, supposed to be those of Gomorrah, M. de Forbin sketched a view, which included the Mount Nebo, where Moses died. "Searching on the banks of the river for vestiges

of the guilty town, I in fact discovered some remains of walls, of a tower, and of several columns."

Nothing, according to our author's account, can equal the horrible melancholy of this country. Deep and dark valleys are suddenly shut up by a lofty mountain, perfectly white, which in the twilight might be taken for an enormous phantom defending the passage; the crevices and the caverns then put on the appearance of features, and the ravines down its sides mark the folds of its frightful robe.

"Mountains of cinders, in the shape of imperfect and reversed cones, fantastic rocks, riven, overturned, and standing; these were the objects we encountered for several leagues, till we gained a more elevated spot, from whence the bitter waters of the Dead Sea were again visible: at this moment the sun was descending behind the mountains of Edom. The lake seemed an exquisite surface of lapis lazuli, of which the mountains that surrounded it formed the golden border. Further off, the rocky crags, heaped one upon the other, now put on the appearance of a fortified city, and now of a vast amphitheatre, that had no other spectators or actors but the kites and vultures. Immense eagles balanced themselves majestically in mid-air above their ancient and undisturbed empire." (P. 101.)

The monastery of Saint Sabas, one of those dismal, inaccessible cenobite retreats, of which numbers are to be found in the deserts of Asia, is placed on the peak of a rock, and hangs at the height of four hundred feet, over the dried torrent of Cedron. Our author describes it as the most frightful solitude he had ever seen: the grotts of the unhappy fanatics are excavated in nooks, and under projections that expose them to continual danger. Doves, and a multitude of anchorites, formerly inhabited together the whole of the awful valley below,—it is now, however, deserted by the human beings, yet blue pigeons, says the traveller, still float over the abyss. Not a shrub, not a plant, not a drop of water, can be found within the enormous enclosure of the monastery. Two low and narrow gates, covered with iron and nails, were closely shut against the party: they begged admission in vain; the hour seemed a suspicious one to the Greek hermits; and all that prayers the most earnest, and menaces the most severe, could procure, was a jar of water, long-time expected, and at last lowered to them from the top of a tower eighty feet high. The poor Caloyers are obliged to watch day and night against the Arabs, whole tribes of whom often come to attack them. Their watching, however, is of small avail: their enemies possess themselves of all the issues; and the inmates of the place are thus compelled to conclude a treaty, the single article of which provides for the payment of a contribution.

On the 2d December, our traveller quitted Jerusalem, proceed-

ing by the village of Jeremiah towards the sea. As he approached Jafa, by the road of the ancient Arimathea, the weather became milder still, and he breathed the perfume of orange and citron gardens, which are planted without order or art. Pleasant rivulets go murmuring amongst the rows of trees which press thickly against each other: their branches are bent down, with the weight of flowers and fruits, into the running water at their feet, where they refresh themselves, and add to the gentle noise of the streams. Noble palm-trees rise, like minarets, above these embalmed groves. This is a very different scene from that of the cenobite monastery, and of the rocks and valleys of the Dead Sea!

"It is not possible to conceive the pleasure we felt in plunging into these delicious thickets, after our eyes had been so long accustomed to spread themselves over bare and burning flats, and our ears had been struck by no pleasanter sounds than those of the shrill and incessant cries of an Arabian populace, always apparently threatening and revolting." (P. 132.)

At Jafa our author delivered his letters of introduction to the Aga, a brave, able, cunning, cruel, and ambitious Circassian, who seems to aim at acquiring some day an independent power. The Christian convent here is on a tolerably good footing with the chief of the government, owing to the adroitness of "*le Pere Curé*," Juan Soler, a sharp intriguing ecclesiastic, who has made a friend of Elias Basila, a Syrian Christian, and *second writer* to Mehemet Aga. *Le Pere Curé* intrigues that his protector Elias may become prime minister; and prompts, pushes, and whispers to advance this laudable end, without ceasing. The *second-writer*, however, is too indolent and too honest, says our author: he smokes two hundred pipes a day, while he is waiting quietly till his greatness shall be thrust upon him.

M. de Forbin had determined to cross Palestine, for the purpose of arriving at Damietta. The journey is far from a safe one; but the Aga furnished him with a good conductor. Near the ruins of Azoth, so flourishing under the Philistines, our author fell in with a Bedouin, wandering, as he stated, without any object, and mounted on a beautiful mare, with gazelle eyes, whose praises he loudly sounded, and was delighted to hear echoed. He stooped over the neck of the graceful animal, spoke to it as to a favourite child, and covered it with kisses.

Ascalon is totally deserted: not one inhabitant remains within its walls. It is placed, like Naples, on an amphitheatrical slope, forming a half-circle, and the sea forms the chord of the arc. The gates and ramparts still stand: the streets conduct to the squares: the wild antelope mounts the staircases of the palaces: the vast churches ring with the cry of the jackal; and bands of these ani-

mals meet in the great market-place. They are now the sole masters of Ascalon! The Arabs, who call it *Djaurah*, struck by its melancholy appearance, regard it as the abode of evil spirits. They stoutly affirm, that during the night the city is often seen illuminated: that the sound of innumerable voices is heard, also the neighing of horses, the clashing of arms, and all the tumult of combats. An exquisite temple of Venus, in the Greek style, stands not far from the Gothic Christian monuments. Lady Esther Stanhope has recently made excavations at Ascalon; but the expense was found by her Ladyship to be too great, and her attempts have been discontinued. M. de Forbin adds a note respecting our countrywoman, who has taken up her abode in the East:

“Lady Esther Stanhope has inhabited Syria for some years past: at present she resides in the small town of Antoura, above Lebanon. Her good actions have conquered the affections of the Bedouin Arabs; and people say, that they are very well disposed to proclaim her their queen. A ceremony, which certainly would have resembled a coronation, was prepared for her at Tadmour, the ancient Palmyra, but her modesty induced her to decline this singular triumph.” (P. 143.)

We have already hinted that M. de Forbin was fated to find the English every where before him in the East:—and though his notice of Lady Esther Stanhope is sufficiently civil, he is in general put sadly out of temper by their apparition. An Englishman has established a sugar refinery on the banks of the Nile, and it succeeds: at Athens he finds “rich English,” and “English artists, who measure with scrupulous exactness the monuments of genius.” At Thebes the English have “by money and presents gained the affection of the Arabs, and all their enterprises have been crowned with complete success.” But, worst of all, a whole English travelling establishment, milord and miladi, doctors, children, tutors, and governesses, arrived at the city of the Hundred Gates, while our unfortunate traveller was musing, and feeding his enthusiasm among the temples and catacombs, and seated on the borders of the Nile, where, as he says, “je regardais danser les Arabes *Ghaouazy*.”

“I no longer experienced any wish to go higher up the Nile when I saw an English family arrive at Thebes, on their return from the cataracts. Lord and Lady Belmor had visited a part of Nubia: they travelled in a very splendid style: three of four boats followed the one in which they were. Husbands, wives, children, chaplains, surgeons, nurses, cooks, all chattered of Elephantis! From this moment the illusion finished for me: it was all over: I even set off from Thebes sooner than I intended, for I found it impossible to support the constant sight of a little smart English nursery-maid, who was constantly



to be found amongst these venerable ruins in a rose-coloured spenser, with a parasol in her hand." (P. 273.)

This was vexatious enough, we confess : and so far from being inclined to quarrel with our author's pettishness on this trying occasion, we are prepared, by our own proper experience, to sympathise with his distress and disappointment. We well remember our first visit to the cave of the goddess,—that

——“ sweet creation of some heart  
Which found no mortal resting place so fair  
As her ideal breast ;”—

and the disagreeable dislocating jirk our feelings experienced, when they were roughly tugged from the quiet contemplation of the picturesque opening, the trickling water, and dropping foliage, by the shrill quick sound of a little girl's voice, who had approached unheard and unseen, and whom a sudden flash of antiquarian scepticism impelled to exclaim, very *mal-à-propos*, “ this is *not* the grotto of Egeria, Doctor C—— ! ”

But however ridiculous, and even provoking, all this may seem, when considered in certain points of view—(and we can excuse M. de Forbin for thus regarding them,)—should it not also, on reflection, strike him, that it cannot but be a most extraordinary country which thus spreads all its whims and humours, and ranks and classes, over all parts of the earth : whose nursery-maids meet him amongst the ruins of Thebes ; whose children go with their governesses on an excursion to the Cataracts of the Nile ; and one of whose ladies has her abode “ in the small town of Antoura, above Lebanon ; ” has won the hearts of the Bedouin Arabs, and would have been crowned at Palmyra, if she had not declined the honour. Alexander led his troops to the Indus ; and Rome sent her consuls and her legions to the most distant parts ; but to military conquest and political aggrandisement peculiarly belong these distant journeys. What other country, however, but England, has ever possessed a force of life through all its members, down to its very lowest extremities, sufficient to impel a general passage of its trades, professions, habits, and conditions, throughout all inhabited, and almost all uninhabited places, in Europe and Asia ? Curiosity, and general activity of intellect and disposition, furnish the principal locomotive impulses to these trips : it is idle to attribute the universal travelling mania to economical plans : a French family would economize at home, in the Fauxbourg St. Germain, or, at the very worst, at ten leagues from Paris, with a dexterity and effect that none of our travelling economists can come near to. The plea of economy may indeed furnish many with an excuse for going abroad ; but the real causes are, as we have said, an active and hardy curio-

sity, and prompt determined disposition. "Even your *dame graside*," said the old Vesuvian hermit to us—"they go up the mountain: what a nation your's is!" Our guide to the Grotto del Cane told us, in the way of admonition, that a great army-tailor from London had spoiled a new Neapolitan coat, and almost lost his life to boot, by holding his head too long in the poisonous vapour, practising a philosophical experiment. At Venice we heard of a banker's travelling agent getting into a scrape by insulting the Austrian sentinels in the square of St. Mark; telling them that but for the Duke of Wellington they would never have been able to give the Venetians their horses again.

We shall be obliged now to push on more quickly; for we have a long road before us, and our limits in this article are almost reached. At Gaza our author found only poverty and oppression. The enormous price demanded, prevented him from confiding himself to the Arabs of Bakyr, and going to explore, on the south east of the Asphaltic Lake, the desert by which Moses conducted the tribes from Egypt. At El-Arych he reposed under a magnificent grove of palm-trees: "*Ce fut sous leur dôme, agité par la brise du soir, que nous oubliâmes les fatigues de la journée.*" (P. 154.) He was now fairly engaged in the desert: a few bushes of a sort of black thorny heath, scattered at long intervals; flocks of gazelles, faintly seen on the brink of the horizon; a hare or two, whose course the eye can trace for a mile; and tortoises slowly seeking their holes in the sand; such are the sole objects of the desert. The Arab of the wild is described as much more estimable than the Arab of the towns: "hospitable, faithful to his word, he seems to respect his own state of independence. All whom we met on our route accosted us with good will and kindness: pressing their right hands against their breasts, they put up religious wishes in our favour: '*God is great—may he protect your journey and ours!*'" At the evening halts the Arabs of the party seated themselves in a circle, and began recounting stories, one of which, that seems very much distinguished by French grace, M. de Forbin takes the trouble to repeat,—and he goes the strange length of placing amongst the topographical plates, in the magnificent folio edition of his work, a fancy scene taken from this *conte aimable*.

The difficulties our traveller experienced, before reaching Damietta, amongst the marshes and canals of the Delta, we cannot now stay to describe. He says, "one is struck by the air of destruction and misery which this town bears, though at a distance its numerous minarets give it a certain look of grandeur." The Aga of Damietta had just married his favourite buffoon dwarf to a poor dumb female dwarf, and he and his court were

expecting with great anxiety the fruits of this union. M. de Forbin went to the market of black slaves here, and two unfortunate girls were submitted to his inspection: for the youngest, who was about fifteen, and well-made, they asked two hundred and fifty pounds.

From Damietta our traveller ascended the Nile in a boat: the shores are lined with small villages; and if it were not for the palms and minarets, would resemble the banks of the canals in Holland. The river is generally covered with boats, and there was an animation in the scene which contrasted agreeably with the remembrance of the melancholy country which M. de Forbin had left behind him.

At fifteen leagues from Cairo, the pyramids already show themselves rising in the horizon over the Lybian desert. Disembarking at a small town, which serves as one of the faubourgs of the capital of Upper Egypt, the first object that struck our traveller was the advanced guard of the caravan of Mecca. Fatigued with their long route, the men were lying pell-mell with their camels; and nothing could be more picturesque than the appearance of their camp, which formed, as it were, the foreground of the view of Cairo, when this extraordinary city first presented itself to the regards of M. de Forbin.

The streets of Cairo are not paved; and they are often so narrow, that the houses touch from the opposite sides, forming a vault, which shelters from the sun and the rain. One quarter of the whole population, which is composed of Turks, Arabs, Copts, Armenians, and Jews, are blind, from the effect of the dust; and a singular revolt of these blind men once took place: above twenty thousand of them were maintained in the hospital of Djâmi-el-Azhar, and from this building they rushed forth, causing a frightful disorder in the town. The crowd and confusion in the streets of Cairo are always very great: files of camels and dromedaries obstruct the passages; Africans and Arabs from all the nations spread over their vast country, push against each other, quarrel, and fight. The Bedouin kneels before the Mufti, whose train crushes every body without scruple: the populace ill-treat a Jew, who has not had time to shelter himself in the bazars of Khan-khaligh or of Hamasaouy: lastly, flocks of hungry dogs bark after processions of pilgrims returning from Mecca. Such, says our author, is a feeble picture of the streets of Cairo, the city of the *Thousand-and-one-Nights*—"great among the great—the delight of thought—the smile of the Prophet!"

M. de Forbin owed to his Turkish habit a rare privilege—that of visiting the markets of the female slaves, who, as our readers know, are intended to supply the seraglios of the faith-

ful. We need make no apology, we suppose, for giving this passage entire :

“ The most agreeable slaves that can be bought at Cairo are the Abyssinians. They are often to be found of great beauty. I have seen some with lively and regular features, admirable figures, the skin slightly olive, but smooth and transparent ; their black hair is soft and bright. There were some charming women in the caravan, that had just arrived from Dar-four : they were Christians, and strongly attached to their faith. The prettiest were sold at from four to five thousand crowns of Cairo. It was much more difficult for me to gain admission into the private markets of the white females. However, at length, I got introduced to an Arabian merchant, whose house I found furnished in the first style of elegance. This man, who supplies the Pacha's haram, is associated with the richest slave-dealer of Damas. He showed us, amongst several women, more or less pretty, a young Circassian, who could not be more than sixteen, and who was one of the most perfect beauties I have ever seen in my life. I was so strongly smitten by her charms, that, in spite of the improbability of obtaining permission for her to quit Egypt, I offered as high as six thousand crowns for her. The poor creature raised her large black eyes, wet with tears, and seemed not unwilling that the bargain should be concluded. The merchant, who had fixed her price at eight thousand crowns, demanded some hours to reflect on my offer, and I heard no more of the affair.” (P. 233, 234.)

M. de Forbin describes the manners of Cairo as sunk to the very lowest pitch of abomination : the foulest crimes are in common perpetration ; and the Christians are far from exempt from this infamy.

Having given the scale of prices for the ladies, we are inclined to add that for the celebrated Arabian horses ; which will be found to amount much higher than probably our readers imagined. It is in Syria that the finest are to be seen : the rarest and dearest are those of the race *Oæl-Nagdy*. They come from Bassora ; are handsome, gentle, very swift ; their colour a brown bay, and often grey. Their intelligence is wonderful ; and extraordinary traits of attachment to their masters are cited of them : their price, accordingly, rises to eight thousand crowns ; and a mare was sold, at Saint Jean D'Acre, a short time before our author's journey, for fifteen thousand crowns ! The race of *Gulfé* comes from Yemen : it is patient, indefatigable, and very gentle ; its price mounts to four thousand crowns. The race *Oæl-Mefki* is beautiful, but less able to support fatigue : it comes from Damas, and sells for about three thousand crowns. Those of the commoner species fetch from nine hundred to a thousand crowns each.

We shall not follow M. de Forbin in his visit to the Pyramids and Thebes ; because these celebrated objects have been, of late,

frequently and excellently described by travellers, who have paid more attention to them, as artists and men of science, than our present author has done. It is as monuments of antiquity that they are to be considered; and, as such, they demand a learned notice, which M. de Forbin does not give them. We have, therefore, chosen rather to follow him pretty closely where his talents for general description and light observation have been well employed, in conveying striking pictures of natural objects, and of the state of man, in countries where the fierceness of nature seems combined with the despotism of rulers to torment, degrade, and oppress, the unhappy inhabitants; but where, at the same time, a poetical grandeur results from the very dreariness of the scene, coupled as it is with the vestiges and remembrances of the glory that once belonged to this interesting part of the world.

*Ann. XVIII.—Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk. Second Edition.*  
3 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1819:

IT is believed amongst certain classes of the South that the Scottish literati are notorious for scepticism, and still more notorious for a want of classical erudition; that the facility of northern education tends to generate only superficialness and pretension; and that the cold and speculative cast of the national philosophy, aided by the austere Calvinistic spirit of the national religion, has tainted the great body of the people, rendering them at once conceited of themselves and contemptuous of others,—dogmatic in their intellectual character, and puritanically intolerant in their religious predilections. This sweeping opinion, we take it, is much upon a level, in point of correctness, with one entertained in the days of honest Humphrey Clinker, that our Caledonian neighbours regale themselves solely upon sheep's heads; or with another, believed by the vulgar at this very day, that to all Scotchmen infallibly belong the inheritance of sandy hair, hard features, and high cheek bones. But although this prejudice against our brethren beyond the Tweed is perfectly groundless, it has been so long cherished by certain eminent scholars, dignitaries, and critics of the South, that any thing we can say to the contrary would be quite incompetent to dislodge it; we shall therefore abstain from an attempt so utterly unpromising.—It is a maxim trite but true, that

“Men convinced against their will  
Are of the same opinion still;”

and this often holds good of individuals of superior intellect as

well as of others; for observation proves that prejudices are generally strong in proportion to the strength of the understanding that entertains them, just as weeds are luxuriant in proportion to the richness of the soil in which they spring up.—Upon the whole, we are satisfied that argument, in the present case, would be hopeless; and that the rectification of this unhappy proposition against Scotland must be given over to the silent operation of time and truth. Meanwhile we can assure the persons who hold the prejudices alluded to, that they will find in the writer of these letters a coadjutor of no small zeal. He has indited three goodly volumes, which may be said to be *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*: but his leading object throughout the whole—an object which he pursues with a perseverance that never tires—is, to depreciate the literary character of Scotland, and to hold up the attainments of her philosophers and scholars to ridicule and contempt. Had the genius of this doughty champion been equal to his inclination, we know not what might have been the consequence,—probably ere now Scotland would have been blotted out from the map of mind, and her philosophers of the present day, like her covenanters of old, been obliged to flee from “the sweep of his fell sword,” and conceal themselves in the recesses of her impenetrable mountains, or in the caves and fastnesses of her trackless glens. But luckily his pen is an “*inselle telum*,” and although the book has been puffed into notoriety by all the arts of authorship; although the whole squad of contributors to Blackwood’s Magazine have taken up the tale of its wonderful merits; and, above all, though it is full of all manner of gossip and private scandal, it has been more powerless than any thing of the kind could reasonably have been expected to be, and has not excited even a nine days’ wonder among either the literary or fashionable circles of the northern metropolis.

The author, if not born, has at least been educated in England: and along with a laudable affection for her constitution in church and state, has unfortunately imbibed a violent aversion for every thing that does not coalesce with her forms. We do not find fault with his toriyism,—for we ourselves, compared with certain partizans, may pass for Tories; neither do we blame his attachment to episcopacy,—for we ourselves are true churchmen. But we condemn him for the high (we might almost say *Jacobitical*) tone of his political opinions; a tone quite irreconcilable with the tempered sway of British monarchy; and for his ill-disguised hatred of the established religion of Scotland;—a hatred quite inconsistent with the meek and tolerating spirit of our venerable church.

While we censure the civil and religious principles of this writer,

we must no less condemn his conduct in other matters. There is, we think, something singularly indelicate in his exposing, to the retailers of scandal, the privacy of eminent individuals; and in disclosing through the press anecdotes and particulars which could only have become known to him in the implied confidence of social intercourse.

We have thought it incumbent upon us to express ourselves thus strongly of his work, because, if such literary nuisances are to be tolerated, there must be an end to that confiding openness which forms such a delightful element in the intercourse of cultivated minds. At the same time we are free to confess that we think pretty highly of the production, viewed merely as a literary performance. In many parts it is sketchy, clever, and amusing; and there are passages here and there which evince no ordinary talents. Yet, on the other hand, the book is too much spun out, and it would be difficult to mention any other work, professedly light and discursive, which contains so much heavy reading.

We have one more observation to make relative to this publication. It professes to be a series of letters written by a Welch practitioner of medicine, to his kinsfolk, during his visit to Scotland last winter. But it is easy to see that "Peter Morris, M. D." is merely a *nom-de-guerre*, borrowed for the purpose of baffling the inquisitive.

It is now time that we should lay a few extracts before our readers. In making the necessary selection, we shall confine ourselves to such passages as are the most amusing and the least offensive.

The following sketch of Mr. Jeffrey, Editor of the Edinburgh Review, cannot fail to prove acceptable :—

"Mr. J. is a very short, and very active looking man, with an appearance of extraordinary vivacity in all his motions and gestures. His face is one which cannot be understood at a single glance; perhaps it requires, as it certainly invites, a long and anxious scrutiny before it lays itself open to the gazer; the features are neither very handsome, nor very defined in their outlines; and yet the effect of the whole is as striking as any arrangement either of more noble or more marked features which ever came under my view. The forehead is very singularly shaped, describing in its bend from side to side a larger segment of a circle than is at all common; compressed below the temples almost as much as Sterne's; and throwing out sinuses above the eyes of an extremely bold and compact structure. The hair is very black and wiry, standing in ragged bristly clumps out from the upper part of his head, but lying close and firm lower down, especially about the ears. Altogether it is picturesque, and adds to the effect of the visage. The mouth is the most expressive part of the face, as I believe it is of every face. The lips are very firm; but they tremble and vibrate, even when brought close together, in such a way as to give the idea of an intense

never-ceasing play of mind. There is a delicate kind of sneer almost always upon them, which has not the least appearance of ill-temper about it, but seems to belong entirely to the speculative understanding of the man. I have said, that the mouth is the most expressive part of his face,—and in one sense this is the truth, for it is the seat of all its rapid and transitory expression. But what speaking things are his eyes! They disdain to be agitated with those lesser emotions which pass over the lips: they reserve their fierce and dark energies for matters of more moment; once kindled with the heat of any passion, how they beam flash upon flash! The scintillation of a star is not more fervid. Perhaps, notwithstanding of this, their repose is even more worthy of attention. With the capacity of emitting such a flood of radiance, they seem to take a pleasure in banishing every ray from their black, inscrutable, glazed, tarn-like circles. I think their prevailing language is, after all, rather a melancholy than a merry one; it is at least very full of reflection. Such is a faint outline of this countenance the features of which (to say nothing at all of their expression) have, as yet, baffled every attempt of the portrait-painters; and which, indeed, bids very fair, in my opinion, to leave no image behind it either on canvass or on copper. A sharp, and at the same time, very deep-toned voice, a very bad pronunciation, but accompanied with very little of the Scotch accent, a light and careless manner, exchanged now and then for an infinite variety of more earnest expression and address—this is as much as I could carry away from my first visit to the “wee reckit deil,” as the *Inferno* of *Altesidora* has happily called him. (Vol. i. p. 58.)

We cannot resist the temptation of adding the account of this eminent individual's deportment in the courts of law, when pursuing his vocation as a barrister.

“When not pleading in one or other of the Courts, or before the Ordinary, he may commonly be seen standing in some corner, entertaining or entertained by such wit as suits the atmosphere of the place; but it is seldom that his occupations permit him to remain long in any such position. Ever and anon his lively conversation is interrupted by some undertaker-faced Solicitor, or perhaps by some hot bustling Exquisite-clerk, who comes to announce the opening of some new debate, at which the presence of Mr. Jeffrey is necessary: and away he darts like lightning to the indicated region, cleaving his way through the surrounding crowd with irresistible alacrity—the more clumsy or more grave *doer* that had set him in motion, vainly puffing and elbowing to keep close in his wake. A few seconds have scarcely elapsed, till you hear the sharp, shrill, but deep-toned trumpet of his voice lifting itself in some far off corner, high over the discordant Babel that intervenes—period following period in one unbroken chain of sound, as if its links had had no beginning, and were to have no end.” \* \* \* \* \* “The same powers which have enabled him to seize with so firm a grasp the opinion of the public, in regard to matters of taste and literature, give him, above all, sway unrivalled over the minds of a Jury. There cannot be a finer display of inge-



nuity than his mode of addressing a set of plain conscientious men, whom it is his business to bamboozle. He does not indeed call up, as some have dared to do, the majesty of sleeping passions, to over-awe the trembling indecision of judgment. The magic he wields is not of the cast which makes the subject of its working the conscious, yet willing slave of the sorcerer. His is a more cunning, but quite as effectual a species of tempting. He flatters the vanity of men, by making them believe that the best proof of their own superiority will be their coming to the conclusion which he has proposed; and they submit with servile stupidity, at the very moment they are pluming themselves on displaying the boldness and independence of adventurous intellect. In criminal trials, and in the newly-established Jury Court for civil cases, Mr. Jeffrey is now completely lord of the ascendant." (Vol. ii. p. 59—63.)

The pretended Dr. Morris is invited to dine with Mr. Jeffrey at his country house: he no sooner arrives than his host insists on carrying him over hedges and ditches, and trotting him up one field and down another, to show his method of farming. During the whole walk Mr. J. continues to discourse of Swedish turnips, floric grass, red-blossomed potatoes, and other edifying subjects, without (*mirabile dictu*!) making one single allusion to law, politics, or literature! The following account of the entertainment is whimsical enough.

"J—— made no alteration in his dress, but joined the ladies exactly in his morning costume,—a little green jacket, gray worsted pantaloons, and hessian boots, and a black silk handkerchief. Hew had Grub-street stared to see the prince of reviewers in such a garb! The dinner was excellent—a glorious turbot and oyster-sauce for one thing; and (*sitesco referens*) there was no want of champagne; the very wine, by the way, which I should have guessed to be Jeffrey's favourite. It is impossible to conceive of him as being a lover of the genuine old black-strap, or even of the quiet *beuhness* of Burgundy. The true reviewing diet is certainly Champagne, and devilled biscuit. Had there been any blue-stocking lady present, she would have been sadly shocked with the material cast of the conversation during dinner,—not a single word about 'The sweet new poem!' Most of the company, though all literary men, seemed to be alive to the delights of the table." (Vol. i. p. 66.)

Professor Playfair was of the party; and, out of respect to departed genius, we extract the description of his person and manners. Our readers are aware that this distinguished philosopher is now numbered with the illustrious dead! His death is deplored all over Europe, and his loss is one which will neither be easily nor speedily made good to science.

"Mr. P—— is a short man, and he cannot be less than seventy, yet he took his stand with the assurance of an athletic, and positively beat every one of us (in a trial at leaping, viz.), the very best of us, by

at least half a heel's breadth. I was quite thunderstruck, never having heard the least hint of his being so great a geometrician—in this sense of the word. I was, however, I must own, *agreeably* surprised by such a specimen of buoyant spirit and muscular strength in so venerable an old gentleman; and could not forbear from complimenting him on his revival of the ancient peripatetic ideas, about the necessity of cultivating the external as well as the internal energies, and of mixing the activity of the practical with that of the contemplative life. He took what I said with great suavity; and indeed, I have never seen a better specimen of that easy hilarity and good humour which sits with so much gracefulness on an honoured old age. I wish I could give you a notion of his face. It is not marked by any very striking features; but the unison of mildness of disposition, and strength of intellect in the expression, is too remarkable to be unnoticed even by a casual observer. His habits of profound thought have drawn some deep lines about his mouth, and given him the custom of holding his lips very closely shut; otherwise, I suspect, the whole countenance would have been nothing more than an amiable one; although the light eyes have certainly at times something very piercing in their glance, even through his spectacles. The forehead is very finely developed,—singularly broad across the temples, as, according to Spurzheim, all mathematical foreheads must be. I think one may trace in his physiognomy a great deal of that fine intellectual taste which dictated the illustrations of the Huttonian theory." (Vol. i. p. 62, 182.)

Our next extract shall be the account of David Hume's monument: the author had visited the burying-ground on the Calton-hill, to see the spot where that Prince of Doubters is laid:

"The philosopher reposes on the very margin of the rock; and above him his friends have erected a round tower, which, although in itself not very large, derives an infinite advantage from the nature of the ground on which it is placed, and is, in fact, one of the chief landmarks in every view of the city. In its form, it is quite simple; and the flat roof, and single urn in front, give it a very classical effect. Already lichens and ferns and wall-flowers begin to creep over the surface, and a solitary willow-bush drops its long slender leaves over the edge of the roof, and breaks the outline in the air with a desolate softness.

"There is no inscription, except the words DAVID HUME; and this is just as it ought to be. One cannot turn from them, and the thoughts to which they of necessity give birth, to the more humble names that cover the more humble tombs around, without experiencing a strange revulsion of ideas. The simple citizen, that went through the world in a course of plain and quiet existence, begetting children, and accumulating money to provide for them, occupies a near section of the same sod, which covers the dust of him, who left no progeny behind him, except that of his intellect,—and whose name must survive in that progeny, so long as man retains any portion of the infirmity, or of the nobility of him

nature. The poor man, the peasant, or the mechanic, whose laborious days provided him scantily with meat and raiment, and abundantly with sound sleep—he also has mingled his ashes with Him, whose body had very little share either in his wants or his wishes,—whose spirit alone was restless and sleepless. They sleep close beside one who walked upon the earth, not to feel, but to speculate, and was content to descend into her bosom with scarcely one ray of hope beyond the dark and enduring sleep of nothingness. Death, like misery, “makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows.” But surely never was a scene of strange juxtaposition more pregnant with lessons of thoughtfulness than this.” (Vol. i. p. 184.)

In the evening of his days (which he spent in his native city amidst those friends, and in that philosophic privacy, which he loved), Mr. Hume purchased the spot of ground now occupied by his ashes. It was in one of his occasional contemplative walks, on the Calton Hill, that he was struck with the retiredness of a certain corner in the neighbouring burying-ground. He was immediately seized with the desire that, whenever or wherever he might die, his remains should be deposited there. Understanding that this small space was unappropriated, he secured it to himself by purchase, and used ever afterwards to tell, with a good-natured playfulness, that it was the only land he could call his own. When his health began to decline, he would speak with cheerfulness of his approaching dissolution, and say, that he must soon take possession of his *estate*. These particulars we have from one who knew him well in his latter years; and if they give us a high idea of the freshness of his animal spirits, they also impress upon us a melancholy regret, that one so disposed to contentedness and peace, should not have been cheered, in his last hours, by the glorious prospects and promises of the Gospel; or consoled, while in “the valley of the shadow of death,” by that peace “which the world cannot give,” and “which passeth all understanding?”

Our author, in prosecution of his plan of describing what he observed, takes occasion to make some remarks on the University of Edinburgh, and on the mode of instruction adopted there, which are as mistaken in point of fact as they are offensive in respect of manner. He possesses a considerable talent for sarcasm and caricature, which, with his present dispositions, will not be productive of much good either to himself or others. The following humorous sketch of the pupils of Dr. Brown's class, is drawn in the author's usual sarcastic vein; it is a caricature certainly; but like most other caricatures, it has a sufficient degree of similitude to render it laughable.

“I went one morning in good time, and took my place in a convenient corner of that class-room, to which the rising metaphysicians of the north resort with so much eagerness. Before the professor

arrived, I amused myself with surveying the well-covered rows of benches with which the area of the large room was occupied. I thought I could distinguish the various descriptions of speculative young men come thither from the different quarters of Scotland, fresh from the first zealous study of Hume, Berkeley, and Locke, and quite sceptical, whether the timber upon which they sat had any real existence, or whether there was such a thing as heat in the grate which was blazing before them. On one side might be seen, perhaps, a Pyrrhonist from Inverness-shire, deeply marked with the small-pox, and ruminating upon our not seeing double with two eyes. The gaunt and sinewy frame of this meditative mountaineer—his hard legs set wide asunder, as if to take full advantage of their more usual integument the philabeg—his features bearing so many marks of the imperfect civilization, and nomadic existence of his progenitors,—all together could not fail to strike me as rather out of place in such a situation as this. On the other side might be remarked one, who seemed to be an embryo clergyman, waiting anxiously for some new lights, which he expected the coming lecture would throw upon the great system of cause and effect, and feeling rather qualmish, after having read that morning Hume's Sceptical Solution of Sceptical Doubts. Nearer the professor's table was probably a crack member of some crack-debating club, with a grin of incorrigible self-complacency shining through his assumed frown of profound reflection,—looking, as the French say, as grave as a pot-de-chambre,—and longing, above all things, for seven o'clock in the evening, when he hoped himself to assume a conspicuous position behind a green table, with a couple of candles upon it, and fully refute the objections of his honourable and eloquent friend who spoke last. A little farther to the right might be observed a fine, healthy, well-thriven lad from Haddington-shire, but without the slightest trace of metaphysics in his countenance,—one who would have thought himself much better employed in shooting crows on Leith Sands, and in whom the distinction between Sensation and Volition excited nothing but chagrin and disgust.

“ Throughout the whole of this motley assembly there was a prodigious mending of pens and folding of paper; every one, as it appeared, having arrived with the determination to carry away the *Dicta Magistri*, not in his head only, but in his note-book. Some, after having completed their preparations for the business of this day, seemed to be conning over the monuments of their yesterday's exertion, and getting as firm a grapple as possible of the last links of the chain, whereof a new series was about to be expanded before them. There was a very care-worn kind of hollowness in many of their eyes, as if they had been rather overworked in the business of staring upon stenography; and not a few of their noses were pinched and sharpened, as it were, with the habitual throes and agonies of extreme hesitation. As the hour began to strike, there arose a simultaneous clamour of coughing, and spitting, and blowing of noses, as if all were prepared for listening long to the lecturer, without disturbing him or their neighbours; and such was the infectiousness of their zeal, that I caught myself fidgeting upon my seat, and clearing out for action like the rest. At last, in came

the professor, with a pleasant smile upon his face, arrayed in a black Geneva cloak, over a snuff-coloured coat and buff-waistcoat. He mounted to his chair, and laid his papers on the desk before him, and in a moment all was still as the Tomb of the Capulets—every eye filled with earnestness, and every pen filled with ink.” (Vol. i. p. 170.)

As another specimen of the author's talent for *persiflage*, let the reader take the following picture of Mr. Young, the Greek Professor at Glasgow, and his pupils.

“The true, lively, keen, hair-splitting expression of a genuine root-catcher was never exhibited any where so broad and so brightly as in the physiognomy of Professor Young. Never was I more strongly reminded of the truth of that wise saying of the wisest of men, which the sceptical wits of the present age are pleased to scorn as much as any of the dicta of poor Spurzheim,—‘a man may be known by his look, and one that hath understanding by his countenance, when thou meetest him.’ (Eccles. xiv. 29.)

“As soon as he mounted his little pulpit, I immediately hoisted my spectacles, in order that I might scrutinize the physiognomy of the philologist before the lecture should begin. A considerable number of minutes elapsed, during which one of the students, perched above his fellows, in a minor sort of rostrum, was employed in calling over the names of all who were, or should have been, present; pretty much after the fashion of a regimental muster-roll. The professor was quite silent during this space, unless when some tall, awkward Irishman, or young indigenous blunderer, happened to make his *entrée* in a manner more noisy than suited the place,—on which occasion a sharp cutting voice from the chair was sure to thrill in their ears some brief, but decisive, query, or command, or rebuke—‘*Quid agas tu, in isto angulo, pedibus strepitans et garriens?*’—‘*Cave ty tibi, Dugalde M'Quhirter, et tuas res agas.*’—‘*Notetur, Phelimius O'Shaughnessy, sero ingrediens, ut solvat duas asses sterlinenses!*’—‘*Iterumne admonendus es, Nicolæi Jarvie?*’—‘*Quid hoc rei, Francisce Warper?*’ &c. &c. &c.’ (Vol. iii. p. 182.)

We wonder that this inveterate retailer of anecdotes did not introduce, in this place, one told of Dr. Hill, the late Professor of Latin at Edinburgh. The learned professor was noted for his wit and eccentricity; and (when any of the younger or more giddy part of his auditors happened to enter the class-room without shutting the door behind him) was in the habit of reproving the omission by crying out in a loud, authoritative, and somewhat peevish tone, *Claude ostium*. One day the door had been left open as usual, but Dr. Hill did not notice it, his attention being at that moment occupied with the papers before him. An humourist, from a remote corner of the room, imitating the severity of the professor's usual voice and manner, called out to the delinquent—*Claude ostium*. In a moment Dr. Hill's eye was raised from the paper, and, directing a stern look of reproof at

the presumptuous urchin who had just spoken—*Claude os tuum* was his instantaneous reply and reproof!

But, after joining in the laugh at the ridicule thus thrown upon the Scottish Universities, it may be proper to view the subject in a more serious light. The whole pith of this writer's satire on the alumni of the northern seats of learning, is made to bear on one point, their poverty;—just, forsooth, as if wealth and high lineage were of more account than the natural aristocracy of the virtues and talents. If he could prove that the sum of three hundred pounds a year (which he observes is an *indispensable* income for a student at either of the English Universities,) makes its possessor either more zealous, or more successful, in the acquisition of knowledge, than another individual who has not above one tenth part of that amount annually, we shall then freely admit that the Scotch system of education is radically bad. It would have been fairer, we presume, in judging of the comparative merit of two systems of instruction, so different as the English and Scottish, to estimate them by their relative practical usefulness, and the degree of their adaptation to the genius of the two countries, and not by the comparative expence at which the pupils are maintained.

The author says a number of what he doubtless considers smart things on the squalid and uncouth appearance of the "*meditative mountaineers*," as he is pleased to style them. This, to be sure, we could have excused as mere harmless *badinage*; but to pry into the domestic difficulties of the laborious and indigent candidates for literary honour, on purpose to proclaim with a sneer that they are dieted for a whole season on "porridge and herrings," and to laugh virtuous poverty to scorn, is as cruel as it is uncandid. The Scottish student, lone, poor, and unfriended,—whose daily toil is encountered with the heroism of quiet endurance, and whose nightly pillow is damp, perhaps, with the silent tear of disregarded merit,—with nothing in the present to sustain him but resolute exertion, and nought to cheer him in the future but *hope*—far distant hope, must, notwithstanding, be an object of respect to every mind of sensibility. He may well fling back the taunt of this scornful caricaturist: he may look his petulance in the face and reprove it; and, conscious of talent and of probity, he may tell the world, in the language of his own Burns—"the man's the man for a' that!"

By these observations we have not the slightest intention of exalting the Scottish mode of education over-much. On the contrary we are duly sensible of its defects. But at the same time, it is impossible to allow the prejudiced and unhandsome statements of this writer to go forth to the public without mark-

ing, with our reprobation, the improper spirit in which they are written.

We shall extract the author's account of the advantages resulting from a course of study pursued at Oxford or Cambridge. He speaks, we can easily perceive, *con amore*, and rises to more than his accustomed eloquence.

"The student is lodged in a palace; and when he walks abroad, his eyes are fed on every side with the most splendid assemblages of architectural pomp and majesty, which our island can display. He dines in a hall whose lofty compartments are occupied with the portraiture of illustrious men, who of old underwent the same discipline in which he is now engaged, amidst the same appropriate and impressive accompaniments of scene and observance. He studies in his closet the same books which have, for a thousand years, formed the foundation of the intellectual character of England. In the same chapel wherein the great and good men of England were wont to assemble, he listens every evening and every morning to the same sublime music, and sublime words, by which their devotion was kindled, and their faith sustained. He walks under the shadow of the same elms, plantains, and sycamores, beneath whose branches the thoughtful steps of Newton, or Bacon, Locke, and Milton, have sounded. These old oaks which can no longer give shade or shelter, but which still present their bare and gnarled limbs to the elements around him—they were the contemporaries of Alfred. Here the memories of kings and heroes, and saints and martyrs, are mingled for ever with those of poets and philosophers; and the spirit of the place walks visible, shedding all around one calm and lofty influence, alike refreshing to the affections and to the intellect—an influence which blends together, in indissoluble union, all the finest elements of patriotism, and loyalty, and religion." (Vol. i. p. 200.)

From the circumstance of all the law business of Scotland being transacted in Edinburgh, it may easily be believed, that the gentlemen of that profession have an important sway, not only from their talents but their numbers, in the society of that city. Our author has given a very interesting account of all the leading barristers, but we can only make room for the portrait of Mr. John Clerk (one of the most eminent of them), which is certainly shaded and coloured in a very peculiar style of representation.

"It is impossible to imagine a physiognomy more expressive of the character of a great lawyer and barrister. The features are in themselves good—at least a painter would call them so; and the upper part of the profile has as fine lines as could be wished. But then, how the habits of the mind have stamped their traces on every part of the face! What sharpness, what razor-like sharpness, has indented itself about the wrinkles of his eye-lids; the eyes themselves so quick, so gray, such bafflers of scrutiny, such exquisite scrutinizers, how they change their ex-

pression—it seems almost how they change their colour—shifting from contracted, concentrated blackness, through every shade of brown, blue, green, and hazel, back into their own open, gleaming gray again! How they glisten into a smile of disdain!—Aristotle says, that all laughter springs from emotions of conscious superiority.—I never saw the Stagyrite so well illustrated, as in the smile of this gentleman. He seems to be affected with the most delightful and balmy feelings, by the contemplation of some soft-headed, prosing driveller, racking his poor brain, or bellowing his lungs out—all about something which he, the smiler, sees through so thoroughly, so distinctly. Blunder follows blunder; the mist thickens about the brain of the bewildered hammerer; and every plunge of the bog-trotter—every deepening shade of his confusion—is attested by some more copious infusion of Sardonic suavity, into the horrible, ghastly, grinning smile of the happy Mr. Clerk. How he chuckles over the solemn *spoon* whom he hath fairly got into his power! When he rises, at the conclusion of his display, he seems to collect himself like a kite above a covey of partridges; he is in no hurry to come down, but holds his victims ‘with his glittering eye,’ and smiles sweetly, and yet more sweetly, the bitter assurance of their coming fate; then out he stretches his arm, as the kite may his wing, and changing the smile by degrees into a frown, and drawing down his eye-brows from their altitude among the wrinkles of his forehead, and making them to hang like fringes quite over his diminishing and brightening eyes, and mingling a tincture of deeper scorn in the wave of his lips, and projecting his chin, and suffusing his whole face with the very livery of wrath, how he pounces with a scream upon his prey—and, may the Lord have mercy upon their unhappy souls!—

“He is so sure of himself, and he has the happy knack of seeming to be so sure of his case, that the least appearance of labour, or concern, or nicety of arrangement, or accuracy of expression, would take away from the imposing effect of his cool, careless, scornful, and determined negligence. Even the greatest of his opponents sit as it were rebuked before his gaze of intolerable derision. But careless and scornful as he is, what a display of skilfulness in the way of putting his statements; what command of intellect in the strength with which he deals the irresistible blows of his arguments—blows of all kinds, *fibbers*, *cross-buttockers*, but most often and most delightfully sheer *facers*—*choppers*,—‘*Ars est celare artem*,’ is his motto; or rather, ‘*Usus ipse natura est*,’ for where was there ever such an instance of the certain sway of tact and experience? It is truly a delightful thing, to be a witness of this mighty intellectual gladiator, scattering every thing before him, like a king, upon his old accustomed arena; with an eye swift as lightning to discover the unguarded point of his adversary, and a hand steady as iron to direct his weapon, and a mask of impenetrable stuff, that throws back, like a rock, the prying gaze that would dare to retaliate upon his own lynx-like penetration—what a champion is here! It is no wonder that every litigant in this covet-nanting land, should have learned to look on it as a mere tempting of Providence to omit retaining John Clerk.” (Vol. ii. p. 44—47.)



The following remarks on booksellers—whom, by the way, Dr. Johnson used to call the only Mæcenas of modern days—are both whimsical and just: we do not remember to have read any thing similar before.

“I am fond of all kinds of booksellers’ shops; I scarcely know which I would prefer to have, were I to be confined to one only; but they are all to be had in the utmost perfection, or very nearly so, in Edinburgh. The booksellers themselves, in the first place, are a race of men, in regard to whom I have always felt a particular interest and curiosity. They are never for a moment confounded in my mind with any other class of shop-keepers or traffickers. Their merchandize is the noblest in the world; the wares to which they invite your attention are not fineries for the back, or luxuries for the belly—the inward man is what they aspire to clothe and feed, and the food and raiment they offer are tempting things. They have whole shelves loaded with wisdom; and if you want wit, they have drawer-fulls of it at every corner. Go in grave or merry, sweet or sour, sentimental or sarcastic, there is no fear these cunning merchants can produce an article perfectly to your mind. It is impossible that this noble traffick should not communicate something of its essential nobility to those continually engaged in it. Can a man put his name on the title-page of *Marmion*, or *Waverley*, or *Old Mortality*, or *Childe Harold*, without gaining something from this distinction—I do not mean in his purse merely, but in his person? The supposition is absurd. Your bookseller, however ignorant he may be in many respects, always smells of the shop—and that which is a sarcasm, when said of any other man, is the highest of compliments when applied to him.” (Vol. ii. p. 168, 169.)

“The bookseller is the confidant of his customers—he is the first to hear the rumour of the morning, and he watches it through all the stages of its swelling, till it bursts in the evening. He knows Mr. ——’s opinion of Lord ——’s speech, sooner than any man in town. He has the best information upon all the *in futuros* of the world of letters; he has already had one or two peeps of the first canto of a poem not yet advertised—he has a proof-sheet of the next new novel in his pocket; and if you will but promise to be discreet, ‘you may walk backwards,’ or ‘walk up stairs for a moment,’ and he will shew it you. Are these things of no value? They may seem so to you among the green hills of Cardigan; but they are very much the reverse to me among the dusty streets of London—or here in Edinburgh. I do love, from my soul, to catch even the droppings of the precious cup of knowledge.” (Vol. ii. p. 172, 173.)

From occasional expressions in the extracts we have made, our readers will probably have gathered, that the author is not a little addicted to craniology; or, in other words, that he is a *vere adeptus* in the doctrines of Gall and Spurzheim. We believe the public opinion is already pronounced on the merits of this hypothesis; and it is now fairly going down to oblivion. Dr. Roget, in his late admirable paper, in the “Supplement to

the *Encyclopædia Britannica*," has scarcely left a peg to hang a doubt upon : and to it we refer such of our readers as have any curiosity that way. The following sample of the jargon of this theory is ineffably ridiculous—and may be considered as a brief cranioscopical survey of the oligarchy in the modern Republic of Letters. Beginning with Mr. Walter Scott's head, he goes on thus :—

" In the general form, so very high and conical, and, above all, in the manner in which the forehead goes into the top of the head, there is something which at once tells you that here is the lofty enthusiasm, and passionate veneration for greatness, which must enter into the composition of every illustrious poet. In these respects, S—— bears some resemblance to the busts of Shakespeare—but a much more close resemblance to those of the great Corneille; and surely Corneille was one of the most favoured of all poets, in regard to all that constitutes the true poetic soaring of conception. No minor poet ever approaches to this conformation; it is reserved for 'Earth's giant sons' alone. It is lower down, however, that the most peculiar parts of the organization are to be found—or rather those parts, the position of which close beneath these symbols of high poetical impetus, gives to the whole head its peculiar and characteristic expression. The developement of the organ of imitation is prodigious, and the contiguous organ of pleasantry is scarcely less remarkable. This again leads off the swell into that of imagination, on which the upper region rests, as on a firm and capacious basis. I do not think the head is so long from stem to stern as Lord Byron's, which probably indicates some inferiority in point of profound feeling. Like Lord Byron's however, the head is in general well brought out in every quarter, and there is a freedom in the air with which it sits upon his shoulders, which shews that Nature is strong in all the different regions—or, in other words, that a natural balance subsists among the various parts of his organization. I have noticed, on the other hand, that people whose strength lies chiefly in one direction, have, for the most part, a stiff and constrained way of holding their heads. Wordsworth, for instance, has the back part of his head—the seat of the personal feelings—small and little expanded, and the consequence is, that there is nothing to weigh against the prodigious mass of mere musing in front—so that his head falls forward in any thing but a graceful way; while, on the other hand, the deficiency of grave enthusiasm allows the self-love in the hinder parts of Mr. Jeffrey's head, to push forward his chin in a style that produces a puny sort of effect. Tom Moore has no want of enthusiasm, but it is not quite placed as it should be—or, at least, with him also the sinciput predominates in an irresistible degree. Now Scott and Byron are distinguished from all these by a fine secure swing of the head, as if they were prepared at all points. Lord Byron's head, however, is, I think, still more complete all throughout, than that of Mr. Scott. The forehead is defective in much that Scott's possesses, but it is very fine upwards, and the top of the head is wonderfully capacious. The back part, in both of their heads, is manly and gallant-looking. Had they not

been lame, (by the way, what a singular coincidence that is!) I have no doubt that they would both have been soldiers—and the world would have wanted Marmion and the Corsair. Lord Byron's head is, without doubt, the finest in our time—I think it is better on the whole than either Napoleon's, or Goëthe's, or Canova's, or Wordsworth's. The chin, lips, and neck, are beautiful—in the most noble style of antique beauty,—and the nose is not unworthy of keeping them in company—and yet that of Wordsworth is more perpendicular, and belongs still more strictly to the same class which the ancients, having exaggerated it into the ideal—attributed to Jupiter. It is better shaped in the ridge, than any nose of modern times I have seen; it comes down so straight from the forehead, that the eyes are thrown quite back into the head, as in the loftiest antique. Coleridge has a grand head, but very ill balanced, and the features of the face are coarse—although, to be sure, nothing can surpass the depth of meaning in his eyes, and the unutterable dreamy luxury in his lips. Thomas Campbell again, has a poor skull upwards, compared with what one might have looked for in him; but the lower part of the forehead is exquisite, and the features are extremely good, though tiny. They seem to me to be indicative of a most morbid degree of sensibility—the lips, in particular, are uncommonly delicate, and the eyes are wonderfully expressive of poetical habits of feeling. His brow speaks him to be born with a turn of composition truly lyrical, and perhaps he should not have cared to aim at other things. An uncommon perception of sweetness and refinement sits upon the whole of his physiognomy, but his face like his mind seems also to glow ever and anon with the greater fires of patriotism and public glory. He should have been a patriotic lyrical poet, and his lays would not have failed to be sung,

‘Mid the festal city's blaze,  
When the wine-cup shines in light.’

Indeed, why do I say he *should* have been? he *has* been, and *Hohenlinden*, and *Ye Mariners of England*, and *the Battle of the Baltic*, will never be forgotten as long as the British Jack is hoisted by the hands of freemen. I have already said something about the head of the author of the *Isle of Palms*—and that of the *Ettrick Shepherd*. They are both fine in their several ways. That of Wilson is full of the marks of genuine enthusiasm, and lower down of intense perception, and love of localities—which last feature, by the way, may perhaps account for his wild delight in rambling. I have heard that in his early youth, he proposed to go out to Africa, in quest of the Joliba, and was dissuaded only by the representations made to him on the subject of his remarkably fair and florid complexion—but I believe he has since walked over every hill and valley in the three kingdoms—having angling and versifying, no doubt, for his usual occupations, but finding room every now and then, by way of interlude, for astonishing fairs and wakes all over these islands, by his miraculous feats in leaping, wrestling, and single-stick. As for the *Ettrick Shepherd*, I am told that when Spurzheim was here, he never had his paws off him—and some cranioscopic young ladies of Edinburgh are said still to practise in the same

way upon the good-humoured owner of so many fine bumps. I hear Matthews has borrowed for his '*At Home*,' a saying which originally belongs to the Ettrick Shepherd. When Dr. Spurzheim, (or as the Northern Reviewers very improperly christened him in the routs of Edinburgh, *Dousterswivel*,)—when the Doctor first began to feel out the marks of genius in the cranium of the pastoral poet, it was with some little difficulty that Mr. Hogg could be made to understand the drift of his curiosity. After hearing the Doctor's own story—'My dear fellow,' quoth the Shepherd, 'if a few knots and swells make a skull of genius, I've seen mony a saft chield get a swapping organization in five minutes at Selkirk tryst.'" (Vol. ii. p. 337—341.)

We should deem our account of these volumes defective, if we did not quote the account of Dr. Chalmers, who has recently exalted the pulpit-eloquence of Scotland to so high a pitch of reputation.

"You have read his Sermons, and therefore I need not say anything about the subject and style of the one I heard, because it was in all respects very similar to those which have been printed. But of all human compositions, there is none surely which loses so much as a sermon does, when it is made to address itself to the eye of a solitary student in his closet—and not to the thrilling ears of a mighty mingled congregation, through the very voice which Nature has enriched with notes more expressive than words can ever be of the meanings and feelings of its author. Neither, perhaps, did the world ever possess any orator, whose minutest peculiarities of gesture and voice have more power in increasing the effect of what he says—whose delivery, in other words, is the first, and the second, and the third excellence of his oratory, more truly than is that of Dr. Chalmers. And yet, were the spirit of the man less gifted than it is, there is no question these his lesser peculiarities would never have been numbered among his points of excellence. His voice is neither strong nor melodious. His gestures are neither easy nor graceful; but, on the contrary, extremely rude and awkward—his pronunciation is not only broadly national, but broadly provincial—distorting almost every word he utters into some barbarous novelty, which, had his hearer leisure to think of such things, might be productive of an effect at once ludicrous and offensive in a singular degree.

"But of a truth, these are things which no listener *can* attend to while this great preacher stands before him, armed with all the weapons of the most commanding eloquence, and swaying all around him with its imperial rule. At first, indeed, there is nothing to make one suspect what riches are in store. He commences in a low drawling key, which has not even the merit of being solemn—and advances from sentence to sentence, and from paragraph to paragraph, while you seek in vain to catch a single echo, that gives promise of that which is to come. There is, on the contrary, an appearance of constraint about him, that affects and distresses you—you are afraid that his breath is weak, and that even the slight exertion he makes may be too much for it. But then with what tenfold richness does this dim preliminary curtain make

the glories of his eloquence to shine forth, when the heated spirit at length shakes from it its chill confining fetters, and bursts out elate and rejoicing in the full splendour of its dis-imprisoned wings!—” (Vol. iii. p. 270—272.)

But by far the most amusing sketch in the whole work, is the author's delineation of a *Glasgow radical*. Though we have already exceeded our limits, we cannot withhold this striking picture from our readers; with it, however, we must conclude.

“ Seeing that I could easily amuse myself in this place, my friend left me to myself, and went off to pay a visit in the town. I continued my stroll along the breezy banks of the river for a considerable space—but at length found myself a little fatigued, and sat down on one of the benches, which occur every now and then by the side of the walk. I had not sat long till I perceived a brother loungee advancing towards me from the opposite direction, in a meditative attitude; and, surveying the man, I thought I could distinguish him to be one of that class of philosophical weavers, with which the west of Scotland is known to be so plentifully stocked. Nor was I mistaken. The man edged towards the bench, and soon took his place within a yard of me, with an air of infinite composure. Being seated, he cast one or two sidelong glances upon me, and then fixed his eyes in a very speculative stare upon the water, which rippled within a little distance of his feet—while I, on my part, continued less politely to study him with the eye of a traveller and a craniologist. He was tall and slender in his person, with a bend forward, acquired, no doubt, through the stooping demanded by his vocation—considerably in-kneed and splay-footed—but apparently strong enough and nervous in every part of his muscular frame. He was clad in a very respectable short coat of blue—a waistcoat of deep yellow ground, with thin purple and green stripes crossing each other upon it—a pair of corduroy breeches, unbuttoned at the knees—a thick pair of worsted stockings, hanging loosely about his legs—and a dark red-coloured cravat. He seemed to be a man of about fifty years of age, and when he took off his hat to cool himself, the few lank hairs which escaped from below a small striped night-cap on the top of his cranium, were evidently of the same class with those of the Ghost in Hamlet—the ‘sable silvered.’ As to his face, its language was the perfection of self-important *nonchalance*. A bitter grin of settled scepticism seemed to be planted from his nostril on either side, down almost to the peak of his long unshorn chin—his eye-brows were scanty and scraggy, but drawn together in a cynical sort of knot—and altogether the personage gave one the idea of a great deal of glum shrewdness in a small way—I should have mentioned that he had a green apron (the symbol of his trade), wrapped about his middle beneath his upper garment—and that he held a number of the *Edinburgh Review*, twisted hard in his left hand. ‘This is a hot day, friend,’ said I, willing to enter a little into conversation. The fellow’s features involuntarily relaxed themselves a little on the greeting, and he answered very civilly, ‘Middling warm, sir—Ye’ll have been taking a walk?’—‘I have,’ said I, ‘and I am glad I came

this way, for I think the town looks better from where we are than anywhere else I have been.'—'Ye'll be only a stranger, sir?—Indeed, I might have kenn'd by your language ye were fra the south.' 'I only came to Glasgow two days ago,' said I.—'Glasgow's a very grand ceety noo, sir—a very grand ceety—there's no the like o't in Scotland hosoever. I have seen Manchester in my time, but Glasgow clean things baith it and Edinburgh, and I believe it does most places—we've a noble situation here, sir—a pretty river, navigable quite up to the Broomielaw, for sloops, brigs, and gabbarts, and it might be made passable quite up to Hamilton, but the folk here are keen to keep it to themselves—and it's natural it should be sae.'—'The weather is, in general, very wet hereabouts?' said I, 'you have very seldom any such stretch of dry weather as the present.'—'Very seldom, sir; and I think it may be dooted whether it is not lucky it is sae—the agriculturist, so question, is against the lang weets, but the commercial interest is uppermost here, sir; and what wad come of the Monkland Canal, think ye, if we had not a perpetual drizzle to keep the springs running? There's reason for a' thing, sir—if folk could see it.'—'Is that the last number of the Review, friend?' said I, 'has it just come out?'—'It is the last number, sir, but it is not just come oot—I ken not how it is, but altho' I've gane every other morning to the feebrary, I've never been able to get a hand o't till yestreen—and noo that I have gotten it—I think not that muckle o't—it's very *driegh*.'—'*Driegh*,' said I, 'I am sorry I don't just understand you—what's the meaning of the word, friend, if you please?—I am but a new comer, and don't yet understand the Scots quite so well as I could wish.'—'Troth,' cried the fellow, with a most gracious smile, 'its nae wonder after a' ye should not tak me up—ane's sae muckle in the habit of conversing with people that knows nathing but Scots, that ane really forgets what ane says when ane meets with a stranger. *Driegh*, ye see, means just a kind o' mixture of dryness and deairiness, like a lang road atween twa brick walls or sae—the Review's sairly fallen off—but they say Jeffrey's sae muckle ta'en up with the law that he has little time for thae things by what he used to have—and Horner, he's gane—he was a fine lad—weel worth the hale bang o' them—his report on the bullion always seemed to me to be a maisterly performance. But we have aye Harry Brougham—and, under correction, we have Sir Francis Burdett, sir, which is better still. He's the pair man's friend—I would to God that chap war whare he suld be.'—'Sir Francis,' said I, 'is certainly a very elegant speaker—and, I believe, a very well-meaning gentleman—but where would you have him?'—'At the head, sir—at the head and the helm—there's no salvation for Britain unless Burdett get his way—there'll soon be a dooncome wi' some folk—and that will be seen.'—'Are the weavers hereabouts discontented with the present state of things in general?' said I; 'or are you singular in your opinions about political matters?—I have heard a great deal of the men of your profession in this neighbourhood—and I see I have not been misinformed. Some years ago, several Glasgow and Paisley weavers were examined before the House of Commons, and they got great credit for the appearance they made.'—

‘Troth,’ replied my friend, ‘there’s no question the maist feck o’ us are a little ill-pleased with the gate things are ganging—but as you say, sir, the operatives here are a tolerably well-informed class—we tak a philosophical view of what’s gaun on—but we have nane of your ram-paging Luddite gowks hereawa. Na, na—we had a braw lesson in the ninety-three, and it will no be forgotten in a hurry—let me tell you that, sir. We have an auld Scotch saying—the *burnt bairn dreads the fire*. But, as Dauvid Hume says, honest man,—there’s no resisting the general progress of opinion. The march of intellect will carry a’ before it, sir. But I’m very sorry to see the Review fallen away; it was a great waipon ance, and it is a sair pity to see the edge aff.’ ‘Works of that kind,’ said I, ‘are subject to ups and downs, as well as ministries and governments—the Review might easily be revived surely—there is no want of ability in Scotland.’ ‘We’re muckle beholden to you, I’m sure,’ said he, with another still sweeter smile—‘I believe it is pretty weel acknowledged noo that this is the country for abeelity; and yet I suppose it is no sae muckle ony natural superiority on oor part, but just oor education that lifts us so much above our neighbours. I know what the state of the English nation is mysell—I once wrought the most of twa years with M’Taffie and Company, in Manchester.’ ‘You have all the advantage,’ said I, ‘of being taught to read and write—that is a great blessing, for which you are obliged to your Kirk.’ ‘Ye have mentioned the greatest of oor obligations to it with which I am acquainted—it wad be weel, in my mind, if Parochial Schools were a’ the kirk establishment in Scotland.’—‘You are a Dissenter, I suppose?’ said I.—‘No, truly,’ was his answer—‘there would be few Seceders, if a’body cared as little about thae things as I do. But the world will become enlightened bit by bit. Dauvid Hume has weel remarked, that there is no resisting the silent progress of opinion. What think you, sir, of the doctrine of the perfectibility of the species?’ ‘In truth, friend,’ said I, ‘that is a point on which I have not yet been able to come to any very determinate opinion; but I think you said you did not belong to any of the dissenting bodies here. You go to church, then, I suppose, in spite of any of your little objections to the establishment.’—‘Objections!—Lord bless you, sir, I have nae objections to the church; in the present state of things, I’m persuaded the kirk is as good as any thing that could be put in its place—and I’m far from being clear that it would do to want some religious establishment for some time to come yet.—If poor Thomas Paine had been spared—but perhaps—(taking himself up)—perhaps ye may be of another way of thinking; I wish to say nothing unceevil,’ added he, with a most condescending grin,—‘I hope I shall always respect the prejudices of my fellow-citizens—they are not to be trifled with, however erroneous.’—‘My good friend,’ said I, ‘do not put yourself into any alarm; I assure you my feelings are in no danger. I am to suppose that you don’t make a practice of going to church. Does not that appear singular in this part of the country, and give offence to the majority?’ ‘Troth,’ said he, ‘to tell you the plain fact, I would not be so very heeding about the majority oot of doors—but a person of a liberal turn in my line of life, cannot always be quite sure of peace in

his own house and home. The women, says Hume, were always the chief friends of every superstition; and so I find it sir, and that in my own family. I've an auld mither, sir, a guid body too, in her way, that keeps me in perfect hett water. I cannot bring in Sandy Spreull, and Jamie Jamieson, and one or two more friends, to talk over a few philosophical topics on a Sabbath at e'en,—but we're worried—clean worried—with the auld wife's bergin about infidelity and scoffing—and sic like—why, it's only Martinmas was a year, that when I was reading a passage from the Review, she gruppit the book fairly oot of my hand, and had it at the back o' the coal, and in a low, before ye could say Jack Robinson—but I bear with a' that—as for the bairns, I find it absolutely necessary to allow her to tak her ain way wi' them. Puir things, they'll get light in time.'—'I think you mentioned that you get the Edinburgh Review from a public library,' said I, 'pray what sort of a library is it—and how are these things managed among you here?'—'Oh—just in a small way, no doubt, as suits our means—but we have a pretty collection in our library noo—we're aye on the increase—even in the warst times of a' we never would hear of parting with our books—we have David Hume's Essays, and several volumes of his Histories—we have Adam Smith—and Locke on the Human Understanding—and Voltaire's Novels—and Lord Lauderdale's Inquiry—and the Pleasures of Hope—and Tannahill's Poems—the Queen's Wake—and Struthers—and Robin Burns, that's worth a' the poets that ever tried the trade, in my humble mind—and we have very nearly a complete copy of the Encyclopædia—and we have the Edinburgh Review from the very beginning bound up, all but the three last numbers—and,' added he, sinking his voice—'we have twa copies of the Age of Reason—and a gay wheen odds and ends besides, that we would not fain have ony body see but oorsells—but I'm sure, sir, an intelligent stranger like you might see our puir collection, if you would do us the favour to look at it.'—'I am very much your debtor,' said I—'and have you no meetings of a regular kind to discuss the subjects of all your reading?'—'Why, yes,' he said; 'we are pretty regular in the winter time—the Sabbath nights for ordinary—and as for simmer, we commonly take a walk to Ruglen, four or five of us, and have a quiet crack during sermon time at auld Jock Blair's—him that was in trouble lang with Thomas Muir—he keeps a public there noo.'

"I would gladly have prolonged the conversation a little farther, but I heard the hour at which I was engaged sounded deep and hollow from the huge clock of the Cathedral, to which all the minor horologes of the city made ready response in their various tones of shrillness and clamour. I was therefore obliged to bid the weaver good bye—and to make the best of my way to my hotel, and from thence to Mr. —'s. What a sad picture is here of the state of these conceited creatures! Truly, I would hope this fashion of superficial infidelity may not be far from going out altogether, now it has got so very low down in the scale. After I had walked a good many paces towards the city, I looked back to the bench where I had been sitting, and could scarcely contain my laughter, when I saw the disciple of David Hume sitting



with his arms folded solemnly upon his breast, drowned, apparently, to the very edge of his greasy night-cap, in some of the same profound meditations from which my intrusion had for a little space withdrawn him." (Vol. iii. p. 207—218.)

There cannot be the least doubt that this is an authentic specimen of that pestilent *genius* which, within these few weeks, has excited the alarming riots at Glasgow and Paisley. It is lamentable, yet somewhat curious, to think that Glasgow, which, in the older times, was the head-quarters of the rigid and gloomy covenanters, is now the rendezvous of infidels and scoffers. This, indeed, is a melancholy instance of the tendency of the human mind to extremes.

After the remarks we made at the outset of our article, and the quotations we have furnished in the course of it, we may now say, without a paradox, that this work is at once very creditable and very discreditable to the author.

We almost forgot to state that the book is adorned with prints of the most eminent literary characters of Edinburgh; but, to say the most, they are by no means striking likenesses.

ART. XIX.—*Moral Sketches of prevailing Opinions and Manners, Foreign and Domestic, with Reflections on Prayer, by Hannah More.* 8vo. London, 1819.

TO the eye of the moralist, the world has at this moment, if not a picturesque, at least a very interesting and affecting attitude. Although the varieties of human character can never be said to unite in a pleasing effect like a natural scene diversified by the rugged and the smooth, by woods and precipices, torrents and streams, rocky caverns and green pastures, yet the bad amongst us, though neither by themselves nor in combination agreeable, do yet give a certain relief to virtue, and render it more lovely by opposition. To him whose heart disposes him to meditate often upon the state of mankind in relation to their best interests, and to contemplate with a sympathizing concern the varied scene of moral character which lies spread before him—on the one side, the votaries of vice, the slaves of ambition, and the murderers of quiet,—on the other, the humble, the happy, and the holy few, who live in consistency, charity, and peace; and the vast intervening space between these extremes filled with ambiguous worth and undecided principle, with the vacillating, the vain, the superficial, and the self-satisfied, the present epoch presents a prospect replete with hope and terror, speculation and alarm. In the moral landscape of the times are seen numerous

groups with more or less zeal and discretion promoting the education and improvement of the young, others charging themselves with the discipline and moral arrangement of prisons, a large proportion engaged in the propagation of the sacred Scriptures, numerous others united in the holy commerce of carrying to the heathen abroad the light of the Gospel, or to the Jew at home the blessed opportunity, under God's grace, of a reconciliation with a rejected Saviour; but as our view expands itself beyond these cultivated and fair enclosures, the region round, with all its masses of population, presents a scene of fatal fertility in which the workers of mischief have too successfully laboured to cover the surface with a rank and poisonous vegetation. Of arts so popular, malice so ingenious, efforts so systematic, as are now combined for the ruin of a great people by their own agency and self-devotion to misery, history has no precedent. The reason of man has been ever prone to resist the revelation of God, and the government of his providence; but before this new era of democracy and infidelity no regular combination has been projected and matured for bringing the maxims of blaspheming profligacy to operate in full experimental efficiency upon life, upon society, upon the last dependance of the soul, upon the last hope of sinking humanity.

The time has now arrived, at least in this country, in which laws are but of little avail, except in so far as they are supported by public feeling and the sanity of the religious principle; and whether we shall hold together, or dissolve into anarchy with all its attendant horrors, entirely depends, under God, upon the question whether religion and virtue are to be outvoted in the country, or continued to be recognized as the aliment and life of the state and constitution. Christianity is said to be a part of the common law of the land; and religion, say our books, is the highest reason; but the liberality of our day, which consists mainly in loosening all the stays and fastenings of old constitutional law, and unbinding the girdle of the state, has thought it good to expose religion without defence to the attacks of men, who avowedly connect its overthrow with the successful issue of their plans for ruining, under pretence of reforming, the country. Such is the degraded state to which we find ourselves politically reduced, doubtless from a combination of causes, but principally from a neglect of what we shall presently advert to, that we are actually liable to never-ceasing disturbance from the men of no principle or character among us, to whose fraudulent and mischievous malignity, the whole commonalty of the country, the population which has fought and conquered through a twenty years' war with the parents and promoters of libertinism and Atheism, are now, from supineness or

despair, absolutely surrendered. We do not for our own parts perceive the least difficulty in accounting for this state of things. The fact is that we supply these miscreants with materials by the condition in which we suffer the minds of the common people to remain. We fill the whole country with shops for education, but we take too little pains to procure good workmen; and so the work is in general ill done, and might be often omitted with advantage. Reading and writing are profusely taught; and this may be well; but still the Christian religion, in its vital, fervent, and efficient reality, stands, in the order of discipline, a secondary, subordinate object; and it is forgotten that the great education for the poor is that which inspires content, hope, industry, devotion, obedience to the laws, and the charities of neighbourhood and home. Neither can we educate against the current. The course is downward. The clerical function is the channel through which instruction must flow to the people. They hold the happiness of the nation in the hollow of their hands. We want both churches and a proper church feeling; an attachment to Christ's church as represented by the church of England; an attachment to its doctrines, its charities, and its influences;—an attachment to the memory of its holy martyrs, from whose blood has been derived the life that ought now to circulate through the system. We want the renovation of that germinant period when its divinity was full of sap, and the faith once delivered to the saints was the sincere nourishment that fed and fostered the moralities of social life. Five such bishops as one we from delicacy refrain from naming would do the business of this only needful reform. Would but the Government be set right in this matter, and place at the head of our Church a few working bishops like him who now does the work of two curates; opinion would soon be found to go before the laws, and ample compensation be made for the loss of disappointed and mercenary adherents. Precisely in the ratio in which real religious men, we mean those whom the prejudiced, the stupid, and the profligate, call Methodists in disguise, are introduced into the church, will the security and happiness of the nation be on the advance or the decline; and general education be found to answer or disappoint the hope of the wise. We have never written a dozen sentences with a more honest conviction of heart than those which have just escaped from our pen: but what has all this to do with Mrs. Hannah More's *Moral Sketches*? We think it has an immediate connexion with this work, and we have designed it as a preface to our review of it. But before we go to the consideration of the book, we find it impossible to avoid a word or two upon the authoress herself; now standing alone, insulated, bereaved, the solitary sea-mark which

the tempest-tossed in life's bewildering voyage may safely assume as their guide to the harbour of contentment and religious peace.

She has seen this harbour attained by a happy sisterhood, one following the other, at little distances, to the blessed shore of that "better country, that is, a heavenly;" and no one here on earth knows the way by tact and observation more accurately, we had almost said experimentally, than the writer of the book before us. To her "it is given to know" not only "the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven," but the most effectual and persuasive methods of conducting thither those whose hearts are not hardened, and their understandings darkened, by the utter dereliction of light and grace. When it is considered how widely the protracted existence and efficiency of this eminent lady have spread the benefit of her teaching—her discriminative and prudent teaching—among the rich and the poor, the old and the young, the gay and the grave; and when to this is added the mild lustre of her life and example, her serene cheerfulness, her open hospitality, and the charms of her humble, unaffected piety, we do really think our readers will find in all these claims to our love and veneration an excuse for the unreserved expression which we here give to our feelings as men before we enter upon our task as critics.

We consider it as a distinguishing feature in all Mrs. More's productions, that they are thoroughly English. A hearty and home-bred vein of morality tempers the sprightliness of her diction, and the spirit of her remarks. In thought and expression always sterling, and never ponderous; antigallican in every feeling, and yet rivalling the best French authors in delicacy and point—this English lady has reached an elevation as a moralist, to which, when it is considered how far on every side among the very high and very low she has by the magic of her virtuous sorcery enlarged the bounds of religious reading, we know not what writer, English or French, has attained. This last production of her pen touches all the points of character and conduct standing most exposed to peril from the present habits, humours, and practices of society: and first in the order of her selection for censure, is the unfortunate tendency of the present times towards French journeys, French manners, and French indifference to moral and religious principles. We feel fully sensible of the truth and importance of every one of her remarks on this painful subject; though this seems to us to be that part of her performance the least distinguished by her characteristic felicity of expression. There is the incorrectness of haste visible in the structure of some of the periods, which makes us suspect that she sometimes deals a little unfairly with herself in refusing to the speed of her thoughts the checks and corrections of her fine judgment. In some of her longer periods, Mrs. Moore would per-

ceive upon a review of her work, by herself, that the syntax is somewhat defective, and that a sentence now and then occurs grammatically incomplete for want of the proper connexion between the verb and the nominative case. This sort of negligence in composition is instanced in the best authors in our language. It was also common among the classics. In Homer, and the epic poets who followed him, the defect is frequent; and it seems as if in compliment to his genius the figure called the *ανακολουθος* was invented by the critics, which may be expressed in French by the term *inconsequence*.

Some sentences in Mrs. More which have an antithetical structure are defective in the contrast which gives spirit to that form of phraseology, as "loftiness of genius, and sublimity of devotion," (p. 89,) "lofty in virtue, or sublime in feeling." Now and then a word occurs which does not repay in significance what it subtracts from dignity, as "pelted by the missile weapons of the satirist" of which it may be observed that as the word "pelted" is rather mean in itself, so neither does it express that which is done with missile weapons. "The muzzle of domestic restraint" is likewise open to much the same sort of objection. Here and there a truism occurs, as in page 89: "There seems, indeed, little necessity of guarding against evils of which we see no great danger." In page 91, a period ends with the word "would" which the laws of prosaic modulation and arrangement will scarcely tolerate. In the same page "diminish" is used as a neuter or intransitive word, which we think is the proper force of the word "decrease." Thus we have made haste to empty ourselves of all our critical wrath against this excellent lady. Our admiration of her discernment, her elegance, her religious moderation, her pious sensibility, her graceful energy, her happy originality, will not so soon be satisfied.

On her observations on the cast of sentiment which distinguishes the writings of Madame de Staël we shall fall far short of justice if we merely pronounce them correct: they are pregnant with testimony to the virtuous feeling and honest English propensities of the mind of the writer: but her account of the coteries of Paris, and of the "bad characters" which presided over those "good societies," is in our judgment the very best drawn picture in existence of those most disgusting and detestable colleges of vice, frivolity, and flattery; where, in the midst of levity, vanity, and vicious refinement, the seed was nourished and developed of that poisonous tree whose deadly shade has interposed itself between God and man, producing a fruit deceitful to the eye, but of bitterer flavour than the apples of Sodom. We cannot indulge ourselves in extracting as much as we could wish from this able and estimable work;

but what follows is altogether so very excellent, and so superlatively important, that we cannot resist the temptation to put it prominently before our readers, who we are sure will not think the passage could have been curtailed. It lays open the radical principles of those Godless confederacies. It touches the vermin with the spear of Ithuriel, and makes them start up in their true dimensions of squalid deformity.

“In the *Life of Marmontel*, written by himself, we have an extraordinary specimen of decorous vice and accredited infamy—of abandoned manners, to which reference is frequently made, at least to the characters which exhibited them, without the slightest feeling of their turpitude. Vices abound, and are revealed without the least apparent suspicion of their guilt. The intimations, indeed, are not repeated in the way of boasting, but look as if the writer did not think that concealment of the vice would raise the character he was eulogising. If there are no offensive descriptions of vicious manners, it seems to be because they were not understood to be vicious; and if gaiety of spirit seems to conceal from the writer the complexion of his own morals, gaiety of style seems almost to make the reader lose sight of the character of the company in which he is passing his time. In fact, the delineation of these characters consists rather in a morbid insensibility to sin, than in an ambitious display of it. The slight veil thrown over corrupt manners by decency of expression, seems the effect of some remains, not of principle, but of good taste. It is the cool-bloodedness of a heart stagnated by long habits of impurity; for while the passions are inflamed by criminal indulgences, the sensibilities of the soul are chilled. The mind insensibly loses that delicacy of perception which nicely distinguishes not only the shades of evil, but the very existence of the distinction between vice and virtue. This deadness of principle, and liveliness of language, it is which makes this writer, and others we could name, so peculiarly dangerous.

“Women of fashion, of the very worst description, to whose parties the writer referred to was familiarly admitted, are named with unbounded admiration, not merely of their talents, but their virtues. The charms of their conversation, and the amiableness of their characters, are the theme of his unmixed panegyric. Incidentally, however, as a thing by the by, as a trifle not requiring to be named expressly, as a circumstance not invalidating any of their perfections, it comes out, that these women, so faultless and so panegyrised, are living in an illicit commerce with different men—men, whose wives are, with the same uncensured guilt, carrying on similar connections with the husbands of other women! Sobriety, chastity, the conjugal and maternal virtues, are not thought necessary to be called in to complete their round of perfection. Impurity of heart and life, dereliction of all the domestic duties, are never brought forward as any deduction from the all-atoning merit of graces of manner and vivacity of conversation.

“Divine Providence seems to have intended advanced age as a season of repose, reflection, and preparation for death; and to have sent its infirmities, sufferings, and debility, as gracious intimations of our approach-

ing change, and with a merciful view of our attaining by those remembrances, to the end of our faith, even the salvation of our souls.

“ But one of the unhallowed projects on which these accomplished societies seem to have congratulated themselves, was in defeating this providential procedure. It was their boasted aim to cheat old age of itself—of its present inconveniences, its decays, and its prospective views, by a more amusing method. They contrived to divert the stage of infirmity into a scene of superinduced gaiety and increased levity. Instead of desiring to invest it with the peaceful attributes of calmness and resignation, they invented the means of making old age lose itself, as it were, in youthful images, not only by indulging in light reading, but loose composition. One of them was so successfully boiled in Medea's kettle, that his eulogist triumphantly tells us he translated Ariosto, and published tales exhibiting pictures of voluptuousness without indecency; and these boasted exploits are adduced as adding fresh laurels to a being on the very verge of eternity!

“ Hear a celebrated academician immortalise one of the deceased confraternity in his public oration! In illustrating the character of his friend, who died in extreme old age, he describes this period as ‘ a season when ingenious trifling is peculiarly graceful; a period in which men might give themselves up to levity with the least scruple and the most success. It is in old age, says the orator, that *the mind is disabused on all subjects, and that a man has a right to jest upon every thing!*’ It is then that long experience has taught him the art of concealing reason under a veil which may embellish it!’”

“ Whoever has cast an eye on the lately published letters of Madame du Deffand,—a most unnecessary and unprofitable addition to the late load of similar literary mischiefs,—will have beheld such a picture of the manners even of private and select society, among persons of high rank, science, taste, and literature, as must make him look on these distinctions without envy, when beheld disconnected with those principles which alone render talents estimable.

“ In the history of this distinguished lady, we find these striking circumstances: they present a melancholy instance how completely, in Paris, at that time, a disregard of all the obligations of duty, all sense of religion, all the charities of domestic virtue, all the purposes of social usefulness, were, on *her* part, perfectly compatible with her being received in the first society. On the part of her associates, all the objections, insurmountable, we trust, in any other place, were there sacrificed to the reigning idol—the fondness for display in conversation, the vanity of eclipsing those who eclipsed others.

“ We see also how little splendid talents contribute to the felicities of the life, or to the virtues of the possessor. We even see that, when not under the control of sound principle, they awfully increase the present capacity for evil, and the responsibility of a future reckoning. Instead of promoting improvement, they carry contamination. In morals, as well as in politics,

‘ Great power is an achievement of great ill.’”

\* Speech of Condorcet to the Acad my, on the death of Monsieur De Tressan.

"Some of these brilliant societies fostered in their bosoms the serpents that were so soon to sting, not only their own country, but all Europe. Here were cherished those academical philosophers, wits, and political economists, who first sounded the alarm for the simultaneous extinction of thrones and altars; who first exhibited the portentous remedies for curing despotism by anarchy, and superstition by atheism; who sowed the first prolific seeds of those revolutionary horrors which so rapidly sprung up into the poisonous tree of liberty, and who hurled their arrows at the God of heaven, and erected on the meditated ruins of his kingdom, the temple of the goddess of reason.

"Previously to some of Madame du Deffand's numerous intrigues, she had been separated from her husband, on the ground which, it is presumed, the laws of England would not recognise as a lawful impediment—that '*he was a weak and tiresome companion!*' She was extraordinarily acute, but her acuteness, though it was frequently just, was always malicious. It is difficult to say whether she was more completely deficient in sensibility or principle. She possessed all the qualities which attract, but wanted all those which attach; or rather, she wanted no talent but that of turning those she possessed to a better account. Not possessing the female virtues, she either did not believe in their existence, or despised them. If she wanted any vice, it was that of hypocrisy; for she takes little pains to hide qualities which were not fit to be seen. If she possessed any virtue, it was frankness which yet was often disfigured by coarseness, and not seldom counteracted by falsehood. She wanted all the good feelings of kindness, affection, and tenderness; and possessed, in perfection, all the bad ones of ill-nature, jealousy, and envy; but her ruling passion was a selfishness the most deeply rooted, and an egotism the most completely unconquerable.

"The dark and hollow character, which she takes little pains to conceal, is rendered more broadly conspicuous by the warmth of her colouring, the strength of her language, and the power of her wit, all frequently exercised in proclaiming her own impieties.

"It is a striking proof of the unrelenting rancour of her heart, that a friend, of the same class of character, \* whom she had formerly loved as much as she could love any woman; one who had been her select companion in her own house fifteen years, but who had quitted her in disgust, and set up a *talking house* for herself, which drew away some of 'the best feathers in her wing;'—on hearing the death of this rival lady, she only exclaimed, 'I wish she had died many years ago, and then I should not have lost D'Alembert!'

"We learn from her letters, that her splendid society was composed not merely of wits, philosophers, and academicians, but of women of rank, of nobles, and of statesmen, with one of whom she was connected. From those, it must be confessed, admirably written epistles, we profitably learn much of the hollowness of worldly friendships, much of the insincerity of mere wits and mere men of letters—of persons who associate together, partly for the credit of having it known that they are so associated—who mix acrimony and adulation, venturing to in-

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\* Mademoiselle de l'Epinasse.



dennify themselves for their reciprocal flattery when together, by their cutting sarcasms when separated. Happily, the more we see of these communications, the more we are convinced that nothing but sound principle, 'godly severity,' a conquest over vanity, a triumph over egotism, an habitual struggle against selfishness—can establish an honourable, virtuous, and durable friendship, or shed a benign lustre on the most polished society.

"We repeat, that these reports are not industriously gleaned from rival parties, ill-informed journalists, nor even from virtuous writers, eager to expose the vices they detested; but from the principal performers in the scene—from a woman whose uncontrollable openness prevents her concealing her own vices.

"We see, not without pain, her exposure of the faults of some of the associates whom she so sedulously courts, and so constantly abuses; we see the malignity which forces itself through all her endeavours to appear amiable in the eyes of the distinguished person to whom she writes; we see the corroding envy, the gnawing jealousy, and sometimes the obvious aversion to the individuals of a society, without which she cannot exist; which society probably entertained a reciprocal hatred of their flattering hostess, and yet could not exist without *her*. All this exhibits a scene, from which an unsophisticated English heart turns away, sickening with disgust.

"This unhappy woman, old, deaf, blind, repining, and impious, yet drew this accomplished society about her by their mutual fondness for conversation. They met without affection, they parted without regret; yet meet they must—they were necessary to each other, not for comfort, for they knew neither the name nor the thing; but society being an article of the first necessity for the support of existence, it must be had with companions hating, and hated by, each other. Under such circumstances, the fondness for society seems not so much a taste, as a raging appetite.

"It is, however, a cheerless, heartless society, where persons of talents and breeding meet, not so much to enjoy each other, as to get rid of themselves. Intimacy without confidence, and intercourse without esteem, add little to the genuine delights of social life. Competition, while it inflames vanity, is no improver of kindness.

"In a city like Paris, where men were wits and authors by profession, and ladies judges and critics by courtesy, nothing was considered as an exclusion from these societies but want of talents to amuse, or taste to decide. The poet produced his work, not, however, so much to be corrected as applauded; not so much to be counselled as flattered; he, in return, paying usuriously in the same counterfeit coin, the honour conferred on him, and the benefit done him, by their proclamation of the beauty of his work; his fame, perhaps, suspended on the avowed patronage of a woman whom we, in our plain language, should call infamous. He is grateful to receive his imprimatur and his crown of laurel from fair and fashionable, but impure hands; and Paris resounds, next morning, with the immortality assigned him by the decision of this coterie.

"All this might be very well, or at least would not be so very bad, if

there were no future reckoning ; but to see old age without consolation, dreading solitude as only less terrible than death,—to contemplate loss of sight as only augmenting spiritual blindness, yet to see the afflicted sufferer clinging to this miserable existence, and closing a life of sin with a death without penitence and without hope,—to consider talents capable of great things, abused and misapplied,—a God not merely forsaken, but denied ;—all these are images from which the sober mind turns away with horror softened by compassion. May every daughter of Britain say, with the patriarch of old, ‘ Come not into their secret, O my soul ; to their assembly let not thine honour be united ! ’ ” (P. 51—65.)

From this faithful and vigorous portraiture of the French philosophical and literary assemblies, the author, with great animation and judgment, transports her readers into the society of Lady Rachel Russell, in drawing whose character she has seemed to write from the soul. To present a portion of it would be to forget that “ each lineament derives additional beauty from its harmony with the rest,” to use the author’s own emphatic language.

We have expressed ourselves so fully in our article on Pestalozzi’s plan of education, in our last number, on the provisions for the education of the rich in this country, that we were personally gratified to find ourselves confirmed by the sentiments of Mrs. More in that section of her treatise which she entitles “ England’s Best Hope.” The state of education in our public schools is so completely the reverse of the *parental* system, such an inversion of Christian discipline, so positively against the grain of Gospel principles, so decidedly in opposition to the catechetical instructions of the new national scheme of education for the poor, that if it lasts much longer, the brand of hypocrisy will remain with the instructors, and such part of the instructed poor as have the happiness to fall into good hands will begin to preponderate in the moral scale. It is already painfully common to hear our nobility and gentry confess their inability to cope with some of the children of our national schools in the theology of Christianity, and the knowledge of sacred history, and their consequent unfitness to examine them. What an inversion of the natural order of things may we not expect, should it ever happen that the public examination of these schools for the poor should, in general, display more decisive proofs of intellectual advancement than the anniversaries of the large seminaries for the rich ; if while in the one we continue to hear declamations, speeches in recitative and scenical performances, in the other we should be entertained with specimens of correct reading, enunciation, expression, and, infinitely above all, of the knowledge of those

truths which are of everlasting concern! The praise of those large schools for the higher classes in the mouths of their panegyrists is usually their resemblance to the world at large; as if a worldly education were the only proper education for a Christian, or as if any thing better were after all implied in the remark, than that each scholar may there learn the method of making his way in the world, that is, of doing in it the most for himself in a worldly view—an object as anti-social as it is anti-christian.

“Why,” says this wise and virtuous woman, from whom the wisest and greatest of our sex may learn wisdom, “should the poor monopolize our benevolence? Why should the rich, in this one instance, be so disinterested? Why should not the same charity be extended to the children of the opulent and the great? Why should the son of the nobleman not share the advantage now bestowed on the children of his servant, of his workman, of the poorest of his neighbours? Why should not Christian instruction be made a prominent article in the education of those who are to govern and to legislate, as well as of those who are to work and to serve? Why are these most important beings the very beings in this enlightened country whose immortal interests are the most neglected?—If we have begun to instruct the poor with a view to check the spirit of insubordination, that spirit requires little less suppression in our own families. In all ranks it is the prevailing evil of the present day. The diminished obedience of children to parents, of servants to masters, of subjects to sovereigns, all spring from one common root—an abatement of reverence to the authority of God.”

The proper objects to which a parent should look in the education of his child, are thus pointed out, in opposition to this miserable and mean education which has success in the world, and that short-sighted thing commonly called the “main-chance,” for its objects.

“If to know that he is an immortal being will exalt his ideas, to know that he is an accountable being will correct his habits. If to know that ‘God is’ will raise his thoughts and desires to all that is perfect, fair, and good,—to know that ‘God is the rewarder of all them that seek Him,’ will stimulate him in the race of Christian duty;—to know that there is a day in which God will judge the world, will quicken his preparation for that day.

“As he advances in age and knowledge, impress upon his mind, that in that day of awful inquisition he must stand unconnected, single, naked! It is not the best attachments he may have formed, the most valuable societies to which he may have belonged, that will then stand him in any stead. He must therefore join them now with a pure and simple intention;—he must not seek them as something on which to lean, as something with which to share his responsibility;—this is his own single, undivided concern. It is vain to hope that by belonging to any society, however good, to any party, however honourable, he can shrink from his own personal, individual accountableness. The

union of the labourers gives no claim to the division of the responsibility. In this world we may be most useful among bodies of men; in the great judgment we must stand alone. We assist them here, but they cannot answer for us hereafter.

“From his Bible, and from his Bible only, let him draw his sense of those principles, of that standard by which he will hereafter be judged; and be careful ever to distinguish in his mind between the worldly morality which he may learn from the multitude, and that Christian holiness which is the dictate of the Scriptures, and of the Scriptures alone. Teach him to discover there,—he cannot discover it too soon,—that it is not a set of proverbial moral maxims, a few random good actions, decorous and inoffensive manners, the effect of natural feeling, of fashion, of custom, of regard to health, of desire of reputation, that will make a truly valuable character. This is not to be acquired by certain popular virtues, or rather fractions of virtues; for there is no integral virtue where there is no religion. Pleasing manners will attract popular regard, and worldly motives will produce popular actions; but genuine virtue proceeds only from Christian principles. The one is efflorescence, the other is fruit.” (P. 107—110.)

Nothing can be more just, and, at the same time, more discriminative and delicate, than the disapprobation expressed by Mrs. More of that desertion of home, and its various appropriate and important duties, which some well-intentioned females are apt to be guilty of for the sake of playing a more conspicuous part in the field of active benevolence or piety. Charity, in its true sense, she seems to think, should begin at home, with our British ladies; and we are quite sure, that if the exercise of charity within this limited range were, in general, to form their leading task and occupation, their labours would in the end have a much wider spread; for of what is the community formed but of an aggregation of homes, of hearths, of families, and neighbourhoods. We are persuaded that this modest dedication of female service, whether in the cause of religion or benevolence, has something in it more safe, more efficacious, more English. But Mrs. More is always tender, always cautious in her remarks upon her own sex; and wherever virtuous principle, or good intention is at the bottom of any practice, nothing can exceed the amiableness, the reverence, the Christian fear of being misunderstood, the holy dread of damping virtuous zeal, with which she proceeds in her strictures.

Some of the divisions into which Mrs. More distributes her religious characters, with whose understanding of the subject she is necessarily much at variance, are ingeniously and almost humorously denominated and characterised; especially those whom she designates respectively by the names of *Phraseologists* and *Borderers*. Her description of the *Phraseologists* proceeds in the following spirited manner,—kind in the midst of her corrections,—cordially and affectionately severe.

"We now, therefore, venture a few remarks on another class of Christians, whose intentions we hope are not bad, though their charity is narrow, and their information small. We will distinguish them by the name of Phraseologists. These are persons who, professing to believe the whole of the Gospel, seem to regard only one half of it. They stand quite in opposition to the useful and laborious class whom we last considered. None will accuse these of that virtuous excess, of that unwearied endeavour to promote the good of others, on which we there animadverted. These are assiduous hearers, but indifferent doers; very valiant talkers for the truth, but remiss workers. They are more addicted to hear sermons, than to profit by them.

"Their religion consists more in a sort of spiritual gossiping, than in holiness of life. They diligently look out after the faults of others, but are rather lenient to their own. They accuse of being legal, those who act more in the service of Christianity, and dispute less about certain opinions. They overlook essentials, and debate rather fiercely on, at best, doubtful points of doctrine; and form their judgment of the piety of others, rather from their warmth in controversy, than in their walking humbly with God.

"They always exhibit in their conversation the idiom of a party, and are apt to suspect the sincerity of those whose higher breeding, and more correct habits, discover a better taste. Delicacy with them, is want of zeal; prudent reserve, want of earnestness: sentiments of piety, conveyed in other words than are found in their vocabulary, are suspected of error. They make no allowance for the difference of education, habits, and society; all must have one standard of language, and that standard is their own.

"Even if, on some points, you hold nearly the same sentiments, it will not save your credit; if you do not express them in the same language, you are in danger of having your principles suspected. By your proficiency or declension in this dialect, and not by the greater or less devotedness of your heart, the increasing or diminishing consistency in your practice, they take the gauge of your religion, and determine the rise and fall of your spiritual thermometer. The language of these technical Christians indisposes persons of refinement, who have not had the advantage of seeing religion under a more engaging form, to serious piety, by leading them to make a most unjust association between religion and bad taste.

"When they encounter a new acquaintance of their own school, these reciprocal signs of religious intelligence produce an instantaneous sisterhood; and they will run the chance of what the character of the stranger may prove to be, if she speaks in the vernacular tongue. With them, words are not only the signs of things, but the things themselves.

"If the phraseologists meet with a well-disposed young person, whose opportunities are slender, and to whom religion is new, they alarm her by the impetuosity of their questions. They do not examine if her principles are sound, but 'does she pray extempore?' This alarms her, if her too recent knowledge of her Bible and herself has not yet enabled her to make this desirable proficiency. 'Will she

tell her experience?' These interrogations are made without regard to that humility which may make her afraid to appear better than she is, and to that modesty which restrains a loud expression of her feelings. She does not, perhaps, even know the meaning of the term, in their acceptance of it.

"Do we then ridicule experimental religion? Do we think lightly of that interior power of Divine grace upon the heart, which is one of the strongest evidences of the truth of Christianity? God forbid! But surely we may disapprove the treating it with flippancy and unhallowed familiarity; we may disapprove of their discussing it with as little reserve and seriousness, as if they were speaking of the state of the weather, or of the hour of the day; we may object to certain equivocal feelings being made the sole criterion of religion—feelings to which those who have them not may pretend,—which those who have them may fear to communicate, before they have acquired a strength and permanency which may make them more decisive; we may blame such injudicious questions to incipient Christians, who barely know the first elements of Christianity.

"By the apparent depth of their views, and this cant in the expression, the stranger is led to think there is something unintelligible in religion—some mysterious charm, which is too high for her apprehension. They will not hold out to her the consoling hope of progressive piety; for, with them, growth in grace is no grace at all,—the starting-post and the goal are one and the same point. One of these consequences probably follows: she either falls into their peculiar views, or she is driven to seek wiser counsellors, or is led, by the hopelessness of attaining to their supposed elevation, to give up the pursuit of religion altogether.

"These technical religionists are so far from encouraging favourable tendencies, and 'the day of small things,' that they have no patience with persons professing hope, and despise every advance short of assurance." (P. 216—222.)

The chapter on the Borderers is throughout a masterpiece, and we most earnestly recommend the attentive perusal of it to our readers. The Borderers are a sort of temporizing religionists, who, situated in the intermediate space between the people of piety and the people of the world, make it their study to keep well with both, and thus imagine they secure to themselves a double advantage. "Though hovering on the borders of both countries, they do not penetrate into the depths of either. The latitude they happen to be cast in varies according to circumstances. An awakening sermon will drive them for a time beyond the usual geographical degree; an amusing novel, or a new canto of Childe Harold, will seduce them to retreat. Their intentions, however, they flatter themselves are generally on the right side, while their movements are too frequently on the other." But the chapter must be read entire; we will not mutilate it by extracts.

Perhaps one of the finest passages which the pen of this eminent Christian has produced occurs at page 295, in the chapter of this volume which treats of "the helplessness of man." She contrasts the dependent relation which subsists between an earthly patron and his client, with the intercourse which passes between a devout believer and his God. We cannot avoid giving our readers a part of it.

"One of our best poets—himself an unsuccessful courtier—from a personal experience of the mortifying feelings of abject solicitation, has said, that if there were the man in the world whom he was at liberty to hate, he would wish him no greater punishment than attendance and dependence. But he applies the heavy penalty of this wish to the dependants on mortal greatness.

"Now, attendance and dependence are the very essence both of the safety and happiness of a Christian. Dependence on God is his only true liberty, as attendance on Him is his only true consolation. The suitor for human favour is liable to continual disappointment;—if he knock at the door of his patron, there is probably a general order not to admit him. In the higher case, there is a special promise, that 'to him that knocks it shall be opened.' The human patron hates importunity; the Heavenly Patron invites it. The one receives his suitor according to his humour, or refuses his admission from the caprice of the moment; with the other, 'there is no variableness nor shadow of turning;' 'Come unto me,' is his uniform language.

"The man in power has many claimants on his favour, and comparatively few boons to bestow. The God of Power has all things in His gift, and only blames the solicitor for coming so seldom, or coming so late, or staying so little a while. He only wishes that His best gifts were more earnestly sought.

"When we solicit an earthly benefactor, it is often upon the strength of some pretence to his favour—the hope of some reward for past services: even if we can produce little claim, we insinuate something like merit. But when we approach our Heavenly Benefactor, so far from having any thing like claim, any thing like merit to produce, our only true, and our only acceptable plea, is our utter want both of claim and merit—is the utter destitution of all that can recommend us; yet we presume to ask favour, when we deserve nothing but rejection; we are encouraged to ask for eternal happiness, when we deserve only eternal punishment. Though we have nothing to produce but disloyalty, we ask for the privilege of subjects; though nothing but disobedience to offer, we plead the privileges of children—we implore the tenderness of a father.

"In dependence on God there is nothing abject; in attendance on Him, nothing servile. He never, like the great ones of the world, receives the suitor with a petrifying frown, or, what is worse, never dismisses him with a cruel smile and a false promise.

"Even if the petitioner to human power escape the vexation of being absolutely rejected; even if his suit be granted, the grant, it may be, is accompanied with a mortifying coldness, with an intelligible

hint that the donor expects to be no further troubled. The grant may be attended with such a tedious delay, as may make it no benefit. The boon granted does not, perhaps, prove so valuable as the applicant expected; or he finds he might have spent the long season of his attendance, his watching, and his waiting, to better purpose; or he might have employed his interest in another quarter, in obtaining something more important; or, after all, he may have received it too late in life to turn it to the profitable account he had expected.

“But the Almighty Donor never puts off His humble petitioner to a more convenient season. His Court of Requests is always open. He receives the petition as soon as it is offered; He grants it as soon as it is made; and, though He will not dispense with a continuance of the application, yet to every fresh application He promises fresh support. He will still be solicited, but it is in order that He may still bestow. Repeated gifts do not exhaust His bounty, nor lessen His power of fulfilment. Repeated solicitation, so far from wearying His patience, is an additional call for His favour.

“Nor is the lateness of the petition any bar to its acceptance: He likes it should be early, but He rejects it not though it be late.

“With a human benefactor, the consciousness of having received former favours, is a motive with a modest petitioner for preventing his making an application for more; while, on the contrary, God even invites us to call on Him for future mercies, by the powerful plea of His past acts of goodness—‘even mercies which have been ever of old.’ And as past mercies on God’s part, so, to the praise of His grace be it said, that past offences on our own part are no hindrance to the application of hearty repentance, or the answer of fervent prayer.

“The petitioner to human power, who may formerly have offended his benefactor, contrives to soften his displeasure, by representing that the offence was a small one. The devout petitioner to God uses no such subterfuge. In the boldness of faith, and the humility of repentance, he cries, ‘Pardon my iniquity, for it is great.’” (P. 298—303.)

The general religionist is also one of the portraits drawn with great accuracy by the same animated pen. “They acknowledge a Creator of the Universe, but it is in a vague and general way; they worship the Being whose temple is all space, that is every where but in the human heart; they put him as far as possible from themselves, believing that he has no providential care of them; they feel no personal interest in him; God and Nature are with them synonymous terms; that the creation of the world was his work they do not go the length of denying, but that its government is in his hands is with them very problematical.”

Not less exact and spirited is the draught furnished us of the “decorous sensualist;” or “one whose life is a course of sober luxury and measured indulgence—who continues to reconcile an abandonment of sound principle with a kind of orderly practice: who inquires rather what is decent than what is right; what will secure the favourable opinion of the world, especially his own class, rather than what will please God. Whose object is to



make the most of this world: in whose heart selfishness has established its throne: whose study is to make every thing and every person subservient to his own convenience, or pleasure, or profit; yet without glaringly trespassing on the laws of propriety or custom, — with whom self is the source and centre of all his actions: who goes to church on all public occasions, but without devotion; gives alms, without charity; who lives on good terms with different and even opposite classes of men, without attachment to any; who does favours, without affection; who deprecates excess in every thing, but always lives upon its confines; who asks for nothing in prayer, for he has all in himself, and offers up no thanks, for what he has he deserves.”

On the subject of prayer every word in this work is valuable; and we are sorry we can do no more than urge upon our contemporaries, particularly upon those who have families to instruct, the importance of adopting it as their manual. It will not be easy for the well-disposed and sensible to peruse this part of the sketches, and remain contentedly a nominal Christian.

The subject of faith and works, so often handled, and so often perplexed, she has contrived to elucidate and refresh with the rays and colours of her genius. The affinities by which they are linked together, their rank and order respectively, the necessity of the one to the other, and the nature of that necessity, their mutual bearings, and their conjoint effect, practically considered, have again received an illustration from her pen calculated to compose the disputes upon this subject, as far as it may be possible to make persons agree who are but little inclined to understand, or do justice to each other. To settle faith in its priority, to deduce the love of gratitude from the holy belief in all that has been wrought for us, to make this love to God the spring-head of all good desires and actions, and the proper source of their value, has occupied the whole attention of the author in the concluding part of her work; and it seems to us, that the parent, who sincerely wishes to establish all moral and practical instruction upon its only true and solid pedestal, will find this object best answered by taking Mrs. More for his guide; not because there are no others who have expounded this topic with equal truth and correctness, but because there is perhaps no other tract where these points are proposed to the young in so simple, so touching, so captivating a form. After what has been already said by us, it will be a sufficient winding up to say, that we dismiss the volume with all the tender regrets which to be told, as we have been in the preface, that we are to look for nothing more from the same hand, may be expected to excite in the minds of persons who feel as we do, the obligations our souls are under to the faith, the works, the wisdom, and the wit of this indefatigable Christian and highly gifted woman.

ART. XX.—*An Essay on the Variation of the Compass, showing how far it is influenced by a Change in the Direction of the Ship's Head, &c. &c.* By William Bain, Master, Royal Navy. Blackwood. Edinburgh, 1817.

THAT the magnetic needle does not point to the true north is a fact well known to every school-boy; and that the amount of this aberration is not a fixed quantity, but is different in almost every different parallel of latitude and degree of longitude, is equally well known to the practical navigator. The physical cause of this phenomenon continues to be involved in great obscurity: philosophers have not as yet attained to any degree of knowledge, beyond mere hypothesis, in regard to the general law of magnetism itself, and are consequently very ill prepared to explain such facts as appear in the light of peculiarities. The variation of the compass is obviously a fact of this description; and if we pass over the conjectures of Dr. Halley and others, who maintain the existence of a great loadstone in the bowels of the earth, which, by its revolutions within a shell of a given diameter, occasions a periodical movement in the magnetic pole, we are really in possession of no principle to guide our inquiries into its connexion with any law of nature. The variation of the compass, however, strictly so called, is not the chief source of difficulty to either the sailor or the philosopher: on the contrary, the irregularities which manifest themselves in the polarity of the needle, in different latitudes, and particularly when the direction of the ship's head is changed, occasion much greater perplexity to both, inasmuch as it has been hitherto found impossible to arrive at any general rule which will apply to any two ships, although, as to all external matters, situated in circumstances precisely similar. These irregularities in the *variation* are usually called the *deviation*; the former denoting the distance of the magnetic north from the astronomical north, as indicated by the needles when free from all local influence, whilst the latter expresses the amount of such influence, either in increasing or diminishing the proper variation according as the disturbing force shall happen to co-operate with, or to counteract, the natural power of the magnetic principle. We have therefore to give a short account, first, of the variation of the compass; secondly, of the deviation, and then to make a few remarks on the conclusions of the more recent navigators relative to these interesting facts.

When the attention of scientific men was first attracted to the polarity of the magnet, the variation was somewhat more than 11° east. The earliest observations on this subject were made at

London in 1580, at which date the variation amounted to what we have just stated; and it was not until 1657, or eighty seven years afterwards, that the magnetic meridian coincided with that of the earth. From that period until the present time the variation has gone on in a westerly direction, having now attained, in the parallel of Greenwich, about  $25^{\circ}$ . We are told, indeed, that several intelligent sea officers are of opinion, that in the western parts of the English Channel, the variation has begun to decrease; whilst others assert that it is still increasing in the Channel, and as far westward as  $15^{\circ}$  W. long. in  $51^{\circ}$  N. lat. at which place, they say, the variation amounts to  $30^{\circ}$  west. We are satisfied, however, as Mr. Bain observes, that neither of these opinions can be relied on as correct, though each may have been deduced from observation: for if the ship's head were on the *east* point of the compass at the time of observation, the variation would not exceed from  $20^{\circ}$  to  $23^{\circ}$ , whereas, if the ship's head happened to be at *west*, the apparent variation would not be less than  $30^{\circ}$  or even  $33^{\circ}$ . To ascertain whether the variation be retrograde, stationary, or increasing, it would therefore be necessary to make a set of observations from a fixed station ashore, at different seasons of the year, at morning, noon, and night, and in all kinds of weather. The diurnal variations of the magnetic influence are in fact only beginning to be understood: and yet such is the extent of these changes, that two observations taken at different times in the same day would lead to results considerably at variance with each other. Generally speaking, indeed, the meteorological condition of the atmosphere changes in no small degree between morning and evening, inasmuch that, as every one knows, from the rise and fall of the mercury in the tube of a barometer, in tropical latitudes, at least, the hour of the day may be inferred with tolerable accuracy.

But, returning to our proper subject, we have to observe that, at Paris, in the year 1550, the variation was  $8^{\circ}$  east, and that at the same place the needle pointed to the true poles of the world in 1660. It will be remarked from this statement, that observations relative to the magnet were begun at Paris thirty years earlier than at London, and also that the difference of geographical situation between the two cities, small as it is, gives rise to a considerable difference in the direction of the magnetic meridian. Thus at London, in 1580, the variation of the compass was still  $11^{\circ} 15'$  east; whereas, at Paris, in 1550, it was only  $8^{\circ}$  east; and of course at the end of thirty years, that is, when the observation was made at London, the variation at Paris would not be so much as  $5^{\circ}$  east. It appears too, that the annual change, or the rate at which the variation increases and decreases, is greater in our capital than in that of France; the rate

in the former, during a period of 213 years, being  $10^{\circ} 4''$ , whilst in the latter it was only  $7^{\circ} 10''$ . Indeed the annual change seems to increase as we proceed westward; for we find it stated by our author, that at Dublin, the rate of this change, during 134 years (from 1657 to 1791) must have been about  $12^{\circ} 10''$ . We cannot refrain from adding, however, that we have little confidence in the Dublin observations of an early period: and our suspicions are excited by the very questionable circumstance, that the year in which the needle pointed to the true north at Dublin is the very same year in which that coincidence was observed to take place at London. Now, as the difference in point of longitude between London and Dublin is more than double that between the former city and Paris, we cannot conjecture how it should happen that the westward movement of the magnetic meridian should have been simultaneous at London, and at a city six degrees from it, when it is well ascertained that its progress from Paris to London, a distance of little more than two degrees, required fully three years.

It seems perfectly established then, that the magnetic meridian, or that line on which the needle of the mariner's compass points due north and south, is of a migrating nature, and that at present in our hemisphere it is moving from east to west. But it is, in like manner, proved from observation, that this line is not a straight one, coinciding from pole to pole with the terrestrial meridians, and thus passing at the same time through places situated directly north and south from one another. On the contrary, the magnetic meridian appears to be a very irregular course, bending towards the east in some latitudes, and towards the west in others, in the most arbitrary manner possible. Nay, it should even seem that all the parts of the line do not move with the same rapidity, but that, somewhat like the arms of a balance fixed at the centre, the extremities describe large arcs, while the portion towards the middle are almost stationary. Indeed so excessively capricious are the motions of these "curves of no variation," (a better phrase perhaps than *magnetic meridian*,) that it is imagined the influence which directs them occasionally loses itself in the neighbourhood of continents and archipelagoes; leaving the philosopher and the navigator to pursue a fruitless search in quest of a cause, of which the effect so unaccountably disappears. Dr. Halley, in the year 1700, constructed a variation chart, with the view of pointing out to sailors the actual state of magnetical phenomena all over the known world—the curves of no variation in both hemispheres—and the amount of the variations east or west in all approachable latitudes. But the work was useless before it could be published. The facts which the zealous doctor wished to record were of so

evanescent an order, that they had undergone a complete change before he could fix their locality. To philosophize successfully we ought, generally speaking, to begin with facts, to collect, record, and compare; but in this particular field of inquiry the *savant* will never be able to afford any assistance to art, until he has arrived at clearer notions as to the physical causes to which his facts must be ascribed.

Mr. Bain, with a degree of industry which cannot be too much praised, has collected from voyages and philosophical journals a great variety of notices in relation to the magnetic meridian in different parts of the globe; and he assures us (page 20,) that the curves of no variation can be pretty distinctly traced, both in the eastern and western hemispheres. In 1662, in the northern hemisphere, a curve of no variation which had *east* variation on its *eastern* side, and *west* variation on its *western* side, moved from west to east during two centuries, prior to the era just mentioned; the lines of east variation moving before it, whilst the lines of west variation followed it. This curve first passed the Azores, then the meridian of London, and, after a certain number of years, the meridian of Paris. But in the southern hemisphere there was another curve of no variation, which had *east* variation on its *western* side, and *west* variation on its *eastern* side, moving east to west. This curve first passed Cape Agulhas, and then the Cape of Good Hope; the westerly variation following it, the same as in the northern hemisphere, but in a contrary direction. —The exact point where the southern curve of no variation passed the northern curve cannot be satisfactorily ascertained; but observations show, continues our author, that whilst the northern curve of no variation was passing through London eastward, the curve of no variation in the southern hemisphere passed westward, nearly in the same parallel of longitude.

All that we say on this subject to be fairly relied upon amounts simply to the following facts: that when we go eastward a certain number of degrees, the west variation, which is found constantly to diminish in proportion as we proceed to the east, at length ceases to exist; and then changing its character becomes *east* variation. If again we turn our faces westward, and travel over a given portion of the globe, we shall find that the west variation increases until it comes to a certain maximum; upon which it is in like manner found to change character, and become easterly variation. The distance, however, between these points of change, or lines of no variation, does not appear to be in any place exactly  $180^\circ$ , or half the circumference of the globe, but rather to exceed that amount considerably on the one side, and to fall short of it on the other, and also to vary not a little in different latitudes, according to the greater or less deflection of the principal curves.

Assuming the  $130^{\circ}$  of each longitude, as the point where the westerly variation changes to the easterly, and going on still towards the east until the variation changes back again to the denomination of west, we shall find the space passed over, taking the observations of Captain Cook in S. L.  $58^{\circ}$  as our guide, to amount to  $216^{\circ} 15'$ :—taking those of La Pérouse in S. L.  $20^{\circ}$  as our standard, we shall find the distance  $201^{\circ} 22'$ :—according to Vancouver, again, in S. L.  $35^{\circ}$  to nearly  $202^{\circ}$ :—according to Sir Home Popham, in S. L.  $36^{\circ}$  to about  $204^{\circ}$ :—according to Humboldt, in latitude  $13^{\circ}$  N. about  $171^{\circ}$ .

“These different distances point out, under different parallels of latitude, the direction which the curve of no variation at present assumes; and we, perhaps, conclude, that the variation of the magnetic needle is caused by two separate and distinct systems of magnetic forces; the one producing a westerly variation in the northern hemisphere over a space of  $200^{\circ} 44'$ : and in the southern hemisphere in the same parallel of latitude of  $143^{\circ} 10'$ : and the other, an easterly variation in the northern hemisphere over a space of  $159^{\circ} 16'$ ; and in the southern of  $216^{\circ} 50'$ .”

The opinions of Dr. Halley and of Euler on this subject are well known. The former imagined that the north pole of the great magnet contained in the bowels of the earth was situated at no great distance from Baffin's Bay; and that its south pole was in the Indian ocean, a little to the south-west of New Zealand. Euler placed the north pole of his great terrestrial loadstone in latitude  $76^{\circ}$  north, and long.  $96^{\circ}$  west, from Teneriffe: the south pole is placed in lat.  $58^{\circ}$  south, and long.  $158^{\circ}$  west from the same island: and these two distinguished writers, as well as the ingenious author now before us, perceived the necessity of assuming into their theories the existence of two separate systems of magnetic influence, in order to account for the intricate phenomena connected with the mariner's needle.

The chief cause of regret arising from the premature return of the late Arctic expedition, respects in our mind the opportunity which was lost of arriving at some conclusion as to the seat of the northern magnetic pole. From the few facts, indeed, with which we have been thereby supplied, it should seem, that Euler's position of that pole is too far to the westward; for in lat.  $76^{\circ} 44'$  north, long.  $75^{\circ} 20'$  west, the dip of the needle was  $86^{\circ} 08' 37''$ ; proving, we think, that a few degrees more to the westward would have brought the discovery ships to the region of the magnetic pole itself. Now, as Teneriffe is sixteen or seventeen degrees west from Greenwich, and as Euler places the said pole  $96^{\circ}$  west from Teneriffe, we have between the two about  $112^{\circ}$  of longitude—a distance from Baffin's Bay assigned for the locality of the pole considerably above what the observa-

tions made in the late expedition would lead us to expect. It is proved, however, that both Halley and Euler were right in placing the northern pole of the magnet to the westward of the bay which we have just specified.—The following table, which we copy from a periodical work, contains the principal observations noted during Captain Ross's voyage, in regard to the variation of the compass and the dip of the needle, at different latitudes and longitudes.

Lat. N.	Long. W.	Variation.	Dip.
73° 23' ....	57° 35' ....	80° 01' ....	— —
74 01 ....	57 56 ....	80 30 ....	— —
75 32 ....	60 58 ....	88 13 ....	— —
75 51 ....	63 00 ....	87 49 ....	— —
75 58 ....	64 41 ....	91 17 ....	— —
75 49 ....	64 45 ....	90 17 ....	— —
75 50 ....	64 42 ....	91 33 ....	— —
75 54 ....	65 39 ....	92 44 ....	— —
76 29 ....	72 54 ....	103 41 ....	85° 43'
76 32 ....	77 18 ....	107 56 ....	— —
76 08 ....	78 48 ....	109 01 ....	85 59
76 44 ....	75 20 ....	— — ....	86 08
70 35 ....	77 57 ....	86 33 ....	— —

As these observations were taken on the ice, and out of the reach of the ship's attraction, they may be depended upon as coming pretty near the truth; but we regret that we cannot present, with equal claims to regard, any that were made in Lancaster Sound, when the squadron had reached the 81° of longitude. The dip was of course a little increased.

We come now to the *deviation* of the mariner's needle; by which term, as we have already explained, we mean such irregularities in the variation as seem to be occasioned by local causes, and particularly by the quantity of iron which may happen to be contained either in the works or cargo of a ship.

It was long before this source of disturbance was either guessed at or understood. Navigators, indeed, could not fail to perceive that the variation of the compass was not the same on all tacks, and that consequently they incurred an incessant risk of committing errors in their reckoning, as often, at least, as they had occasion to change the direction of their ship's head. These facts were actually observed by several distinguished sailors, and among others by Dampier and Captain Phipps, the late Lord Mulgrave; and the more pains that were taken by them to account for such anomalies, the further did they go wrong in point of theory. They ascribed the sudden changes in the amount of deviation to the imperfect condition of the instruments with which

they took their observations; and in many instances they attributed their inaccuracy in respect of longitude to the prevalence of currents, which were supposed to carry them out of their track. It is thus, we may observe in passing, that we are provided with a thousand imaginary currents in every part of the ocean, which owe their existence entirely to the want which sailors feel of something to account for their blunders, when convicted of error in their dead reckoning.

It is to the late Captain Flinders that the world is indebted for a correct apprehension of the real cause of the irregularities of which we are now speaking; and without giving the history of his discovery, which manifests much ingenuity and zeal on the part of that celebrated seaman, we shall lay before the reader the conclusion to which he attained. It was this: he observed that the compass stood right in both hemispheres, when the ship's head was at north or south, and erred most on one side when the head was west, and on the other when it was east; but what, he asked himself, was the proportion of error at the intermediate points, between the magnetic meridian of east and west? "Unfortunately," he replies, "the direction of the ship's head, when observations were taken, had not been particularly marked in the first part of the voyage, nor always in the latter part: but it was evident that the quantity of error increased as the angle between the ship's head and the magnetic meridian became greater. After some consideration it appeared to me that the magnetism of the earth and the attraction forward in the ship must act upon the needle in the nature of a compound force: and that the errors produced by the attraction should be proportionate to the *sines* of the *angles* between the ship's head and the magnetic meridian. I tried this upon many observations when the direction of the head was least doubtful, and found the difference to correspond as nearly as could be expected, and sometimes exactly: it therefore seemed probable that *the error produced at any direction of the ship's head would be to the error at east or west, at the same dip, as the size of the angle between the ship's head and the magnetic meridian, was to the sine of eight points or radii.*"

The doctrine is simply this. As the iron in the ship, particularly where there are guns and a number of spare anchors, cannot but influence materially the needle of the compass, it is extremely obvious that the metal will operate upon the needle in the *direction of the length of the ship*; supposing the binnacle, as is usually the case, to be placed near the hinder part of the vessel. Let us imagine then, that the ship stands with her head to the magnetic north, and in this case, it is very clear, the iron in the ship will co-operate with the terrestrial magnetism, increasing the intensity of it without altering the direction. Again



let us suppose that the head is turned more towards the west, and it will be manifest that the iron in the ship will have a tendency to bring round the point of the needle towards the west, that is, more in the direction of the ship's hull, in which line the foregoing matter is supposed to operate. And in the second case, it requires not to be mentioned, the local influence will add to the variation, or increase the distance of the needle from the true astronomical north. Let us imagine, in the third place, that the head of the ship is turned round from the magnetic north towards the east; in which case, as the direction of the influence occasioned by the iron in the vessel is opposed to the direction of the variation, (here all along assumed to the *west*) the effect will be to lessen the variation by the whole amount of the counteracting power of the iron so lodged in the ship.

This view of the matter is found to explain all appearances; only as every ship is differently constructed as to guns and cargo, the master of every ship must calculate for himself the amount of the disturbing force which she carries along with her. In the late expedition, for example, the *Isabella* was found to differ greatly from her consort the *Menander*; and every individual Greenlandman was found to differ from these two ships, and from one another. The disturbing force once ascertained, however, in each vessel, we have no doubt but that the formula of Captain Flinders will answer all the purposes of calculation necessary for a ship's reckoning; and that the errors in variation will be found proportionate to the sines of the angles between the ship's head and the magnetic meridian.

So far the gallant seaman philosophized with complete success: but like many other discoverers he attempted to carry his principles beyond their legitimate application. He perceived a connexion between the amount of the *dip* and that of the variation, both in the southern and northern hemispheres, whence he allowed himself to conclude, that upon the basis of this correction he might construct a rule for calculating the latter in any given latitudes. Mr. Bain has completely exposed the fallacy of this principle, by adding a variety of cases altogether incompatible with the supposition of its truth. But as this part of his essay is incapable of abridgment, and involves several numerical calculations which we could not easily transcribe, we take the liberty to refer such of our readers as take an interest in these matters to the very able work of Mr. Bain itself. It is a production, indeed, well worthy the attention of all ship-masters and captains of king's ships; for we are perfectly satisfied that ignorance of the principles which it was written to explain, is the cause why hundreds of our seamen are every year consigned to a watery grave. For example, if a ship on her outward voyage sails

north-east, the master naturally conceives that he will find his way home again if he steer south-west. But he is mistaken: for the variation of the compass will be greater when the ship's head is turned homeward, then it was when it was directed towards the foreign port: and if the weather should not happen to be clear when approaching the land on his return, there would be a great risk of his getting ashore, or of actually suffering shipwreck.

The late Arctic expedition has added nothing, or next to nothing, to our knowledge on these important points. So far, indeed, as Captain Ross proceeds in his observations he confirms the theory of Flinders as to the local attraction of the ship, and its effects on the apparent or observed variation. "There is a point of change," he remarks "in every ship; that is, a point in the compass where the true and apparent variation are found to coincide, or, in other words, where there is no deviation: and that in proportion as the ship's head is moved either east or west from that point, the observed variation will be smaller or greater than the true variation. This is no other then the result which we have attempted to explain above, as derived from the investigations of Captain Flinders.

We have been much pleased with this modest treatise, so full of valuable facts and sound argument. It is written by a professional man—a master in the navy, and contains the fruits of long experience and of much reflection, in a line of life wherein practical mistakes do not always admit of being repaired, and where all the skill which time can supply is frequently found unequal to the dreadful casualties to which it is ever exposed. In as far, however, as accidents arise from ignorance, no man can be pardonable who has had the means of being informed and neglected them: and in this light we hold every seafaring person, who has not rendered his mind familiar with the facts and principles set forth in the very meritorious publication which we now recommend.

ART. XXI.—*Emmeline, with some other Pieces.* By Mary Brunton, Author of *Self-control, and Discipline.* To which is prefixed a *Memoir of her Life, including some Extracts from her Correspondence.* 8vo. pp. 316. Edinburgh, 1819.

HERODOTUS has acquainted us that certain philosophers of antiquity conceived the lofty speculation that an early death is often the reward of piety; or, in other words, that those who are pre-eminently the favourites of heaven—those pure and gifted spirits now and then vouchsafed by Providence to this lower world, are distinguished by being earlier called away from it.

scenes and its sorrows to the permanent beatitude of a better state.\* A doctrine so beautiful, so touching, that addresses itself to all the infirmity as well as to all the nobility of our nature, was likely, however fanciful, to be received with favour; and there is no reason to question that it must have exalted the imagination, and greatly soothed the heart during the Cimmerian darkness of the heathen mind. But if the ancients could cherish such an ennobling and consolatory view of the end of our mortal career, how much more incumbent is it upon *us*, as partakers of that glorious dispensation by which "life and immortality have been brought to light," to put a just construction on the instances of juvenile mortality which so often take place around us, and which our imperfect nature is ever prone to deplore with a sorrow which is not "Godly sorrow," and with tears that savour too little of resignation! These fatal occurrences are sure to awaken a powerful sympathy: for, although death, in its ordinary progress, does not excite that serious reflection which it ought, none of us can avoid experiencing a strong revulsion of feeling when we find it anomalous in its ravages,—when we see it sparing age and decrepitude, to prey upon youthful vigour and loveliness,—when we perceive dullness, or profligacy, or crime, triumphant and enduring—while the hope of the righteous is suffered to perish, and those who set out with virtues to dignify, or genius to embellish our common nature, are cut off in the maturity of their talents and usefulness.

It is from these pitiable instances of the vanity of human hopes that the sceptic pronounces "there is no God in the world," and that we are all the helpless victims of a moody and despotic necessity. But such views are exceedingly grovelling, and deduced merely from the outsides of things; for, to say nothing of the heathen philosophers just alluded to, Christianity, if we will but hear her voice, teaches us to account most satisfactorily for all those seeming exceptions to the justice and benevolence of The Most High. Revelation has solved the problem about the origin of evil (which had baffled the ingenuity of all philosophers in all ages), by showing that we live under a dispensation partly penal, and that trial and suffering are essential to that probation which is so important a feature in the Christian scheme. Indeed it has always appeared to us that the present unequal distribution of good and evil † forms one of the most

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\* See Herodot. lib. i. cap. xxxi. where he has illustrated this by a pleasing fable.

† We need hardly observe that the 'unequal distribution of good and evil' here spoken of includes the unequal duration of life: for life is the greatest natural good, and the loss of it the greatest natural evil that can happen to man.

convincing arguments (so far as reason in contradistinction to revelation is concerned) for the immortality and responsibility of man. It comes home to the heart and understanding with a force of moral demonstration not to be resisted; for, the supposition of no rewards and no punishments hereafter—no future state where present sufferings are to be compensated, would shock that native and indestructible sense of equity which is so important an element in our moral constitution. In short, this life, without a futurity, would be a boon wholly unworthy of its Great Giver!

This train of reflection has been called up in our minds by the book before us, and more especially by the affecting account it contains of the fate of Mrs. Brunton. She has now added one more to the mournful catalogue of those sons and daughters of literature whose career has been brilliant but brief, and whose aspirations after more extensive fame have been cut short by an untimely death. Her brow was doubly adorned;—to the freshly gathered laurel of human genius she superadded the celestial halo of a matured, most fervent, and unostentatious piety! Be it our task, then, in our pages, not only to preserve the laurel wreath in all its verdure, but to cherish the *prestige* of her placid and devout spirit, to perpetuate the recollection of her domestic virtues, and to rescue the "*quicquid ex ed amavimus*"—the "*quicquid mirati sumus*"—from the cold and oblivious dominion of the grave!

The venerable Archbishop Fenelon, on a certain occasion, when his whole collection of valuable books had been destroyed by fire, remarked to some of his friends, who began to condole with him, that he must have made but a poor use of his library were he now to testify chagrin at the loss of it! In a vein somewhat similar we may be permitted to say, that if the admirers of Mrs. Brunton's genius bewail her loss with querulous and unavailing sorrow, they cannot have profited by that tempered spirit of piety and submission to the will of Providence which pervaded her whole character, and breathes in her writings. She appears to have endeavoured to do the will of God in all things,—in the most trivial as well as the most important actions of her life; this indeed seemed to be the impulse that guided her, whether she spoke or wrote; and great as the merit unquestionably is of her writings, considered as mere literary performances, they are entitled to a still higher praise for the earnestness with which they inculcate piety, purity, and principle. Their great aim has invariably been to illustrate the important maxim, that we never can hope any reformation of manners, however sincere for the time, to be either complete or lasting, unless it spring from the impulse of Christian principle,

and be sustained by the hallowing influence of habitual devotion.

The skill with which she has made a work of fiction subservient to the enforcement of moral and religious truth, must have had a very beneficial effect on the present light-headed and regardless devotees of fashion, and must claim for her labours the approbation of all "whom 'tis praise to please." Indeed, we believe it is not from any hostility to the incongruities of fiction, in the abstract, that so many objections are felt to the ordinary furniture of our circulating libraries. Could it only be imputed to novels that they are not true, their proscription by the privileged guardians of the youthful mind, would not be defensible;—as, by the same rule, some of the noblest efforts of human fancy, our best tragedies and epics, might be interdicted. But it is because novels have been too often written with a careless or equivocal morality, and because the warmth of colouring employed upon them tends to overthrow the sobriety of the youthful understanding, and to stimulate the nascent passions into premature activity,—that they are so generally regarded by the virtuous with suspicion or aversion. It is, after all, a branch of literature which, in good hands, is capable of being applied to the most dignified purposes. To estimate properly the full interest of this species of composition, we should anticipate, in idea, the progress of time, and suppose ourselves contemporaries with posterity. The interest with which the novels of the present day will be perused by distant generations, may be conjectured from the avidity with which we should, at this moment, read similar descriptions of the manners and habits of ancient Greece or Rome, provided such descriptions had been furnished by the classical writers of antiquity, and had come down to our times. How delightful it would be to take a near and familiar view of the human mind during the infancy of history! Most assuredly we should have obtained in this way more accurate knowledge of what the world was, during the epoch of Grecian splendour and Roman greatness, than we can now draw either from the orators, the philosophers, or the satirists of antiquity.

Novel writing, then, may certainly become (if redeemed from the abuses against which all the good exclaim) a very beneficial employment of the human mind. Why should not this species of fictitious narrative admit of as elevated thoughts, as lively and natural portraits of character, and as great boldness of invention, as a tragic or epic poem? Let but the subject be striking, the incidents probable, the transitions interesting, the sentiments just, and the moral impressive, and we see in it an exercise both of genius and virtue, to which the highest intellect may with honour and consistency condescend. We are happy to think that Mrs.

Brunton, and a few living writers of her sex, have begun the work of reformation; and, by introducing into the construction of their fable a greater vigour both of sentiment and principle, have gone far to exalt this species of composition to its due rank, and to rescue it from that degradation to which it was fast descending.

The memoir of Mrs. Brunton which we are now to notice, is, from the pen of her husband, the Rev. Dr. Brunton, Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Edinburgh, and one of the ministers of the Tron Church of that city. It is but justice to say that he has executed his task with ability; and displayed all that delicacy which his relationship to the deceased imposed upon him. It is evident that his heart has been in the work,—a heart so deeply wounded by the recent infliction, as to be still overflowing with ill-restrained tenderness. As the biographer of a beloved wife, cut off at a season so interesting to a husband's hopes, his situation was a most painful and difficult one; and we cannot but admire the mixture of candour and tender affection with which he has discharged his editorial duty. It is time, however, that our readers should be made acquainted with the details of his pleasing, though mournful narrative.

Mary Balfour was the only daughter of Dr. Thos. Balfour of Elwick, a younger brother of one of the most respectable families in Orkney; she was born there on the 1st of November, 1778. Her mother was Frances Ligonier, only daughter of Colonel Ligonier, of the 13th Dragoons, and brother to the second Earl Ligonier.

Her youthful years were spent in acquiring the ordinary accomplishments of her sex. More than this we cannot collect from the narrative, which must be admitted to be very meagre even when every allowance is made for the usually uneventful tenour of a literary life: all we are told is, that the Viscountess Wentworth, who was Miss Balfour's God-mother, proposed that, at the proper age, she should reside with her in London. What alteration this might have produced on the developement of her talents, can now be only matter of conjecture; for the proposal was declined, and she preferred the quiet and privacy of a Scotch parsonage. "We were married," says Dr. Balfour, "in her twentieth year, and went to reside at Bolton, near Haddington."

In this state of comparative retirement, her unbounded taste for reading seems to have received a more methodical direction. Besides studying our best historians and poets, she made herself familiar with the writings of Dr. Reid on the philosophy of the human mind, a branch of inquiry for which she soon acquired great fondness.—We may remark by the way, that the inductive philosophy of the mind is apt to be regarded with an unreason-

able prejudice by certain literati of the South : in our opinion, it is a study too generally neglected ; for, to say nothing of its great utility in other respects, it serves as an admirable gymnastic exercise to the understanding. In the latter way it is perhaps even superior to mathematics ;—it seems to have been so in the case of Mrs. Brunton.

“ She repeatedly began, but as often relinquished, the study of mathematics. Where the address to the intellect was direct and pure, she was interested and successful. But a single demonstration by means of a *reductio ad absurdum*, or of applying one figure to another, in order to show their identity, never failed to estrange her for a long time from the subject.” (P. 10.)

In 1803, her husband being translated from his country parish to a charge in Edinburgh, Mrs. Brunton was enabled to cultivate the literary and higher society of that metropolis ; and it was now that her talents began to be appreciated. Yet it was not for several years afterwards that the idea of writing any thing for publication seems to have occurred to her. Her first work, “ Self-controul,” had been begun with a view of filling up some intervals of leisure : as she found that she became fond of employment, and above all, that the work grew under her hands, she began to experience the usual ambition of submitting her production to the public. The book appeared early in 1811, and was dedicated to Miss Joanna Baillie, who acknowledged the anonymous compliment by a letter to the publishers. Mrs. Brunton replied in her own name ; and her answer contains a statement of her motives for engaging in the work, which does her, we think, no small honour.

“ As for my religion, I allow that there is too much for amusement, perhaps for good taste ; nevertheless, I cannot bate one iota. For the great purpose of the book is to procure admission for the religion of a sound mind, and of the Bible, where it cannot find access in any other form. Yes ! I say the great purpose ; for, though I love money,\* it is not my motive for writing as I do ; not for the complexion and sentiments of my book—on the contrary, I am quite sure I might make twice as much of my labour, if I could bring myself to present to the public an easy, flexible sort of virtue—possessing no strong support, and being indeed too light to need any—instead of the old-fashioned erect morality, which ‘ falls not, because it is founded on a rock.’ ” (P. 78.)

On the Novel of Self-controul we have felt ourselves obliged in art. xix. vol. ii. to make some unfavourable remarks. What we

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\* This we consider only as an expression of modest self-accusation ; it has not, however, an agreeable sound ; the real existence of it in her mind would have been quite incompatible with the amiable qualities which this Lady appears to have possessed.

there complained of, and what still occurs to us in a very objectionable point of view, is the fault which it commits, in common with many other Novels—written with a sincere intention of inculcating moral and religious principles—of inadvertently administering nourishment to the passions, by too circumstantial and glowing pictures of the perils of innocence and the stratagems of seduction,—of bringing images of unlawful pleasure before the mind of the young reader, especially of the tenderer sex, which may prove too strong for the interdiction which accompanies them,—and of informing her of what it is her duty to shun, by representations which strengthen the assaults of temptation. “Discunt hæc miseræ antequam sciunt vitia esse.”

Of the complete success of this work, and of her subsequent work, “Discipline,” we need not speak, as it is sufficiently known to the public from the number of editions through which they have gone. There is one circumstance, however, relating to the publication of the latter, which we must not suppress, as it proves that the Christian principle with which Mrs. Brunton was inspired, was paramount to all worldly vanities,—paramount even to the most venial kind of vanity,—that of authorship. The readers of “Discipline” may remember the sketches she has exhibited in that work of Highland society and manners. Such sketches were at that time a totally new feature in works of fiction, and might accordingly have been expected to earn much popularity for her forth-coming book; but unluckily for her, just on the eve of the publication of “Discipline,” “Waverley” appeared; and anticipated—or, to speak candidly, eclipsed her production. This would have been a trying circumstance for any ordinary individual of the “*genus irritabile* ;” but the fair authoress bore it with perfect equanimity, and praised her more powerful rival with as much zeal and sincerity as if she had had no personal interest involved in his success. We extract the following paragraph, not only with a view to prove the correctness of what we have just stated, but from a wish to embody in our pages her just criticisms on these far-famed productions of the Border-Minstrel.

“I can hardly give a more striking proof of her singleness of heart, and truly generous nature, than that, while this author was withdrawing public notice from herself, perhaps in more than a due degree, he had not one more enthusiastic admirer. The delight which she felt in every new trait of excellence, and her eagerness for the popularity of what she saw to be transcendent in desert, cannot be forgotten by any who witnessed the emotions, which to herself appeared mere matters of course, destitute of all merit or attraction.

“Though the written expressions of her admiration are cold in



comparison of what these confidential hours encouraged her to say, I subjoin such extracts on this subject, as I can obtain from the materials before me.

“ ‘Have you finished *Waverley*? And what think you of the scenes at *Carlisle*? Are they not admirable?’ ‘I assure you that in my opinion, they are absolutely matchless for nature, character, originality, and pathos. *Flora’s* ‘seam’ and the ‘paper-comets’ are themselves worth whole volumes of common inventions.’ ‘And what think you of *Evan’s* speech?’ ‘It delights my very soul!’

\*\*\*\* “ ‘All *Edinburgh* was talking (till the *Grand Duke Nicolas* arrived to change the subject) of the volumes, which you must have seen advertised, under the title of ‘*Tales of my Landlord*.’ Beyond a doubt they are from the same hand with *Guy Mannering*, though the author has changed his publisher for concealment.

“ ‘The four volumes contain two tales. The last, the longest, and by very far the best, is a story of the days of the covenanters; in which, by the bye, our ancestor *Balfour of Burleigh* makes a very scurvy figure. The conscientious and heroic, though often misguided covenanters, are treated with little candour and less mercy. But, notwithstanding all this, the tale is one of ten thousand. The description—the exquisite drawing of character—the humour—the unrivalled fertility of invention—or rather, the boundless observation, which are shown in this *Old Mortality*, would immortalize the author, even if he had no former claim to immortality. I cannot, however, allow, that I think it equal, upon the whole, to *Guy Mannering*.

“ ‘Send me carelessly and freely whatever you happen to hear of anecdote—superstition—proverb—or provincial expression, which at all marks the peculiarities of character, or the state of society in our country. It is with such that *Scott* has given life and reality to his novels. In these admirable works, I am persuaded that there is little, except the mere story, which can be called invention. The more prominent persons in them are indeed, as it seems to me, real characters; and his dialogues the essence of thousands of real conversations. *Scott* is gifted with memory, which absolutely retains every thing, good, bad, and indifferent. Hence he can never be at a loss for realities to enliven his tale; and there is a spirit in the truth, which no human genius can give to mere fiction. From whence comes the wonderful verisimilitude of *De Foe’s* novels—but from this, that they contain only so much falsehood as is necessary to make truth connected and entertaining? So let me have whatever you collect. There is nothing so common that it may not be of use. A structure may not be the less pleasing, that it is not all built of alabaster.’ ” (P. 87—90.)

After the publication of her second novel, *Mrs. Brunton* was obliged to rest for a length of time from her literary labours. Indeed her leisure was now much broken in upon by the active part she took in the management of some of the public charities of *Edinburgh*, and, above all, by the practice (which we deem highly worthy of general imitation) of “investigating personally every case of distress which claimed relief from her.”—Yet, oc-

cupied as she was, she contrived to write "Emmeline," which, although it appears, in the work before us, as a posthumous production, seems to have received its last touches from the hand of the author.

The time, however, was fast approaching, when her useful labours were to be arrested for ever; and when the able writer and the amiable wife were to be laid low in the dust! In the summer of 1818, after being married for twenty years, Mrs. Brunton began, for the first time, to exhibit signs of being about to become a mother. She seems, for what reason does not appear, to have looked forward to her *accouchement*, not merely with vague apprehension, but with a feeling that amounted to a full presentiment of death. The following account, from the pen of her husband, is very affecting:

"She was strongly impressed, indeed, with a belief that her confinement was to prove fatal; not on vague presentiment, but on grounds of which I could not entirely remove the force, though I obstinately refused to join in the inference which she drew from them. Under this belief she completed every the most minute preparation for her great change, with the same tranquillity as if she had been making arrangements for one of those short absences which only endeared her home the more to her. The clothes in which she was laid in the grave had been selected by herself. She herself had chosen and labelled some tokens of remembrance for her more intimate friends; and the intimations of her death were sent round from a list in her own hand-writing. But these anticipations, though so deeply fixed, neither shook her fortitude, nor diminished her cheerfulness. They neither altered her wish to live, nor the ardour with which she prepared to meet the duties of returning health, if returning health were to be her portion.

"They seemed rather to animate her zeal the more in any thing by which she could promote the welfare of her fellow-creatures. To this great work she seemed the more anxious to devote herself, as her recollection became the deeper, that 'the night cometh in which no man can work.' 'Life,' she says, in one of the last letters which she ever wrote, and which contains no other trace of her own forebodings; 'Life is too short and uncertain to admit of our trifling with even the lesser opportunities of testifying good-will. The flower of the field must scatter its odours to-day—to-morrow it will be gone.'

"Her forebodings were not often the subject of her conversation with those around her, because she knew how painful the theme was to them. For the same reason, she mentioned it but slightly to her relations at a distance. But there is a striking mixture of fortitude and tenderness in the last letter which she addressed to her sister-in-law.

"\*\*\* If it please Almighty God to spare my infant's life and my own,—I trust I am 'made of sterner stuff' than to shrink from a few hours of any pain which nature can support.—I suppose the trial will

be made about three weeks hence. I hope not sooner; for even then I shall scarcely be ready. Ready! do I say! What time would be necessary to prepare me for the change which I must probably undergo! But there is One with whom one day is as a thousand years! When I spoke of preparation, I merely meant, that I had not set my house in order.

“I wish, my dear Mary, that some of you would write to me very circumstantially about aunt Craigie; and soon, lest the letter be too late for me. If I am to be removed, I cannot regret that she is so soon to follow. But what a loss will she be to every member of your circle? Where is there a being, within the sphere of her influence, who does not owe to her many acts of kindness? It grieves me especially to think of her excellent sister, whose kind heart will feel her privation most deeply! Remember me most affectionately to them both, especially to aunt Mary, who was the first love of my heart—who was the first person whom I recollect as showing me kindness—and who, since the time when I remember her singing to soothe me, till this moment of my sending her blessing and farewell, has never ceased to be kind and dear to me!——I shall not write again; my husband will.” (P. 99.)

Unfortunately, the dark presage proved too true.—After giving birth to a still-born son, on the 7th of December, and recovering a few days, with a rapidity beyond the hopes of her medical friends, she was assailed by fever; which advanced with fatal violence till it closed her earthly life on the morning of Saturday, December the 19th, 1818.

The following is the account of her last illness, which we think deeply pathetic and interesting.

“So long as the use of her understanding was preserved to her, the same temper which had swayed her through life was manifested on her death-bed. On one of the last occasions, when I expressed to her my delight and gratitude for the increasing hopes of her recovery, her answer was, that, though she could not but wish to live while her life was valued, her earnest prayer had been that in this, and in every thing else, instead of her being allowed to chuse for herself, her Heavenly Father might do what was best for us both.

“Within two short days thereafter, the violence of fever suspended the expressions of her feelings! God only knows with what bitterness of heart I longed that one ray of intelligence might return ere her departure; that I might hear her speak once again of her faith and hope; that I might once again receive her blessing. It was ‘best for her’ that recognition should not aggravate the last conflict of nature; and—for me—if I cannot profit by the remembrance of her life, the accents of her last breath would have been lost upon me.” (P. 116.)

We had intended some remarks on her literary character; but on reflection, the following observations, by her husband, appear to us so impartially, as well as forcibly, written, that they

may well supersede any thing we were prepared to say on the subject.

" Criticism on her works, although it might have been expected from any other biographer, it is not my intention to attempt. Censure or panegyric, indeed, would be alike unsuitable from me. Were there no other reason for my declining the task, I might well be deterred from it by the single circumstance of my having anticipated for her books so different a fate from that which they have experienced. I did not expect that they were to become rapidly popular; but I trusted that the calm good sense and discrimination of character which they display, and the pure and lofty sentiments which they breathe, and the flowing and natural eloquence which clothes them, would at last establish them, as much as works of the kind are ever established, in public favour. The fact has been entirely the reverse. They rose very fast into celebrity; and their popularity seems to have as quickly sunk away.

" It might have been otherwise had she been permitted to increase their number. I am persuaded that, in all which she had done, she was only trying her strength; and that, if her life had been prolonged, the standard of female intellect might have been heightened, and the character of English literature might have been embellished by her labours.

" The excellence of her mind consisted more in the general harmony of its faculties than in the extraordinary strength of any one. Her memory, as I have mentioned before, was retentive rather of facts and opinions than of dates and words; and this circumstance, perhaps, made the stores of a very rich and active mind seem even more original than in truth they were. Her imagination I would characterize rather as vivid and distinct than as peculiarly inventive. Her taste had not been very early cultivated; but it grew so rapidly, with the slightest guidance, that any defect was obviously the fault, not of nature, but of misdirection. Her judgment was both quick and steady; and her discrimination between sophistry and sound argument was almost instinctive." (P. 104.)

Of the nature and purity of her religious principles we have already expressed our opinion: but the reader may wish to hear the testimony of one who knew her intimately. We shall, therefore, quote Dr. Brunton's sound observations. We own it is the religious character of Mrs. Brunton that chiefly engages our sympathy and esteem—nor is it to be wondered at: surely, to every mind that is alive to the true ingredients in the composition of female excellence, it must be infinitely refreshing to contrast the character of Mrs. Brunton with that of the *Wolstencrofts* and the *Morgans* of these philosophizing times.

" On her religious character, I must not allow myself to dilate; for her piety was not of an obtrusive kind. It was willingly avowed whenever it could benefit others by example; but it shrunk from observa-

tion in its details, and there is a sacredness in its privacy on which I dare not intrude.

"Though her affections were warm, her religion was not a religion of the affections only. Her powerful and discriminating judgment was faithfully employed in investigating the evidences of her belief, even while she prayed most meekly for that faith which cometh down only from the Father of Lights. The books which she valued the most in this most important of all discussions, were Butler's Analogy, Mac-knight's Truth of the Gospel History, and Paley's *Horæ Paulinæ*. The last attracted her in a very peculiar degree; and she used to reckon it by far the most original, and the most acute, of Dr. Paley's works.

"In the study of the Scriptures themselves she was unwearied; and the pleasure she had in the employment was ever new.

"The books which, next to the Bible, she kept constantly near her, both as doctrinal and as practical remembrancers, were John Newton's Messiah and Cardiphonia; Jeremy Taylor's Holy Living; the Old Whole Duty of Man; Baxter's Saints' Everlasting Rest; and Cowper's Poems.

"She had the highest reverence for the Common Prayer-Book of the Church of England; and her guide in the duty of self-examination was Bishop Gibson's little book upon the Lord's Supper. She was too deeply convinced of the vital importance of the duty of self-examination, not to be regular and strict in discharging it. She recorded in writing, at least twice in every year, the answers which her conscience enabled her to give to the different topics of enquiry which are suggested by Bishop Gibson; and on comparing this record from time to time, she wrote down the inferences by which she desired that her conduct might be guided." (P. 113.)

All that now remains for us is, to lay before our readers a few specimens of the light and amusing parts of this volume. These specimens shall consist of extracts from Mrs. Brunton's correspondence, and from the "Journal;" which she kept with great exactness, perhaps with an ultimate eye to publication.

Of the various partial and erroneous theories of morals that have been obtruded upon the world, that which assigns self-love as the spring of all human actions, is the most degrading to our nature. It is surprising what a number of converts to this humiliating doctrine the annals of philosophy have presented.—No subject could well be found that more richly deserved the exercise of Mrs. Brunton's "*instinctive*" detection of sophistry; and she has given it a complete overthrow in one short paragraph.

"Selfish we should indeed be, if we rejoiced in the prosperity of our friends merely because it promotes our own happiness. But the question remains, 'Why does it promote our happiness while we expect from it no personal advantage?' Why, but because we are not selfish? Why, but because an unvitiated mind has a faculty for enjoying pleasure,

which acts antecedently to any interested consideration? This faculty you have, I believe, in full perfection; give it free exercise. It is the noblest of your faculties; that which assimilates you most to Him, who, without needing any creature, being all-sufficient for his own blessedness, yet willet the happiness of every thing that lives. They who ascribe all kindly feelings to selfishness, would blot out the last faint trace of the image in which man was made—would destroy the last wreck of the crown which has fallen from our head.” (P. 35.)

The extracts we are about to make from the *Journal*, relate to a tour that she made in England two or three years ago. Every thing, of course, was new to her; and it is in no small degree interesting to know the comments which her powerful understanding made upon what she saw. The whole journal is very entertaining, being written with a happy union of facility and acuteness; but we can only afford room for those passages that struck us most strongly on running it over.

“Mr. D. called to take us to an Oratorio at Covent Garden. As we are *nobody*, he advised us to go into the pit, that we might have some chance of seeing and hearing. We were no sooner placed, than the adjoining seats were occupied by some very drunken sailors, and their own true loves, whose expressions of affection made it necessary to change our quarters. The music was far superior to any thing I had heard before. But in such a place, and in such company, the praise of God seemed almost blasphemy. All went on peaceably enough, till it pleased Braham, the most delightful singer that ever sung, to sing a nonsensical song about Lord Nelson. Although the words and tune were equally despicable, the song was encored; Braham was engaged elsewhere, and went off without complying. The next performer, Mrs. Aske, a sweet modest looking creature, whose figure declared her to be in no fit situation to bear fright or ill-usage, tried to begin her song, but was stopped by a tremendous outcry. She tried it again and again, but not a note could be heard, and she desisted. The Hallelujah chorus was begun; but the people bawled, and whistled, and hissed, and thumped, and shrieked, and groaned, and hooted, and made a thousand indescribable noises besides; till they fairly drowned the organ, the french-horns, the kettle-drums, and—the Hallelujah chorus!—So I have seen Covent-Garden and a row.” (P. 106.)

“To-day, the charity children, to the number of seven thousand, assembled in St. Paul’s. They were all clothed in the uniform of their several schools; and their dress was quite new and clean; they were placed on circular seats, rising above each other under the dome. The area in the centre of the circle which they formed, and the whole of the nave, were filled by many thousand spectators. We had a full view of them all; and indeed I have seen no view so delightful in all London, as this sight of 7,000 immortal beings rescued by the charity of their fellow creatures from ignorance and misery; nor have I heard any music so noble as the burst of their little voices, when the old

100th Psalm rung in the mighty vault of St. Paul's—*They too rung the Hallelujah chorus, without any accompaniment but the organ. What a contrast to Covent-Garden!*" (P. 108.)

Those who have never seen the arsenal at Woolwich, will read with interest her account of the stupendous warlike preparations that used to go on there.

"At Woolwich, we saw mountains of balls, and thousands of cannon! We saw the whole process of making ball-cartridges. The balls are cast in a mould, two together, connected by a bar of an inch or two long: they are then cut asunder, close by each ball, and the little bar is thrown back into the melting-pot; then each ball is tied in a rag—then in a paper cone, with room left above it for powder. The powder is run by measure into the cone, and the top is fastened down; the cartridges are then packed in small parcels, and the business is finished. Each of these operations is performed by a different hand, and with dispatch almost incredible. One boy fills 4000 cartridges in a day; little creatures, who would scarcely be entrusted, in Orkney, with the pastoral care of three geese, earn eight or nine shillings a-week in this way." (P. 110.)

We can make room for only one more extract.—It describes the feelings of the author upon passing the border, and once more setting foot upon her native soil. The passage, though somewhat tinctured with nationality, contains some just reflections.

"—Welcome, mine own rugged Scotland! where, though all is bare and naked, every thing bespeaks improvement, industry, intelligence; independence in the poor, and enterprise in the rich. The English villas repose on velvet lawns, which the giant oak and the luxuriant chesnut dapple with their broad shadows. Ours stand square and ungraceful on *benty* fields, inclosed by parallelograms of firs; but ours are tenanted by their owners, and the best feelings and the best principles of human nature find exercise there; while the villas of England are either altogether deserted, or inhabited by menials and land stewards. Our fields boast no beauty, either of form or colour; but they are at once frugally and liberally cultivated, and every year makes new encroachments on the barrenness of nature. Our cottages rank in vile rows, flanked with pig-styes, and fronted with dunghills; but our cottagers have Bibles and can read them; they are poor, but they are not paupers. In some of the agricultural parishes of England we found more than half of the population receiving *charity* (if I may so prostitute the word) from the remainder. Every mile in Scotland shows you new houses, new fields, new plantations. In England every thing is old; and this is one great cause of its beauty—trees, grass, cottages, all are in maturity, if not in decay. The first young plantation of any extent which I observed in England, was on the borders of the New Forest; and in the southern counties, I scarcely saw one new cottage, unless in the neighbourhood of large towns. \* \* \*

"—There is the most striking difference, the moment you enter Scotland, in the language of the people, and especially in the

accommodation for travellers. 'Horses quickly for Hawick,' quoth the Doctor. 'Ye'll get them in a wee, Sir; but they are out at the Park e'en now, and we maun send and catch them.' At last they came! two unwieldy, raw-boned brutes, alike in nothing but their speed; and driven by a 'vera canny lad' of sixty and upwards." (P. 116.)

We have not attempted any outline of the story of "Emmeline," because it did not come within the intention of our present article. We can, however, recommend it to general perusal. The aim of the lamented writer has, as usual, been highly moral and impressive,—namely, to show that there is very little chance of happiness when a divorced wife marries her seducer. The spirit of the age seems to call for such a lesson.

We must now take our leave of this interesting volume. We close it under a feeling of dejection; for certainly the premature death of such a writer as Mrs. Brunton is no ordinary loss. At a time like the present, when our faith is attacked on all sides,—when blasphemy is abroad, walking hand in hand with sedition, we can ill spare any of the legitimate defenders of religion and social order.—Whilst so situated, it is matter of more than common regret to resign to the tomb, one who was calculated, both by the energy of her pen, and the purity of her example, "to bring many to righteousness."





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